THE ADVENTURES OF *TELEMACHUS* The Son of ULYSSES.

Tranſlated from the French.

The Third Edition Corrected.

LONDON,
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PREFACE.

THE *Original of this Piece is attributed by the Publick Voice to the Arch-Biſhop of* Cambray: *And certainly 'tis not unworthy a Perſon who was entruſted with the Education of Princes. That Virtue, Wiſdom, and ardent Deſire to procure the Good of Mankind, which are enterwoven with the following Story, ſhew the fitneſs of the Author for ſo great a Truſt. The Reaſon he had to involve his Inſtructions in Fable, will be obvious to all who ſhall conſider that as he wrote for Princes, who ſeldom fail to reject all Precepts that are not gilded with Delight; ſo he lives under a Monarchy that will not ſuffer open and undiſguiſed Truth. His Stile is Poetical, and Copied from* Homer; *or rather from Monſieur* de la Valterie's *Excellent Verſion of that Divine*

Divine Poet, which is eſteem'd a Maſter-piece in the Kind. How far this Tranſlation has imitated the Perfections of theſe Originals, is ſubmitted to the Judgment of Others.

Lately Printed for A. *and* J. Churchil,

THE Hiſtorical Library of *Diodorus* the *Sicilian*. In fifteen Books. The firſt five, contain the Antiquities of *Egypt*, *Aſia*, *Africa*, *Greece*, the Iſlands, and *Europe*. The laſt ten, an Hiſtorical Account of the Affairs of the *Perſians*, *Grecians*, *Macedonians*, and other Parts of the World. To which are added, The Fragments of *Diodorus* that are found in the Bibliotheca of *Photius*: Together with thoſe Publiſh'd by *H. Valeſius*, *L. Rhodomannus*, and *F. Urſinus*. Made Engliſh by *G. Booth*, of the City of *Cheſter*, Eſq; in Folio.

THE

THE ADVENTURES OF *TELEMACHUS* The Son of ULYSSES.

CALYPSO continued Disconsolate for the departure of *Ulysses*: Her Grief was so violent, that she thought her self unhappy in being Immortal: Her Grotto was no more heard ecchoing to her tuneful Voice: The Nymphs that serv'd her, durst not venture to speak to her: She often

walk'd alone on the Beach, which was cover'd with a charming mixture of Green and Flowers quite round the Iſland: But theſe beautiful Walks were ſo far from aſſwaging her Grief, that they ſerv'd only to awaken the killing Thoughts of *Ulyſſes*, whoſe Company ſhe had ſo often enjoy'd in thoſe Places: Sometimes ſhe ſtood ſtill and wept, watering the Banks of the Sea with her Tears, and always turning her Eyes to that ſide where ſhe had laſt ſeen *Ulyſſes* his Ship plowing through the Waves; when on a ſuddain ſhe perceived the broken pieces of a Veſſel that was juſt then ſplit upon the Rocks, the Oars and Seats of the Rowers ſcatter'd here and there upon the Sands, the Maſt, Rudder and Cables floating near the Shoar.

Immediately after this, ſhe diſcovered two Men at a diſtance, one of them appearing to be aged, and the other, tho' young, reſembling *Ulyſſes*; the ſame ſweetneſs and dignity in his Looks; the ſame noble Meen and majeſtick Port. The Goddeſs preſently knew

knew him to be *Telemachus*, the Son of that Hero. But tho' the Deities of this Order far ſurpaſs all Men in Knowledge, yet ſhe could not diſcover who was the venerable Perſon that accompanied *Telemachus*. For the ſuperior Gods conceal from the inferior whatever they pleaſe; and *Minerva*, who in the ſhape of *Mentor*, accompanied *Telemachus*, would not be known to *Calypſo*.

In the mean time *Calypſo* overjoy'd at this Shipwrack, that had brought the Son of *Ulyſſes*, and ſo like his Father, into her Iſland, advanc'd towards him; and without ſeeming to know who he was; whence had you, ſaid ſhe, the Confidence to enter my Iſland? Know, young Stranger, that there are Puniſhments for all thoſe that come within my Empire. Under ſuch menacing Language ſhe endeavour'd to cover the Joy of her Heart, which for all this, appear'd in her Face.

Telemachus anſwer'd, O whoever you are, whether a Mortal or a Goddeſs (tho' by your Looks you ſhould

be ſomething Divine) can you be inſenſible of a Son's Misfortune, who ſeeking his Father, and committing his Life to the Mercy of the Winds and Seas, has ſeen his Ship daſh'd in pieces againſt your Rocks? Who, I pray, replied the Goddeſs, is that Father you ſeek? He is called *Ulyſſes*, ſaid *Telemachus*; and is one of thoſe Kings, who after a Siege of ten Years, deſtroyed the famous City of *Troy*. His Name is celebrated in all Parts of *Greece* and *Aſia* for his Valour in Fight, and much more for the Wiſdom of his Counſels: But now he wanders in unknown Seas, and has paſt moſt aſtoniſhing Dangers. His Country ſeems to fly from him: His Wife *Penelope*, and I, who am his Son, have loſt all hopes of ſeeing him again. I run the ſame Hazards he has done, to learn where he is; but what do I ſay! It may be he is now buried in the profound Abyſs of the Sea. O Goddeſs! pity our Misfortunes; and if you know what the Fates have done, either to ſave or deſtroy

ſtroy *Ulyſſes*, diſdain not to inſtruct his Son *Telemachus*.

Calypſo fill'd with Amazement and Compaſſion to find ſo much Wiſdom and Eloquence in ſo much Youth, could not ſatiate her Eyes with looking on him, and ſtood for ſome time ſilent. At laſt ſhe ſaid to him, We will inform you, O *Telemachus*, what has happened to your Father; but the Relation is long, and 'tis more than time to repoſe after all the Fatigues you have endur'd. Come into my Habitation, and I will receive you as my Son: Come, you ſhall be my Conſolation in this Solitude, and I will make you happy, if you know how to be ſo.

Telemachus follow'd the Goddeſs, who was ſurrounded by a crowd of young Nymphs, and ſurpaſſed them all in Stature, as a well grown Oak of the Foreſt raiſes his lofty Head above the reſt of the Trees. He admir'd the luſtre of her Beauty, the rich Purple of her long and floating Robes, her Hair careleſsly, but gracefully tied be-

hind her Neck, the Fire that darted from her Eyes, and the ſweetneſs that temper'd this Vivacity. *Mentor*, with a modeſt Silence, and looking towards the Ground, follow'd *Telemachus*. Arriving at the entrance of *Calypſo*'s Grotto, *Telemachus* was ſurpriſed to ſee whatever might charm the Eye, cover'd under the appearance of rural Simplicity. There was neither Gold nor Silver to be ſeen, no Marble nor Pillars of Stone, no Painting nor Statues. The Grotto was cut into divers Vaults within the Rock, which were incruſted with Shells and Rock-work. The Tapiſtry was a young Vine, extending its tender Branches equally on every ſide. The gentle *Zephyrs* preſerv'd a refreſhing Coolneſs in this Place, ſecure from the ſcorching Heat of the Sun. Springs of pure Water paſs'd ſweetly whiſpering through the Meadows that were painted with Violets and Amaranthus, and form'd divers natural Baths as clear and as bright as Criſtal. A thouſand Flowers enamell'd the green Turf that ſurrounded

rounded the Grotto. There was an intire Wood of thoſe Trees, that bear golden Apples, and put forth Flowers in every Seaſon, yielding the ſweeteſt of all Perfumes. This Wood ſeem'd to Crown the beautiful Meadows, and made an artificial Night, which the Beams of the Sun could not penetrate. Here nothing was ever heard, but the ſinging of Birds, or the noiſe of Waters impetuouſly precipitating from the Rocks, and gliding away through the Fields.

The Grotto of the Goddeſs was on the deſcent of a Hill, from whence ſhe had a view of the Sea, one while clear and ſmooth as Glaſs, at another time vainly angry with the Rocks, ſwelling into Waves, and breaking to pieces againſt them: From another ſide ſhe might ſee a River, containing many little Iſlands border'd with flowering Lime-Trees, and lofty Poplars, that rear'd their ſtately Heads to the Clouds. The ſeveral Channels that form'd theſe Iſlands, ſeem'd to play and ſport between the

Banks, ſome rowling their Waters with rapidity, others more gentle and quietly; and others after many windings, returning as it were to the Spring from whence they came, ſeem'd unwilling to leave the charming Place. One might ſee afar off many Hills and Mountains hiding their Heads in the Clouds, and forming ſuch odd and unuſual Figures as were very agreeable to the Eye. The Hills that ſtood at leſs diſtance were covered with Vines, the Grapes of which ſurpaſs'd the richeſt Purple in Colour, and could not conceal themſelves under the Leaves of the Trees that bow'd under the weight of their Fruit. The Fig-tree, the Olive and the Pomgranat, with all kinds of other Trees cover'd the reſt of the Country, and made it one intire Garden.

Calypſo having ſhew'd *Telemachus* all theſe Beauties of Nature, ſaid to him, 'tis time for you to repoſe, and to change your wet Garments; after which we will ſee one another again, and I will tell you ſome Things that

ſhall

ſhall affect your Heart. Having ſaid this, ſhe cauſed them both to enter into the moſt private and retired part of a Grotto, which ſtood near to that in which ſhe dwelt. Her Nymphs had taken care to light a Fire of *Cedar*, which fill'd the Apartment with an agreeable ſcent, and had left all neceſſary Apparel for the two Strangers. *Telemachus* finding that the Goddeſs had deſign'd him a Tunick of the fineſt Wool, and white as Snow, with a Veſt of Purple, richly embroider'd with Gold, was, like a young Man, infinitely pleas'd with this Magnificence; which *Mentor* perceiving, he ſaid with a grave and ſevere Voice, 'Are theſe, O *Telemachus*, the 'Thoughts that ought to poſſeſs the 'Heart of the Son of *Ulyſſes*? Think 'rather to maintain the Reputation 'your Father has acquired, and to 'overcome the Perſecutions of For-'tune. A young Man who loves to 'dreſs like a Woman, is unworthy 'of Wiſdom and Glory. The Heart 'that knows not how to ſuffer Pain

'and deſpiſe Pleaſure, is unfit to poſ-
'ſeſs thoſe glorious Advantages.

Telemachus with a deep Sigh anſwer'd, May the Gods deſtroy me rather than ſuffer me to fall under the power of effeminate Pleaſures. No! the Son of *Ulyſſes* ſhall never be ſubdued by the Charms of a ſoft and unworthy Life: But what Favour of Heaven has brought us to this Goddeſs, or to this Mortal, who has received us with ſo much Goodneſs?

'Tremble, replied *Mentor*, leſt
'in the end ſhe overwhelm you with
'Evil; be more afraid of her inſinu-
'ating Charms, than of the Rocks
'that ſplit your Ship; Death and
'Shipwrack are leſs dreadful than
'the Pleaſures that attack Virtue; be
'upon your Guard, and beware of
'believing any thing ſhe ſhall ſay to
'you: Youth is full of Preſumption
'and Arrogance, tho' nothing in the
'World be ſo frail; it fears nothing,
'and vainly relies upon its own
'Strength; believing all Things
'with the utmoſt Levity, and with-

'out

'out any Precaution. Beware of
'hearkning to the ſoft and flattering
'Words of *Calypſo*, which will ſlide
'into your Heart with Pleaſure;
'fear the concealed Poiſon, diſtruſt
'your ſelf, and determine nothing
'without my Counſel.

After this they return'd to *Calypſo*, who waited for them; and preſently her Nymphs, dreſs'd in white, with their Hair tied up, brought in a plain but exquiſite Repaſt, conſiſting of Birds that they had taken with Nets, and of Veniſon that they had kill'd with their Bows. The Wine was ſweeter than Nectar, and flow'd from Jarrs of Silver into Golden Bowls, that were crown'd with Flowers. All ſorts of Fruit that the Spring promiſes, and Autumn ripens in profuſion, were brought in Baskets, and four young Nymphs began to Sing. Firſt, they ſung the War of the Gods againſt the Gyants, then the Loves of *Jupiter* and *Semele*; the Birth of *Bacchus*, and his Education under the care of old *Silenus*; the Race of *Atalanta* and *Hypomenes*,

menes, who was overcome by means of the Golden Apples that came from the Garden of the *Heſperides*. Laſt of all they ſung the War of *Troy*, and exalted the Valour and Wiſdom of *Ulyſſes* to the Heavens. The chief of the Nymphs, whoſe Name was *Leucothoe*, accompanied their ſweet Voices with her Lute. When *Telemachus* heard the Name of his Father, the Tears that flow'd down his Cheeks, gave a new luſtre to his Beauty. But *Calypſo* perceiving that he could not eat, and that he was ſeiz'd with Grief, made a ſign to the Nymphs; and preſently they began to ſing the Fight between the *Centaurs* and the *Lapithæ*, and the deſcent of *Orpheus* into Hell, to recover his dear *Eurydice*.

When they had eaten, the Goddeſs took *Telemachus* aſide, and ſaid to him: You ſee, O Son of the Great *Ulyſſes*, with what favour I receive you into my Habitation. Yet know, that I am Immortal, and that no Mortal can enter into this Iſland without being puniſhed for his raſh attempt; nay,

nay, even your Shipwrack ſhould not ſecure you from the effects of my Indignation, if I did not love you. Your Father had the ſame Happineſs you now enjoy; but, alaſs! he knew not how to uſe it. I detain'd him a long time in this Iſland, and, had he been contented, he might have liv'd with me in an immortal Condition: But a fond Paſſion to return to his wretched Country, made him reject all theſe Advantages. You ſee what he has loſt for the ſake of the Iſle of *Ithaca*, which he ſhall never ſee again. He reſolv'd to leave me; he went away, and I was reveng'd by a Storm. After his Veſſel had ſerv'd for Sport to the Winds, it was buried under the Waves. Make a right uſe of ſo ſad an Example; for after his Shipwrack, you can neither hope to ſee him again, nor ever to Reign in the Iſland of *Ithaca*. Forget this Loſs, and remember you have found a Goddeſs, that offers to make you happy, and to preſent you with a Kingdom. To theſe Words *Calypſo* added many more, to

ſhew

ſhew him, how happy *Ulyſſes* had been with her. She related his Adventures in the Cave of the *Cyclops Polyphemus*, and the Diſaſter that befel him in the Country of *Antiphates* King of the *Leſtrigons*; not forgetting what happened to him in the Iſland of *Circe*, Daughter to the Sun; or the Dangers he paſs'd between *Scylla* and *Charibdis*. She repreſented the laſt Storm that *Neptune* had rais'd againſt him when he left her, and deſired to perſwade him, that he had periſhed in that Shipwrack; but ſuppreſs'd his arrival in the Iſland of the *Pheacians*.

Telemachus, who at firſt had too eaſily abandon'd himſelf to Joy when he found he was ſo well received by *Calypſo*, now began to perceive her Artifices, and the Wiſdom of thoſe Counſels that *Mentor* had given him. He anſwer'd in few Words, O Goddeſs, pardon my Grief, which at preſent I cannot overcome; it may be, hereafter I may have more force to reliſh the Fortune you offer me: Give

me

me leave at this time to Weep for my Father; for you know better than I, how much he deſerves to be regretted.

Calypſo not daring to preſs him any farther on that Subject, feigned to ſympathize with him in his Affliction, and to ſhew her ſelf paſſionately concerned for the loſs of *Ulyſſes*; but that ſhe might the better find the way to his Heart, ſhe ask'd him in what manner he had ſuffer'd Shipwrack, and by what Adventures he was brought to her Iſland. The Relation of my Miſfortunes, ſaid he, would be too long. No, no, replied ſhe, I am in pain to know them, and therefore give me that Satisfaction. After much ſollicitation ſhe prevailed with him, and he began thus.

I parted from *Ithaca* with intention to inquire of thoſe Kings that were return'd from the Siege of *Troy*, what they knew concerning my Father. The Lovers of my Mother *Penelope* were ſurpris'd at my departure, which I had taken care to conceal from them, becauſe I was well acquainted with

with their Perfidiouſneſs. But neither *Menelaus*, who received me with Affection at *Lacedemon*, nor *Neſtor*, whom I ſaw at *Pilos*, could inform me whether my Father were ſtill alive. Weary with living always in ſuſpenſe and uncertainty, I reſolv'd to paſs into *Sicily*, where I heard my Father had been driven by the Winds. But the ſage *Mentor* who is here preſent, oppoſed this raſh Deſign, repreſenting to me on the one hand the *Cyclops*, who are monſtrous Gyants that devour Men; on the other, the Fleet of *Eneas* and the *Trojans*, who were upon that Coaſt. The *Trojans*, ſaid he, are highly incenſed againſt all the *Greeks*; but they would take a ſingular Pleaſure to ſhed the Blood of the Son of *Ulyſſes*: Return therefore to *Ithaca*, it may be your Father, who is a Favorite of Heaven, may arrive there as ſoon as you: But if the Gods have reſolv'd his Deſtruction, and he is never more to ſee his Country, at leaſt it becomes you to revenge him againſt his Rivals, to deliver

deliver your Mother, and to give ſuch proof of your Wiſdom to all the People of *Greece*, that they may know you are as worthy to Reign, as ever *Ulyſſes* was. This Counſel was uſeful and honourable, but I had not Prudence enough to follow it, and heark'ned only to my own Paſſion; yet the wiſe *Mentor* lov'd me to ſuch a degree, that he condeſcended to accompany me in that Voyage, which I raſhly undertook againſt his Advice.

Whilſt he ſpoke, *Calypſo* look'd earneſtly, and not without Aſtoniſhment upon *Mentor*. She thought ſhe perceived ſomething Divine in him, but could not diſintangle the confuſion of her Thoughts; which cauſed her to continue apprehenſive and diffident in the preſence of this unknown Perſon. But fearing above all Things to diſcover the diſorder of her Mind, ſhe deſired *Telemachus* to proceed, which he did in this manner:

We had the Wind favorable for ſome time after our departure for *Sicily*; but then, a violent Storm ariſing,

ſing, depriv'd us of the view of Heaven, and involv'd us in the obſcurity of Night: Yet by ſome flaſhes of Lightning, we perceived other Ships expoſed to the ſame Danger, which when we underſtood to be the Fleet of *Eneas*, we thought them no leſs formidable to us than the Rocks themſelves. In that Moment I comprehended, tho' too late, what the Heat of imprudent Youth had hindred me from conſidering before. *Mentor*, in the midſt of this Danger, appear'd not only Reſolute and Intrepid, but more cheerful than he us'd to be. 'Twas he that inſpir'd me with Reſolution, and I felt the extraordinary force of his Encouragements. He gave out all neceſſary Orders, when the Pilot knew not what to do. I ſaid to him, my dear *Mentor*, why did I refuſe to follow your Counſels? Am I not unhappy, to act by my own Advice, at ſuch an Age, as has no foreſight of Futurity, no experience of things paſt, nor moderation to govern the preſent? O! If ever we eſcape this Storm,

I reſove to diſtruſt my ſelf, as I would my moſt dangerous Enemy, and to believe you alone for ever. To this *Mentor* anſwer'd ſmiling; I ſhall not blame you for the Fault you have committed: 'Tis enough that you are ſenſible of it, and make it ſerve you hereafter to moderate your Deſires. But perhaps when the danger is paſt, Preſumption will return. We may now be apprehenſive, and endeavour to prevent the worſt; but if all we can do, prove ineffectual, we have nothing left but a generous Contempt. Shew your ſelf worthy of ſuch a Father, and let your Courage be greater than the Dangers that threaten. I was charm'd with the ſweetneſs and magnanimity of the wiſe *Mentor*; but I was much more ſurpris'd, when I ſaw with what dexterity he brought about our Deliverance.

The *Trojans* were ſo near, that they could not fail to diſcover who we were, ſo ſoon as the Light ſhould appear; which *Mentor* knowing, and in that Inſtant perceiving one of their

Ships

Ships which are ſeparated from the reſt of the Fleet, to be ſomething like ours, except certain Garlands of Flowers that ſhe carried at her Stern, he hung up the ſame ſorts of Flowers on the ſame part of our Ship, and faſten'd them himſelf with Ribbons of the ſame Colour with thoſe of the *Trojans*. He order'd the Rowers to bow themſelves as low as the Oar would permit, that they might not be diſcovered by the Enemy. In this manner we paſs'd through the midſt of their Fleet, whil'ſt they ſhouted for Joy to ſee us, ſuppoſing we were their Companions, which they thought to be loſt. We were forced along with them by the violence of the Weather for a conſiderable time; but at laſt we found means to keep a little behind, and whil'ſt they were driven by the Winds towards the Shoar of *Africa*, we exerted our utmoſt Efforts to make the neareſt Coaſt of *Sicily*.

We arrived, as we deſign'd; but that which we ſought, proved almoſt as fatal to us, as the Fleet we avoided; we

we found more *Trojans*, and conſequently Enemies to all *Greeks*; for old *Aceſtes* reigned in theſe Parts. As ſoon as we got a Shoar, the Inhabitants, thinking us to be either ſome other People of the Iſland come to ſurprize them, or elſe Strangers that deſign'd to ſeize their Country, burnt our Ship, kill'd our Companions, and reſerv'd only *Mentor* and me to be preſented to *Aceſtes*, that we might inform him of our Deſigns, and whence we came. We were brought into the Town with our Hands tied behind our Backs, and our Death was deferr'd, only to make us a Spectacle to a cruel People, as ſoon as they ſhould know we were *Greeks*.

We were without delay preſented to *Aceſtes*, who ſate with a golden Scepter in his Hand, diſtributing Juſtice, and preparing himſelf for a great Sacrifice. He ask'd us with a ſevere Voice, of what Country we were, and the occaſion of our Voyage. *Mentor* anſwer'd, We came from the Coaſts of the great *Heſperia*, and our

Country

Country is not far from thence: By this means he avoided to ſay that we were *Greeks*. But *Aceſtes* would hear no more, and taking us for Perſons that conceal'd ſome bad Deſign, he commanded us to be ſent into a Neighbouring Foreſt, there to ſerve as Slaves to thoſe who look'd after the Cattle. This Condition ſeem'd more terrible to me than Death. I cried out, O King, order us rather to ſuffer Death, than to be treated ſo unworthily: Know, that I am *Telemachus* the Son of the wiſe *Ulyſſes*, King of the *Ithacians*. I ſeek my Father in all parts of the World; and if I can neither find him, nor return to my Country, nor avoid Servitude, take that Life from me, which I cannot bear. Scarce had I pronounced theſe Words, when all the People in a Rage cried out, That the Son of the cruel *Ulyſſes muſt die, whoſe Artifices had deſtroy'd the City of* Troy.

O Son of *Ulyſſes*, ſaid *Aceſtes*, I cannot refuſe your Blood to the Ghoſts of ſo many *Trojans*, that your Father pre-

precipitated into the Waters of the black *Cocytus*. You and your Conductor ſhall die. At the ſame time an old Man of the Company propoſed to the King, that we ſhould be Sacrificed upon the Tomb of *Anchiſes*. Their Blood, ſaid he, will be grateful to the Soul of that Hero. *Eneas* himſelf, when he hears of this Sacrifice, will be overjoy'd to ſee how much you love what was dearer to him than all other Things in the World. Every one applauded his Propoſition, and nothing remain'd but to put it in Execution. We were led to the Tomb of *Anchiſes*, where two Altars were erected, and the ſacred Fire kindled. The Knife was brought, we were crown'd with Garlands, and no Compoſition would be accepted to ſave our Lives. Our Fate was determined, when *Mentor* calmly deſir'd to ſpeak to the King; and having receiv'd Permiſſion, ſaid, O *Aceſtes*, if the Misfortunes of young *Telemachus*, who never carried Arms againſt the *Trojans*, may not plead for him, at leaſt

let

let your own Intereſt move you. The Knowledge I have acquir'd to predict the Will of the Gods, informs me, That before the end of three Days, you ſhall be attack'd by a barbarous People, who will come down like a Torrent from the Mountains, to deſtroy your City, and ravage your whole Country. Haſten to prevent them, Arm your People, and from this moment begin to ſecure within theſe Walls all the Riches you have in the Fields. If my Prediction be falſe, you may Sacrifice us when the three Days are expir'd; but if on the contrary it prove true, remember, That no one ought to take away the Lives of thoſe, by whom his own was preſerv'd. *Aceſtes* was aſtoniſh'd at theſe Words, which *Mentor* ſpoke with more aſſurance than he had ever found in any Man. I ſee, ſaid he, O Stranger, That the Gods who have granted you ſo ſmall a ſhare in the Favours of Fortune, have in Recompence given you ſuch Wiſdom, as is more valuable than the higheſt Proſperity.

ſperity. At the ſame time he put off the Sacrifice, and iſſued out all neceſſary Orders with the utmoſt Diligence, to prevent the Attack that *Mentor* had foretold. On all ſides were to be ſeen old Men and Women trembling for fear, and accompanied with great numbers of young Children, bath'd in Tears, and retiring into the City. The lowing Oxen and bleating Sheep, left the rich Paſtures and came along in confuſion; but their number was too great, to find places to contain them all. The Noiſe and Tumult of People preſſing to get in, was ſuch, that no One could underſtand another. In this Diſorder, ſome took an unknown Perſon for their Friend, and others ran, tho' they knew not whether. But the Principal Men of the City, thinking themſelves wiſer than the reſt, ſuſpected *Mentor* to be an Impoſtor, who had predicted a Falſhood to ſave his Life. Yet before the third Day was expired, whilſt they

were full of theſe Imaginations, a Cloud of Duſt was ſeen riſing upon the deſcent of the Neighbouring Hills; an innumerable Multitude of *Barbarians* appear'd in Arms, and all thoſe who had deſpis'd the wiſe Prediction of *Mentor*, loſt all their Slaves and their Cattle. Upon this, the King ſaid to *Mentor*; I forget that you are *Greeks*; our Enemies are become our faithful Friends; the Gods have ſent you to ſavè us; I expect no leſs from your Valour, than from the Wiſdom of your Words: Haſten therefore to aſſiſt us.

Mentor ſhew'd in his Eyes a boldneſs, that was ſufficient to aſtoniſh the fierceſt Warrior. He takes up a Shield, a Helmet, a Sword and a Lance: He draws up the Soldiers of *Aceſtes*, puts himſelf at their Head, and advances in good Order towards the Enemy. *Aceſtes*, tho' full of Courage, could not follow him, but at a diſtance, by reaſon of his Age. I follow'd him more

more close. But nothing can equal his Valour. In the Fight, his Helmet resembled the immortal One of *Minerva*. Death flew from Rank to Rank, where-ever his Blows fell: As a Lyon of *Numidia*, provok'd by cruel Hunger, falling upon a Flock of unresisting Sheep, kills, tears, and swims in Blood: Whilst the Shepherds far from assisting their Flock, fly trembling away from his Fury.

These *Barbarians*, who hoped to surprise the City, were themselves surpris'd and defeated. The Subjects of *Aceſtes* were animated by the Example and Words of *Mentor*; and felt a Vigour which they thought not to be in them. With my Lance I kill'd the Son of the *Barbarian* King. He was of my Age, but much higher than I am; for this People is descended from Gyants, and of the same Race with the *Cyclops*. He despis'd so weak an Enemy; but I, not at all daunted with his prodi-

gious Strength, or his fierce and ſavage Looks, puſh'd my Lance againſt his Breaſt, and made his Soul guſh out at the Wound in a Torrent of black and reeking Blood. As he fell he was like to cruſh me in pieces by his Fall. The ſound of his Arms eccho'd in the Hills. I took the Spoil, and return'd to *Aceſtes* with the Arms I had gain'd from this formidable Enemy. *Mentor* having intirely broken the *Barbarians*, purſued them to the Woods, and cut them in pieces. This unexpected Succeſs made *Mentor* to be regarded, as one cheriſh'd and inſpir'd by the Gods: And *Aceſtes* from a ſenſe of Gratitude, ſhew'd his Concernment for us if the Fleet of *Encas* ſhould return to *Sicily*. He gave us a Ship to carry us to our own Country; made us many and rich Preſents, and preſs'd us to haſten our Departure, that we might prevent any Miſchief. But he would not give us either a Pilot, or Mariners of his own Nation, for fear they might be expos'd

to

to too much Hazard upon the Coaſt of *Greece*. He committed us to the care of certain *Phenician* Merchants, who Trading with all the People of the World, had no occaſion to fear, and order'd them to bring back the Ship, when they had left us ſafe in *Ithaca*. But the Gods, who ſport with the Deſigns of Men, had reſerv'd us for farther Calamities.

The *Tyrians* by their Inſolence had highly provoked the King of *Egypt*, whoſe name was *Seſoſtris*, and who had conquered many Kingdoms. The Riches they had acquir'd by Trade, and the impregnable Strength of *Tyre*, which ſtands ſituated in the Sea, had render'd this People ſo Proud, that they not only refuſed to pay the Tribute which *Seſoſtris* impoſed upon them in his return from the Conqueſts he had made, but aſſiſted his Brother with Forces, who had conſpir'd to murder him on the Feſtival that was appointed to be celebrated on account of his great Victories. For theſe Reaſons

Seſoſtris reſolved to humble them, by ruining their Commerce at Sea, and commanded all his Ships to ſeek out and aſſault the *Phenicians*. One of his Fleets met with us, as ſoon as we loſt ſight of the *Sicilian* Mountains, when the Harbour and Land ſeem'd to fly from behind us, and loſe themſelves in the Clouds. At the ſame time we ſaw the *Egyptian* Ships advancing towards us like a floating City. The *Phenicians* perceived, and endeavour'd to avoid them, but 'twas too late. Their Ships were better Sailors, their Mariners more numerous, the Wind favour'd them, they Boarded us, took us, and carried us Priſoners to *Egypt*. I told them, but in vain, that I was no *Phenician*, they hardly vouchſafed to hear me; they look'd upon us as Slaves, in which Merchandiſe they knew the *Phenicians* traded, and thought only of making the beſt of their Prize. We arrived in the Iſland of *Pharos*, and from thence were carried up the

Nile

Nile to *Memphis*. If the Grief we felt by reaſon of our Captivity, had not render'd us inſenſible to all Pleaſure, our Eyes would have been charm'd with the fruitful Country of *Egypt*, like a delicious Garden every where water'd with the pureſt Streams. We could not turn our Eyes on either ſide of the River, without diſcovering many opulent Iſlands; great numbers of well ſituated Villa's; Lands richly cover'd with a golden Harveſt; Meadows full ſtock'd with Cattle; Labourers bowing under the weight of the Fruits they had gather'd, and Shepherds that made the Eccho's on every ſide repeat the ſweet ſound of their Pipes and Flutes.

" Happy, ſaid *Mentor*, is the Peo-
" ple, who are govern'd by a wiſe
" King: They live in Plenty and
" Contentment, and love him to
" whom they owe their Felicity.
" Thus, ſaid he, O *Telemachus*, you
" ought to Reign, and be the Joy
" of your People. If ever the Gods

" give you the Poſſeſſion of your
" Father's Kingdom, love your
" People as your Children; feel the
" Pleaſure of being beloved by them,
" and carry your ſelf ſo, that all
" the Tranquility and Pleaſure they
" enjoy, may lead them to remem-
" ber, that they are the rich Pre-
" ſents of a good King: Kings who
" make it their only buſineſs to ren-
" der themſelves formidable to their
" own Subjects, and to impoveriſh
" them in order to make them more
" ſubmiſſive, are the Plagues of
" Mankind. They are, perhaps,
" feared, as they deſire; but they
" are hated, deteſted, and have
" more reaſon to be afraid of their
" Subjects, than their Subjects have
" to fear them.

I anſwer'd, alaſs, *Mentor*, 'Tis not now the Queſtion, by what Maxims a King ought to Reign. We ſhall never ſee *Ithaca* again. We ſhall never ſee our Country or *Penelope* more; and tho' *Ulyſſes* ſhould return full of Glory to his Kingdom, he would

would never have the ſatisfaction of ſeeing me there; nor I that of obeying him, and learning the Rules of Government from him. No, Let us dye, dear *Mentor*; for we muſt have no other Thoughts: Let us dye, ſince the Gods have no Compaſſion for us. As I ſpoke, my Words were interrupted with Sighs. But *Mentor*, tho' he could be apprehenſive of approaching Evils, knew not what it was to fear them when they had happen'd. Unworthy Son of the wiſe *Ulyſſes*, cried he, Doſt thou ſuffer thy ſelf to be overcome by thy Misfortunes? Know that you ſhall one Day ſee both *Ithaca* and *Penelope*. You ſhall ſee what your Eyes have never ſeen, the invincible *Ulyſſes* in his former Glory: He, whom Fortune cannot Conquer, and who in greater Misfortune admoniſhes us never to Deſpair. O! if he ſhould hear in the Regions, where he is driven by the Winds and Sea, that his Son knows not how to imitate him, either in

Patience or Courage, ſuch News would overwhelm him with Shame, and prove more heavy than all the Misfortunes he has yet ſuffered.

After this *Mentor* cauſed me to obſerve the Fertility and Happineſs that was ſeen over all the Country of *Egypt*, which contain'd Two and Twenty Thouſand Cities. He admir'd the regular Government of theſe Places; the diſtribution of Juſtice, which was every where exerciſed with great regard to the Poor; the good Education of Children, who were inur'd early to Obedience, Labour, Sobriety, Arts or Learning; the due Obſervation of all the Ceremonies of Religion, a generous and diſintereſſed Spirit, a great deſire of Reputation, an univeral Sincerity in their Dealings with Men, and a juſt Reverence of the Gods; which every Father took care to infuſe into his Children. He thought he could never enough admire this beautiful Order. He would often cry out in a Rapture of Joy, O! how

happy

happy is that People, which is thus govern'd by a wiſe King! But yet more happy is that King, who when he has provided for the Happineſs of ſo great a People, can find himſelf happy in his own Virtue. Such a one is more than fear'd; he is belov'd. Men not only Obey him; but they Obey him with Pleaſure. He Reigns univerſally in their Hearts; and every Man is ſo far from deſiring his Death, that he fears it above all Misfortunes, and would readily ſacrifice his Life for him.

I heark'ned with Attention to what *Mentor* ſaid; and as he ſpoke, I found my Courage to revive in the bottom of my Heart. As ſoon as we were arriv'd at the rich and magnificent City of *Memphis*, the Governor commanded us to be ſent to *Thebes*, in order to be preſented to King *Seſoſtris*, who being highly incens'd againſt the *Tyrians*, had reſolv'd to examin us himſelf. So we proceeded in our Voyage up the River

ver *Nile*, till we came to the famous *Thebes*, which has a Hundred Gates, and ſerves for a Habitation to that great King. This City appear'd to us of a vaſt Extent, and more Populous than the moſt flouriſhing Cities of *Greece*. The Orders are excellent, in all that regards the neatneſs and conveniency of the Streets, the courſe of the publick Waters; the Baths; the advancement of Arts and Sciences, and the common Safety. The Piazza's are adorn'd with Fountains and Obelisks. The Temples are Marble; of plain, but majeſtick Architecture. The Palace of the Prince is like a great City; 'tis full of Marble Pillars, Pyramids, Obelisks and vaſt Statues, with Moveables of ſolid Gold and Silver. They who took us, inform'd the King, that they found us on board a *Phenician* Ship. For he had certain Hours of every Day, in which he regularly heard all his Subjects, that had any thing to ſay to him, either by way of Com-

Complaint or Advice. He neither deſpiſed nor rejected any Man, and knew he was King for no other end, than to do Good to his Subjects, whom he lov'd as his Children. Strangers alſo he received with Kindneſs, and was always deſirous to ſee them; becauſe he thought it a uſeful and advantageous Thing to be inform'd of the Cuſtoms and Maxims of remote Nations; and this Curioſity of the King was the principal Cauſe that we were brought before him. When he ſaw me, he was upon a Throne of Ivory, with a golden Scepter in his Hand. He was Aged, but Comely, full of Sweetneſs and Majeſty. He daily diſtributed Juſtice to the People, with ſuch Patience and Wiſdom, as made him admir'd without Flattery. After he had ſpent the whole Day in doing Juſtice, and taking care of the publick Affairs, he uſually paſs'd the Evening in hearing the Diſcourſes of learned Men, or converſing with the beſt

of

of his People, whom he knew how to chuſe, and admit into his Familiarity. During his whole Life he could not be blam'd for any thing, except for triumphing with too much Pomp over the Kings he had conquer'd, and truſting a Man whoſe Picture I ſhall draw by and by. He was mov'd with my Youth and my Affliction, and ask'd me my Country and my Name, whilſt we wonder'd at the Wiſdom that ſpoke by his Mouth. I anſwer'd, You have undoubtedly heard, O Great King, of the Siege of *Troy*, which laſted ten Years, and the deſtruction of that City, which coſt ſo much *Grecian* Blood. *Ulyſſes*, my Father, was one of the principal Kings who ruin'd that Place. He now wanders through all the Seas, without being able to return to the Iſland of *Ithaca*, which is his Kingdom. I ſeek my Father, and by a Misfortune equal to his own, have been ſurprized and taken Priſoner. Reſtore me to my Father and Country, and may the Gods

Gods preſerve you to your Children, and make them ſenſible of the Pleaſure of living under ſo good a Father.

Seſoſtris continued to look upon me with an Eye of Compaſſion; but being deſirous to know if what I ſaid was true, he referr'd us to be examin'd by one of his Officers, commanding him to inquire of thoſe that took our Ship, whether we were *Greeks* or *Phenicians*. If they are *Phenicians*, ſaid the King, they muſt be doubly puniſhed; firſt, becauſe they are our Enemies, and then, becauſe they have endeavour'd to deceive us by a baſe Falſhood. But if on the contrary they are *Greeks*, I will have them to be treated favourably, and ſent back into their own Country in one of my Ships; For I love the *Greeks*, who have received many Laws from the *Egyptains*. I am not ignorant of the Virtues of *Hercules*, the Glory of *Achilles* has reach'd our Ears, and I admire what I have heard of the Wiſ-

Wiſdom of the unhappy *Ulyſſes*. I have no greater Pleaſure than to aſſiſt unfortunate Virtue.

The Officer to whom the King had referr'd the Examination of our Buſineſs, had a Heart as Corrupted and Malicious, as *Seſoſtris* was Sincere and Generous. The Name of this Man was *Metophis*. He endeavour'd to enſnare us by artificial Queſtions; and when he ſaw that *Mentor* anſwer'd with more Wiſdom than I, he look'd upon him with Averſion and Diffidence; for ill Men are always Enemies to the good. He cauſed us to be ſeparated, and from that time I knew not what became of *Mentor*. This Separation was to me, as if I had been ſtruck with Thunder. *Metophis* was not without hopes, that by a ſeparate Examination, we might be drawn to ſay contrary Things. At leaſt he thought to dazle my Eyes with his flattering Promiſes, and make me acknowledge what *Mentor* had conceal'd from him. In a word,

word, he ſought not to find out the Truth; but by any means to get a pretence to tell the King we were *Phenicians*, that he might keep us for his Slaves.

In effect, notwithſtanding our Innocence, and all the Wiſdom of the King, he found out a way to deceive him. " Alaſs! How are Kings " expos'd? The wiſeſt are often " abus'd by Men of Artifice and " Intereſt, that are about them. " Good Men retire from Courts, " becauſe they are neither Preſumptuous nor Flatterers. They wait " till they are ſent for; and Princes " ſeldom know how to ſend for " them. On the other Hand, ill " Men are Bold, Deceitful, Impudent and Inſinuating; dextrous " at Diſſembling and ready to do " any thing againſt Honour and " Conſcience, to gratify the Paſſions of the Perſon that Reigns. " O! how unhappy is that King, " who is open to the Artifices of " bad Men? He is loſt if he do's

" not

" not ſuppreſs Flattery, and love " thoſe who ſpeak the Truth with " Confidence. Theſe were the Reflections I made in my Misfortunes, when I call'd to mind the things that I had heard from *Mentor*.

In the mean time *Metophis* ſent me towards the Mountains of the Deſert with his Slaves, that I might ſerve with them to look after his numerous Flocks. Here *Calypſo* interrupted *Telemachus*, and ſaid, Well! and what did you then? You, that in *Sicily* had preferr'd Death before Servitude. *Telemachus* anſwer'd, My Misfortunes increas'd Daily; I had no longer the wretched liberty of chuſing between Slavery and Death; I was compell'd to be a Slave, and to exhauſt all the rigours of Fortune. I had loſt all hope, and could not ſay one word in order to my Deliverance. *Mentor* has ſince told me, that he was ſold to certain *Ethiopians*, and that he follow'd them to *Ethiopia*.

As

As for me, I arriv'd in a horrid Deſert, where nothing but burning Sands was to be ſeen upon the Plains, and Snow that never melted made an eternal Winter on the Tops of the Hills. Only ſome ſcatter'd Paſture for the Cattle was here and there found among the Rocks. In the midſt of theſe Precipices, the Vallies are ſo profound, that the Sun can ſcarce let fall a Beam upon them. I found no other Men in theſe Places than Shepherds, as ſavage as the Country it ſelf. There I paſſed the Nights in bewailing my Misfortune, and the Days in following my Flock, to avoid the brutal Rage of *Buſſus*, who was chief among the Slaves, and who hoping to obtain his Liberty, never ceas'd from Calúmniating the reſt, that he might perſwade *Metophis* of his Zeal and Induſtry in his Service. On this occaſion, Impatience was pardonable. In the anguiſh of my Heart I one Day forgot my Flock, and lay down upon the Graſs by a Cave,

Cave, where I expected Death to relieve me from the Evils I was not able to bear. In that Inſtant I perceived the Mountain to tremble, the Oaks and Pines ſeeming to deſcend from the ſummet of the Hill: The Winds ſuppreſs'd their Breathing, and a hollow Voice iſſuing out of the Cave pronounc'd theſe Words. "O Son of the wiſe *Ulyſſes*, thou "art to be like him, great by Pa- "tience. Princes who have always "been happy, are ſeldom worthy "to be ſo: They are corrupted by "unmanly Pleaſures, and drunk "with the Pride of Proſperity. "Happy ſhalt thou be, if thou can'ſt "ſurmount theſe Misfortunes, and "always remember thy preſent Con- "dition: Thou ſhalt certainly ſee "*Ithaca* again, and thy Glory ſhall "aſcend to the Heavens: When "thou ſhalt command Men, re- "member that thou haſt been like "them in Poverty, Weakneſs and "Calamity. Take a Pleaſure in "being good to them; love thy

"People,

" People, deteſt Flatterers, and
" know that there is no other way
" to be truly great, than by Mode-
" ration and Fortitude to overcome
" thy Paſſions.

Theſe divine Words penetrated to the center of my Heart; renew'd my Joy, and reviv'd my Courage: I felt none of that Horror which makes Mens Hair ſtand upright, and chills the Blood in their Veins, when the Gods communicate themſelves to Mortals. I roſe from the Ground with Cheerfulneſs; I fell upon my Knees; and lifting up my Hands to Heaven, I ador'd *Minerva*, who, I doubted not, had ſent me this Oracle. In that Moment, I found my ſelf a new Man; Wiſdom enlighten'd my Mind; I found a gentle Force reſtraining all my Paſſions, and checking the impetuoſity of my Youth. I acquir'd the Love of all the Shepherds in the Deſert. My Patience, Sweetneſs and Diligence mov'd even the cruel *Buffus* to relent, who commanded the reſt of the Slaves, and had

had made it his Buſineſs at firſt to torment me. I endeavour'd to procure ſome Books to enable me to ſupport the tediouſneſs of my Captivity and Solitude; for I was exceedingly uneaſy for want of ſome Inſtructions to nouriſh and ſuſtain the Faculties of my Soul. "Happy, ſaid I, are they, who quitting all violent Pleaſures, know how to content themſelves with an innocent Life. Happy are they who are diverted with what they learn, and pleaſe themſelves in enriching their Minds with Knowledge, whereſoever they are driven by the unjuſt Perſecutions of Fortune! They carry their own Entertainment with them; and the uneaſineſs that lyes upon all other Men, even in the midſt of the greateſt Pleaſures, is unknown to thoſe, who know how to employ themſelves in Reading. Theſe Men are truly happy, whilſt I am depriv'd of this Felicity. Revolving theſe Thoughts in my Mind,

I pe-

I penetrated into the thickeſt of the Foreſt, and on a ſudden perceiv'd an aged Man holding a Book in his Hand. His Forehead was large and high, unfurniſh'd with Hair, and ſomewhat wrinkled: His white Beard deſcended to his Girdle: He was tall, and of a majeſtick Port: His Complexion was freſh and well Colour'd: His Eyes lively and piercing: His Voice ſweet, and his Diſcourſe plain, but agreeable. I never ſaw ſo venerable an old Man. His name was *Termoſiris*. He was a Prieſt of *Apollo*, and the Temple where he ſerv'd was of Marble, dedicated to that God, and founded by the Kings of *Egypt* in this Foreſt.

He accoſted me in a friendly manner: We talk'd together: He related Things paſt with ſuch clearneſs, that they ſeem'd preſent; but his Relations were always attended with brevity, and never tedious. He could predict Things future, by his profound Wiſdom, which gave him a tho-

a thorough Knowledge of Men, and the Deſigns they are capable of forming. With all this Prudence, he was Cheerful and Complaiſant; and the gayeſt Youth does nothing with ſo much Grace as this aged Man. He lov'd thoſe that were Young, if he found them Teachable, and if they had any taſte of Virtue. He ſoon conceiv'd a tender Affection for me, and gave me Books for my Conſolation: He call'd me his Son; and I often ſaid to him, Father, the Gods that took *Mentor* from me, have pitied my Solitude, and ſent me in You another ſupport. This Man like *Orpheus* or *Linus* was doubtleſs inſpir'd by the Gods.

He would ſometimes read to me the Verſes he had made, and give me the moſt excellent Compoſitions of thoſe Poets, who had been the principal Favourites of the Muſes.

When he put on his long Robes of the pureſt White, and took his golden Harp in his Hand, the Tygers,

gers, the Bears and the Lyons came to lie down by him, and lick'd his Feet. The Satyrs abandon'd the Woods to come and Dance about him. The Trees themſelves ſeem'd to move; and you would have thought that the Rocks had been touch'd with the Charms of his ſweet Accents, and were going to deſcend from the Tops of the Mountains. He ſung the Grandeur of the Gods, the Virtue of Hero's, and the Wiſdom of thoſe who prefer Glory before Pleaſure.

He often told me, That I ought to take Courage, and that the Gods would not abandon either *Ulyſſes* or his Son. He exhorted me to imitate *Apollo*, and perſwade the Shepherds to apply themſelves to the Muſes. *Apollo*, ſaid he, conſidering with Indignation, that the brighteſt Days were frequently diſturb'd by *Jupiter*'s Thunder, reſolv'd to be reveng'd upon the *Cyclops*, who made the Bolts, took up his Bow, and pierc'd them with

his Arrows. Upon this, Mount *Etna* ceas'd to vomit Cylinders of Fire; and Men no longer heard the terrible Hammers ſtriking upon the Anvil, and ecchoing in Groans from the Abyſſes of Earth and Sea. The Iron and the Braſs abandon'd by the *Cyclops* began to ruſt. *Vulcan* in Fury quits his dreadful Forge, and notwithſtanding his Lameneſs, mounts *Olympus* with Expedition; comes cover'd with black Duſt and Sweat into the Aſſembly of the Gods, and makes a moſt bitter Complaint. *Jupiter*, incens'd againſt *Apollo*, drove him from Heaven, and precipitated him down to the Earth. His empty Chariot perform'd the uſual courſe of it ſelf, and gave Men Night and Day, with a regular change of Seaſons. *Apollo* depriv'd of his glorious Beams, was forced to turn Shepherd, and keep the Sheep of King *Admetus*. He plaid upon the Flute, and all the other Shepherds came down to the ſhady Elms and ſilver Streams to hear his

Songs. To that time they had liv'd a ſavage and brutal Life: They knew only how to guide their Flocks, to ſheer them, to draw their Milk, and to make Cheeſes: The whole Country was one frightful Deſert.

Apollo in a ſhort time made all the Shepherds acquainted with the Pleaſures of a rural Life. He ſung the Flowers that compoſe the Garland of the Spring; the beautiful Greens, and the ſweet Perfumes of that agreeable Seaſon. He ſung the delicious Nights of Summer, when the Zephyrs refreſh Mankind, and the Dews allay the Thirſt of the Earth. He forgot not in his Songs the golden Harveſt and autumnal Fruits, which recompence the Toil of the Husbandman; nor the Recreations of Winter, when the wanton Youth dance before the glowing Fire. He repreſented the Groves and ſhady Foreſts that cover the Hills; the hollow Vallies, and the Rivers that wind themſelves about the lovely Meadows. He taught

the Shepherds what are the Charms of a Country Life, when Men know how to reliſh the Preſents of pure and uncorrupted Nature. The Shepherds with their Flutes ſoon ſaw themſelves more happy than Kings, and their Cottages were fill'd with variety of innocent Pleaſures, no where to be found in gilded Palaces. Harmleſs Sports, unaffected Graces, and innocent Joys, accompanied the Shepherdeſſes whereſoever they went.

Every Day was a Feſtival: Nothing was heard but the Singing of Birds, or the ſoft whiſpering of the Zephyrs, as they were playing about the Branches of the Trees, or the murmur of Waters falling from the Rocks, or Songs that were inſpir'd by the Muſes, and ſung by the Shepherds that follow'd *Apollo*. This God taught them alſo to be victorious in Races, and to pierce the Hinds and Stags with their Arrows. The Gods themſelves became jealous of the Shepherds. This ſort of Life

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appear'd to them more raviſhing than all their Glory. They call'd *Apollo* back again to Heaven.

My Son, This Story may ſerve for your Inſtruction, ſince you are in the ſame Condition *Apollo* was. Manure this uncultivated Ground; make a Deſert flouriſh, as he did; like him, teach the Shepherds what are the Charms of Harmony; poliſh the roughneſs of their Minds; ſhew them the Beauty of Virtue, and make them feel how ſweet it is to enjoy in this Solitude thoſe innocent Pleaſures that nothing can take away from Shepherds. A Time will come, my Son, a Time will come, when the Toils and Cares that encompaſs Kings, will make you regret a paſtoral Life.

Termoſiris having ſaid this, preſented me with a Flute, ſo ſweet, that the Eccho's of the Hills, which carried the ſound on every ſide, drew all the neighbouring Shepherds preſently about me. My Voice was divinely Harmonious, I

felt my ſelf mov'd, as by a ſuperior Power, to ſing the Beauties that Nature has beſtow'd upon the Country. We paſs'd the Days, and part of the Nights in ſinging together. All the Shepherds forgot their Cottages and their Flocks, to ſtay with me whilſt I gave them Leſſons. The ſavage Rudeneſs of our Deſerts diſappear'd, all Things ſeem'd to look Gay and Pleaſant; and the politeneſs of the Inhabitants communicated it ſelf to the Country. We frequently met to Sacrifice in the Temple of *Apollo*, where *Termoſiris* officiated as Prieſt. The Shepherds went thither Crown'd with Lawrel, in Honour of the God. We made a Country Feaſt; and the moſt delicious of our Fare, was the Milk of our Goats and Sheep, with various Fruits, freſh gathered with our own Hands, ſuch as Dates, Figs and Grapes: Our Seats were the green Turf, and our ſpreading Trees afforded us a Shade, more Pleaſant than the guilded Roofs

Roofs in the Palaces of Kings. But that which above all other Things made me famous among our Shepherds, was, That one Day a hungry Lyon fell upon my Flock; already he had begun a dreadful Slaughter; I had nothing in my Hand but my Crook, yet I advanc'd boldly. The Lyon erects his Mane, gnaſhes his Teeth, unſheaths his dreadful Claws, and opens his parch'd and inflam'd Throat. His Eyes were full of Blood and Fire; and he laſh'd his Flanks with his Tail. I took him by the Throt, and threw him upon the Ground. The little Coat of Mail that I wore, according to the Cuſtom of the *Egyptain* Shepherds, hinder'd him from tearing my Body. Thrice I threw him upon his Back, and thrice he rais'd himſelf again, roaring ſo loud, that he was heard through all the Foreſts. At laſt I threw him to the Ground, and ſtrangled him with my Hands. The Shepherds who were Witneſſes of my Victory, oblig'd me to

wear the Skin of this terrible Animal.

The Fame of this Action, and the wonderful alteration that had happen'd among our Shepherds, ſpread through *Egypt*, and came to the Ear of *Seſoſtris*. He was inform'd that one of the two Captives, who had been taken for *Phenicians*, had reſtor'd the Golden Age to his inhoſpitable Deſerts. He reſolv'd to ſee me, for he lov'd the Muſes; and his great Soul was affected with whatſoever might be uſeful to Mankind. He ſaw me; he heard me with Pleaſure, and diſcover'd that *Metophis* had deceiv'd him through Covetouſneſs. He condemn'd him to a perpetual Priſon, and ſeiz'd his Riches, which he unjuſtly poſſeſs'd. "O! ſaid he, how unhap-
"py is the Man, who is placed
"above the reſt of Men! He can
"ſeldom ſee the Truth with his
"own Eyes: He is ſurrounded by
"thoſe who keep the Truth from
"approaching him: Their Inter-
"eſt

" eſt leads them to deceive him.
" Every one conceals his Ambition
" under the appearance of Zeal.
" They pretend to love the King;
" but indeed love only the Riches
" he can give. Nay, they love
" him ſo little, that to obtain his
" Favours, they flatter and betray
" him.

From this time *Seſoſtris* treated me with a tender Friendſhip; and reſolved to ſend me back to *Ithaca*, with a powerful aſſiſtance of Ships and Troops, to deliver *Penelope* from the Perſecutions of her Lovers. The Fleet was ready, and we thought of nothing but Embarking. I admir'd the ſtrange Conduct of Fortune, to exalt thoſe on a ſudden that ſhe has moſt depreſs'd. This Experience made me hope that *Ulyſſes* might return at laſt to his Kingdom after all his Sufferings; and I thought it not impoſſible to ſee *Mentor* again, tho' he had been carried into the fartheſt parts of *Ethiopia*. Whil'ſt I delay'd my departure to

inquire after him, *Seſoſtris*, who was very Aged, died ſuddenly, and his Death brought all my Misfortunes back upon me. All *Egypt* became ſenſible of this irreparable Loſs. Every Family knew they had loſt their beſt Friend, their Protector, their Father. The old Men lifting their Hands to Heaven, cried out with a lamentable Voice, *Egypt* never had ſo good a King, and never will have one like him. O ye Gods, you ſhould never have ſhewn him to Men, or never have taken him away: Why do we ſurvive the Great *Seſoſtris?* The young Men ſaid, The hopes of *Egypt* are vaniſhed. Our Fathers were happy to live under ſo good a King.

Multitudes of People from the remoteſt Parts, came running to *Thebes* during forty Days. Every one was deſirous to preſerve the Idea of him; and many to be buried with him. But their Grief was yet farther aggravated: For they knew that his Son *Boccoris* had

had neither Humanity for Strangers, nor Affection for Knowledge, nor Eſteem for virtuous Men, nor Deſire of Glory. The greatneſs of his Father had contributed to make him unworthy to Reign. He had been educated in an effeminate Softneſs, and brutal Pride. He accounted Men as nothing, believing them made only to be his Slaves, and himſelf to be of a Nature different from them. He thought of nothing but how he might gratify his Paſſions; diſſipate the vaſt Treaſures his Father had husbanded with ſo much Care; oppreſs the People; ſatiate himſelf with the Blood of the Unfortunate, and follow the flattering Counſels of young Fools, that he kept about him, whilſt he treated with the utmoſt Contempt all the antient Sages, who had been entruſted by his Father. In a word, he was a Monſter, and not a King. All *Egypt* groan'd under him; and tho' the name of *Seſoſtris*, which was ſo dear to the *Egyptains*, made

them

them ſupport the baſe and cruel Conduct of his Son: Yet he made haſt to Ruin; for 'twas impoſſible that a Prince ſo unworthy of the Throne, ſhould Reign long.

As for me, I thought no more of returning to *Ithaca*: I was confin'd to a Tower that ſtands by the Sea near *Peluſium*, where I ſhould have embark'd, if *Seſoſtris* had not died. *Metophis* had been freed from his Impriſonment, and received into Favour by the new King. 'Twas he that cauſed my Confinement, to revenge the Diſgrace I had brought upon him. I paſs'd the Days and Nights in the profoundeſt Melancholy. All the Things which *Termoſiris* had foretold, and thoſe that I had heard from the Cave, appear'd to me to be but Dreams. I was ready to ſink under the weight of my Grief. I ſaw the Waves beating at the Foot of the Tower where I was Priſoner. I often employ'd my Time, in obſerving the Ships that were overtaken by Storms,

and

and in danger to be ſplit againſt the Rocks, upon which the Tower was built. Far from pitying theſe Men, who were threatned with Shipwrack, I envied their Condition. In a ſhort time, ſaid I to my ſelf, they will ſee an end of all their Misfortunes, or arrive in their own Country. But, alaſs, I can hope for neither. Whil'ſt thus I conſum'd away in uſeleſs Regrets, I perceiv'd as a Foreſt of Maſts; the Sea was cover'd with Ships, and the Winds fill'd all their Sails. The Waters turn'd into a Foam under the Strokes of innumerable Oars. I heard a confus'd Noiſe on every ſide. I ſaw one part of the *Egyptians* upon the Shore, terrified, and running to their Arms, whil'ſt others ſeem'd going to receive the Fleet, which they ſaw arriving. I ſoon perceiv'd that part of theſe Ships were of *Phenicia*, and the reſt of the Iſland of *Cyprus*: For my Misfortunes began to render me experienc'd in every thing that relates to Na-

Navigation. The *Egyptains* were divided among themſelves. And I doubted not that the fooliſh King, had by his Violences cauſed his Subjects to Revolt, and raiſed a Civil War. I was Spectator of a bloody Battle from the Top of my Tower.

That part of the *Egyptians* who had invited theſe Foreigners to their Aſſiſtance, having favour'd their Deſcent, fell upon the other *Egyptians*, who had the King at their Head. I ſaw this King encouraging his Men by his own Example. He appear'd like the God of Battle. Streams of Blood ran down by his ſide. The Wheels of his Chariot were died with black, thick and foaming Gore, and could hardly move, for the numbers of dead Men that lay in the Way. This young King, vigorous of Body, fierce and haughty in his Looks, had Rage and Deſpair painted on his Face. He was like a beautiful Horſe that has no Mouth. His

Courage

Courage puſh'd him on to Danger; but he had no Prudence to moderate his Valour. He knew neither how to repair a Fault, nor to give out neceſſary Orders, nor to foreſee the Dangers that threatned, nor to manage his Men to the beſt Advantage. 'Twas not, that he wanted Underſtanding; his Quickneſs was as great as his Courage; but he had never been inſtructed by Adverſity. His Maſters had poiſon'd his good Nature with their Flattery: He was drunk with his own Power and Felicity: He thought every thing muſt yield to his impetuous Deſires. The leaſt Reſiſtance put him into a Rage: He conſulted his Reaſon no longer: His Pride transform'd him into a Savage Beaſt: His natural Goodneſs forſook him in an inſtant: The moſt faithful of his Servants were forc'd to fly from him, and he conſider'd none but thoſe who flatter'd his Paſſions. By this means he always fell into Extremities, againſt his

his true Intereſt, and made all honeſt Men deteſt his fooliſh Conduct. His Valour ſuſtained him for a long time againſt the Multitude of his Enemies; but at laſt he was born down with Numbers. I ſaw him periſh; the Arrow of a *Phenician* pierc'd his Breaſt: He ſunk down in his Chariot, and not being able to hold the Reins any longer, he was overthrown and trampled under Foot by the Horſes. A Soldier of *Cyprus* cut off his Head, and holding it up by the Hair, ſhew'd it in Triumph to the victorious Army. I ſhall ever remember, that I ſaw the Head ſmear'd with Blood; the Eyes ſhut and extinguiſh'd; the Face pale and disfigur'd; the Mouth half open, and attempting to finiſh ſome Words it had begun; a fierce and menacing Air, which Death it ſelf could not efface. This ſight will be always before my Eyes to the laſt Day of my Life. And if ever the Gods permit me to Reign, I

ſhall

ſhall never forget, after this fatal Example, " That no King is wor-
" thy to Command, or can be hap-
" py in the Poſſeſſion of his Pow-
" er, unleſs he himſelf be govern'd
" by Reaſon; and that 'tis the ut-
" moſt of all Misfortunes for a
" Man, who is created for the
" Publick Good, to govern vaſt
" Numbers of Men only to render
" himſelf miſerable.

Calypſo heard with Aſtoniſhment theſe wiſe Reflections: And that which charm'd her moſt, was, to ſee how the young *Telemachus* ingeniouſly related the Faults he had committed, either through Precipitation, or want of Docility for the ſage *Mentor*. She was ſurpris'd with the Greatneſs and Generoſity of his Mind; who accuſed himſelf, and made ſo good uſe of his own Imprudences, to become Wiſe, Sagacious and Moderate. Continue, ſaid ſhe, my dear *Telemachus*; I long to know how you left *Egypt*, and where you found the wiſe *Mentor*,

tor, whoſe Loſs was ſo ſenſible to you.

Telemachus reſuming his Diſcourſe, ſaid, The beſt of the *Egyptians*, who were moſt faithful to the King, finding themſelves overpower'd, and the King dead, were compell'd to ſubmit to the reſt; and another King called **** was eſtabliſh'd. The *Phenicians* and the Troops of *Cyprus* departed from *Egypt*, after they had made an Alliance with the new King. All the *Phenicians* that were Priſoners, were ſet at Liberty, and I was accounted one of them. I departed from the Court; I imbark'd with the reſt, and my Hopes began to revive in the bottom of my Heart. Already a favourable Wind fill'd our Sails; our Oars cut the foaming Waves; the vaſt Sea was cover'd with our Ships; the Mariners ſhouted for Joy; the Shoars of *Egypt* fled from us; the Hills and Mountains diminiſhed; we began to ſee nothing but the Heavens and the

the Waters, whil'ſt the Sun ſurrounded with ſparkling Flames, ſeem'd to riſe from the boſom of the Sea; his Rays gilded the Tops of the Mountains, which we could ſtill diſcover upon the Horizon, and the whole Face of Heaven painted with a ſable Azure, gave us Hopes of a happy Navigation.

Tho' I had been ſet at Liberty, as one of the *Phenicians*; yet none of them knew who I was. *Narbal*, who commanded the Ship that carried me, ask'd me my Name and my Country. Of what City, ſaid he, in *Phenicia* are you? I am not a *Phenician*, ſaid I; but the *Egyptians* took me at Sea in a *Phenician* Ship. I have been along time Priſoner in *Egypt* as a *Phenician*; under that Name I have ſuffer'd, and under that Name I am deliver'd. Of what Country art thou then, ſaid *Narbal?* I am, ſaid I, *Telemachus*, Son to *Ulyſſes* King of *Ithaca* in *Greece*. My Father made himſelf famous among

among the Kings, who beſieg'd the City of *Troy*; but the Gods have not permitted him to return to his Country. I have ſought him in many Climates, and Fortune Perſecutes me alſo. You ſee an unfortunate Perſon, who deſires no other Happineſs than to return to his Country, and to find his Father. *Narbal* look'd upon me with Aſtoniſhment, and thought he ſaw in my Face ſome Marks of Happineſs, that proceed from the favour of Heaven, and are not in the reſt of Men. He was by Nature ſincere and generous. He was mov'd with my Misfortunes; and put a Confidence in me, that the Gods inſpir'd him with, for my Preſervation.

Telemachus, ſaid he, I doubt not the Truth of what you ſay, neither can I doubt: The lively Images of Grief and Virtue drawn upon your Face, will not give me leave to diſtruſt you. I perceive that the Gods which I have always

ways ſerv'd, love you, and will have me to love you, as if you were my Son. I will give you ſafe and uſeful Advice, and for my Recompence deſire nothing of you but Silence. Fear not, ſaid I, for I can without difficulty keep any Thing ſecret that you ſhall truſt to my Diſcretion. Tho' I am young; yet I have grown up in the Habit of not diſcovering my own Secret, and much more of not betraying under any pretext the Secret of another. How have you been able, ſaid he, to accuſtom your ſelf to keep Secrets in ſuch tender Years? I ſhall be glad to know, by what means you have acquir'd this admirable Quality, which is the Foundation of the wiſeſt Conduct, and without which all other Talents are uſeleſs.

When *Ulyſſes*, ſaid I, departed to aſſiſt in the Siege of *Troy*, he took me upon his Knees and embrac'd me (for thus I have been told

told the Story) and after he had kiſs'd me in the tendereſt manner, he ſaid theſe Words to me, tho' I could not then underſtand them. "O my Son! may the Gods pre- "vent me from ever ſeeing thee "again; let rather the fatal Sciſ- "ſars cut the Thread of thy early "Days, as the Reaper cuts down "with his Sicle the tender Flower "that begins to blow; let my "Enemies daſh thee in pieces be- "fore the Eyes of thy Mother "and Me, if ever thou art to be "Corrupted, and to relinquiſh "the Ways of Virtue. O! my "Friends, continued he, I leave "my dear Son with you; take "care of his tender Years; if you "love me, baniſh, all Pernicious "Flattery from about him; in- "ſtruct him how to overcome his "Paſſions, and let him be like a "tender Plant, that Men often "bend in order to make it grow "upright. Above all, forget not "to render him Juſt, Beneficent,

"Sincere,

" Sincere, and faithful in keeping " a Secret. Whoever is guilty of " a Lie, is unworthy to be ac- " counted a Man; and whoever " knows not how to be Silent, is " unworthy to govern.

I am exact in the Repetition of theſe Words; becauſe care was taken to inculcate them often into me. My Father's Friends made it their Buſineſs to exerciſe me early in keeping Secrets. I was yet in my Infancy, when they truſted me with all the Troubles they ſuſtained, to ſee my Mother expos'd to the Perſecutions of ſo many that pretended to marry her. Already they treated me as a Man of Reaſon and Fidelity. They entertained me privately of the moſt important Affairs, and acquainted me with all the meaſures they took to expel the Pretenders.

I was over-joy'd to be truſted in this manner; I never abus'd the Confidence repos'd in me, I never

let fall one ſingle Word, that might diſcover the leaſt Secret. The Pretenders often endeavour'd to make me talk, expecting that a Child, who had ſeen or heard any thing of Importance, would not have been able to conceal it. But I knew how to anſwer them without lying, and without informing them of any thing that I ought not to diſcover.

Upon this, *Narbal* ſaid to me; You ſee, *Telemachus*, the Power of the *Phenicians*. They are formidable to all their Neighbours by their numerous Fleets. The Trade they drive as far as the Columns of *Hercules*, furniſhes them with Riches ſurpaſſing all thoſe of the moſt flouriſhing Nations. The great *Seſoſtris*, who could never have ſubdued them by Sea, did with great difficulty defeat them by Land with thoſe Armies that had conquer'd all the Eaſt, and impos'd a Tribute upon us, which has not continued long.

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The *Phenicians* found themſelves too Rich and too Potent, to wear the Yoak of Servitude with Patience. *Seſoſtris* was prevented by Death from finiſhing the War againſt us. 'Tis true, we had reaſon to fear the Event, and that much more on account of his Wiſdom than his Power. But as ſoon as his Power, without his Wiſdom, had paſs'd into the Hands of his Son, we concluded we had no more to fear.

In effect, the *Egyptians* have been ſo far from returning in Arms to make an intire Conqueſt of our Country, that they have been conſtrain'd to call us to their Aſſiſtance to deliver them from the Fury of an impious and outragious King. We have been their Deliverers, and have added the Glory of this Action to the Liberty and Riches of our Country. But whil'ſt we deliver others, we our ſelves are Slaves. O *Telemachus*, beware of

falling into the cruel Hands of *Pigmalion* our King. He has already died them in the Blood of *Sicheus*, his Sister *Dido*'s Husband. *Dido*, full of Horror and Revenge, is fled from *Tyre* with many Ships. Moſt of thoſe who are beſt affected to Liberty and Virtue have attended her. She has founded a Magnificent City upon the Coaſt of *Africk*, and called it *Carthage*. *Pigmalion*, tormented with an inſatiable Thirſt of Wealth, renders himſelf every day more wretched, and odious to all his Subjects. 'Tis a Crime at *Tyre* to be Rich. His Avarice fills him with Suſpicion, Diſtruſt and Cruelty. He perſecutes the Wealthy, and fears the Poor. Every thing diſturbs him, affrights him, preys upon him. He trembles at his own Shadow; he ſleeps neither by Night nor by Day. The Gods, to confound him, load him with Treaſures which he dares not enjoy. The things he covets to

make

make him happy, are preciſely thoſe that make him miſerable. He regrets whatever he gives; dreads to loſe, and torments himſelf with Hopes of Gain. He is ſeldom ſeen. He ſhuts himſelf up in the remoteſt parts of his Palace, ſad, alone, diſconſolate. His Friends dare not approach him, for fear of being ſuſpected. A Guard, terrible to ſee, ſtands round his Houſe, with Swords drawn, and erected Pikes. Thirty Chambers on a Floar, with Doors of Iron, and ſix maſſy Bolts upon each, make up the dreadful Apartment, where he hides himſelf. No one ever knows in which of theſe Chambers he lies. 'Tis ſaid, he never lies in any of them two Nights together, for fear his Throat ſhould be cut.

He knows no ſweet Enjoyments, nor the ſweeter Effects of Friendſhip. If any one ſpeak to him of Joy, he finds it will not come near him, and refuſes to enter into his Heart.

His hollow Eyes are full of a fierce and ſavage Fire, inceſſantly rowling on every ſide. He is mov'd at the leaſt Noiſe; he hearkens attentively; becomes palè and dejected; and anxious Care ſits pictur'd upon his wrinkled Face. He ſighs; is ſilent, and groans from the bottom of his Heart. He is unable to conceal the Remorſe that rends his Soul. He reliſhes not the moſt delicious Food. His Children, inſtead of being the Hopes of his Age, are the Subjects of his Fear. He looks upon them as his moſt dangerous Enemies. He never thought himſelf ſecure one Moment of his Life. He preſerves himſelf only by ſhedding the Blood of every one he fears.

Fooliſh Man! who ſees not, that his Cruelty which he ſo much relies upon, will be his Deſtruction. Some Domeſtick Servant, as ſuſpicious as he, will ſoon deliver the World from this Monſter.

As

As for me, I fear the Gods, and will be faithful to the King they have given me, whatever it coſt. I had rather die, than take away his Life, or fail to defend him. For your part, O *Telemachus*, acquaint him not that you are the Son of *Ulyſſes*; for he would make you a Priſoner, in expectation of a great Ranſom, when *Ulyſſes* returns to *Ithaca*.

When we arriv'd at *Tyre*, I follow'd his Counſel, and found every thing he had ſaid to be true. I could not comprehend how a Man could make himſelf ſo miſerable as *Pigmalion* appear'd to be. Surpriz'd with a thing ſo aſtoniſhing, and ſo new to me, I ſaid thus to my ſelf. This Man deſign'd to be happy, and perſwaded himſelf, that Riches and Arbitrary Power would make him ſo. He do's what he will, and yet is made miſerable even by that Power, and thoſe Riches. If he were a Shepherd as I

lately was, he would be as happy as I have been: He would enjoy the innocent Pleaſures of the Country, and would enjoy them without Remorſe. He would not fear either Dagger or Poiſon. He would love Men, and be belov'd by them. He would not indeed be Poſſeſſor of thoſe vaſt Treaſures, which are as uſeleſs to him as Sand, ſince he dares not touch them; but he would really enjoy the Fruits of the Earth, and ſuffer no manner of want.

This Man ſeems to do whatever pleaſes him; but the Caſe is far otherwiſe, for he does all that his Paſſions command. He is compelled to follow, whereſoever his Covetouſneſs and Suſpicions lead. He ſeems to be Maſter of all other Men; but he is not Maſter of himſelf, and has as many Maſters and Tormenters as he has violent Deſires.

Thus

Thus I reaſon'd concerning *Pigmalion* without ſeeing him; for he was not to be ſeen. Men only ſee thoſe lofty Towers, that are ſurrounded Night and Day with dreadful Guards, where he ſhuts himſelf up, as it were, in Priſon with his beloved Treaſures. I compar'd this inviſible King with *Seſoſtris*, who was ſo good, ſo eaſie of Acceſs, ſo Affable, ſo ready to hear any Stranger, ſo attentive in giving Audience to all Men, and to find out the Truth which is always conceal'd from Kings. The good *Seſoſtris*, ſaid I, fear'd nothing, and had nothing to fear. He ſhew'd himſelf to all his Subjects as to his own Children. This Man fears all, and has all to fear. This wicked King is always expos'd to the danger of a violent Death, even within his inacceſſible Palace, and in the midſt of his Guards. On the contrary, the good King *Seſoſtris* was always ſafe in

the midſt of the greateſt Numbers of his People, as a gentle Father in his own Houſe with all his Family about him.

Pigmalion gave Orders to ſend home the Forces of *Cyprus*, who came to his Aſſiſtance by virtue of an Alliance that was between the two Nations. *Narbal* took this Occaſion to ſet me at Liberty. He caus'd me to be muſter'd among the *Cyprian* Soldiers; for the King was jealous to the laſt degree. The uſual defect of eaſie and thoughtleſs Princes is, to deliver themſelves up to the Conduct of crafty and corrupt Miniſters. On the other ſide, the defect of this Man was to diſtruſt the moſt Virtuous. He knew not how to diſtinguiſh Men of Probity and Uprightneſs, who always act without Diſguiſe. He had never ſeen an honeſt Man; for ſuch will never flatter a corrupted King.

Beſides,

Beſides, he had found in all thoſe who had ſerv'd him ſince his Acceſſion to the Crown, ſo much Diſſimulation and Perfidiouſneſs, with ſo many horrid Vices diſguis'd, and only the bare Appearances of Virtue, that he look'd upon all Men without Exception, as living under a Mask, and concluded there was no real Virtue in the World.

But to return to my ſelf: I paſs'd in the Muſter for a *Cyprian*, and eſcap'd the watchful Jealouſie of the King. *Narbal* trembled for fear I ſhould be diſcover'd, which would have coſt his Life and mine alſo. He was under great impatience to ſee us embark'd; but contrary Winds detained us at *Tyre*.

I made uſe of this time to inform my ſelf of the Manners of the *Phenicians*, ſo famous in all parts of the known World. I admir'd the happy Situation of their City,

which is built upon an Iſland of the Sea. The neighbouring Coaſt is delicious and fruitful, abounding in exquiſite Fruits, and ſo cover'd with Towns and Villages, that they ſeem to touch one another. The Air is ſweet and temperate: for the Mountains ſhelter the Coaſt from the ſcorching Winds which come from the South. The Country is every where refreſh'd by the North Wind that blows from the Sea. It lies at the Foot of Mount *Libanus*, which pierces through the Clouds, and advances to meet the Stars. His Forehead is cover'd with an eternal Ice; and Rivers mingled with Snow, fall down like Torrents from the Rocks that ſurround his Head.

A vaſt Foreſt of ancient Cedars ſtands near the Top, which appear as old as the Earth on which they grow, and ſhoot their ſpreading Branches to the Clouds. Under this

this Foreſt are rich Paſtures, leaning on the deſcent of the Mountain. Here one may ſee the bellowing Bulls wandering up and down, and the bleating Yews with their tender Lambs bounding upon the Graſs. A thouſand Streams of the cleareſt Water run down theſe charming Fields.

Below theſe Paſtures is the Foot of the Mountain, which appears like a Garden on every ſide. Here Spring and Autumn reign together, and join the Fruits of the one to the Flowers of the other. Neither the infected Breath of the South Wind, that parches and burns up all, or the cruel Blaſts of the North-Eaſt, have ever dared to deface the lively Colours that adorn this Garden. Hard by this beautiful Coaſt, an Iſland riſes in the Sea, where the City of *Tyre* is built. This great City ſeems to float upon the Waters, and to be Queen of all the Sea. The Merchants arrive from

from all parts of the World; and its own Inhabitants are the moſt famous Merchants of the Univerſe.

When Men enter into this City, they cannot think it to be a Place belonging to a particular People, but rather to be a City common to all Nations, and the Center of all Trade. Two great Moles advancing their Arms into the Sea, embrace a vaſt Port where the Winds cannot enter. In this Harbour one may ſee, as it were a Foreſt of Maſts; and the Ships are ſo numerous that the Sea which carries them can hardly be diſcover'd.

All the Citizens apply themſelves to Commerce, and their vaſt Riches never divert them from that Labour which is neceſſary to increaſe their Treaſure. In every part of the City one may ſee the fine Linnen of *Egypt*, and *Tyrian* Purple, twice died, and of a noble Luſtre. This

double

double Tincture is ſo lively, as not to be defaced by Time. 'Tis uſed upon the fineſt Cloth, which is to be garniſhed with Gold and Silver. The *Phenicians* maintain a Trade with all People as far as the Straits of *Gades*. Nay, they have penetrated into the vaſt Ocean that encompaſſes the Earth. They have made long Voyages upon the Red Sea, and viſited unknown Iſlands, from whence they bring Gold, and all ſorts of Perfumes, with various Animals no where elſe to be ſeen.

I could not ſatiate my Eyes with the ſight of this great City, where every thing was in Motion. I did not ſee, as in the Iſlands of *Greece*, idle and inquiſitive Perſons, going about to hear News in the publick Places, and to gaze upon Strangers as they arrive in the Ports. The Men are employ'd in unloading their Ships; ſending home their Goods; putting their Magazines in order; ſelling

ſelling their Merchandiſe, and keeping an exact Account of what is due to them from Foreigners. The Women are always buſie in ſpinning of Wool, in folding up the richeſt Stuffs, and in various Works of Embroidery.

Whence comes it, ſaid I to *Narbal*, that the *Phenicians* are Maſters of the Trade in all parts of the World, and enrich themſelves at the expenſe of all other Nations? You ſee, ſaid he, the Situation of *Tyre*, how conveniently it lies for Navigation. The *Tyrians* were the firſt (if we may believe what is told us concerning obſcure Antiquity) who in a feeble Ship durſt commit themſelves to the mercy of the Waves; who ſubdued the Pride of the Sea; who obſerv'd the Stars, that are ſo far from the Earth, according to the Knowledge they had learnt from the *Egyptians* and *Babylonians*, and who by theſe means re-united ſo many People, that the Sea

Sea ſeem'd to have ſeparated for ever. The *Tyrians* are Induſtrious, Patient, Laborious, Sober and Frugal; exact in their Civil Government, and united among themſelves. No Nation has ever been more conſtant, more ſincere, more faithful, more honeſt, and more kind to Strangers. Theſe, theſe are the Things that have given them the Empire of the Sea, and all the Advantages of Trade. If they ſhould fall into Diviſions and Jealouſies; if they ſhould emaſculate themſelves with Pleaſures and Idleneſs; if the principal Citizens ſhould come to deſpiſe Labour and Frugality; if Arts ſhould ceaſe to be accounted Honorable; if they ſhould violate their Faith with Strangers, and tranſgreſs, tho' but a little, the Rules of Free Trade, you would ſoon ſee the ruin of that Power you admire.

But pray, ſaid I, inſtruct me how I may hereafter eſtabliſh the like Com-

Commerce in *Ithaca*. Do, ſaid he, as you ſee done here: Receive all Strangers kindly; let them find ſafety in your Ports, with Conveniency, and intire Liberty. Suffer not your ſelf to be poſſeſs'd with Covetouſneſs or Pride. The true way to gain much, is never to deſire to gain too much, and to know how and when to loſe: Acquire the love of all Strangers, and ſuffer ſmall Wrongs from them. Beware of exciting their Suſpicions by inſolent Behaviour. Be conſtant to the rules of Trade: Let them be plain and eaſy: Accuſtom your ſelf to obſerve them inviolably: Puniſh Fraud with Severity: Correct the Negligence and Pride of Merchants, who ruin Trade by ruining themſelves, that carry it on: Above all, never go about to reſtrain Trade, or govern it by your own Fancy. The Prince muſt not intermedle with it, for fear of diſcouraging his People, who as they have the Pains, ought

ought to have the Profit. He will find ſufficient Advantages by the vaſt Riches that will be brought into his Kingdom. Commerce is like certain Springs; if you force them to alter their Courſe, you dry them up.

'Tis only Profit and Conveniency that invites Strangers. If you render their Trade uneaſy and of little Benefit, they inſenſibly withdraw themſelves and return no more; becauſe other Nations taking advantage of your Imprudence, invite 'em thither, and accuſtom them to live without you. I muſt own that for ſome time paſt the Glory of *Tyre* has been ſadly diminiſh'd. O! if you had ſeen it, my dear *Telemachus*, before the Reign of *Pygmalion*, you would have been much more ſurpris'd. You find only the diſmal remains of a Grandeur that threatens Ruin.

O unhappy *Tyre*! into what Hands art thou fallen? The Sea formerly

ly brought thee the Tribute of all the Nations in the World. *Pigmalion* is afraid of all, both Strangers and Subjects. Inſtead of opening his Ports with an intire Liberty to all People however remote, he requires conſtantly to be inform'd, what number of Ships arrive, and from what Country; the Names of the Men on Board; the Trade they drive, the Nature and Price of their Merchandiſe, and the time they deſign to ſtay. He do's yet worſe; for he uſes all manner of Artifices to ſurpriſe the Merchants, and to confiſcate their Goods: He contrives to enſnare the moſt wealthy under various Pretences. He burdens the Trade with innumerable Impoſts: He will be a Merchant himſelf, and all Men are afraid to deal with him.

Thus our Commerce languiſhes: Foreigners by degrees forget the way to *Tyre*, which was once ſo agreeable to them; and if *Pigmalion*

lion will not alter his Conduct, our Glory and our Power muſt in a ſhort time be tranſported to ſome other People, who are better governed, than we are.

I then demanded of *Narbal*, by what means the *Tyrians* had render'd themſelves ſo powerful at Sea: For I was not willing to be Ignorant of any thing that might contribute to the good Government of a Kingdom. We have, ſaid he, the Foreſts of *Libanus*, which furniſh us with Timber for the building of Ships, and we preſerve them with Care for that uſe. They are never cut but for the publick Service. We have numbers of skilful Workmen, who perfectly underſtand the Architecture of a Ship. How came you, ſaid I, to find theſe excellent Artiſts? "They grew up, ſaid "he, by degrees in the Country. "When thoſe who excel in Arts "are liberally rewarded, Men will "quickly be found, who ſhall car-

"ry

" ry them to the utmoſt perfection.
" For Men of the beſt Talents and
" Underſtanding, never fail to ap-
" ply themſelves to thoſe Arts that
" are attended with the greateſt
" Recompences.

In this City we honour all ſuch Perſons as ſucceed in any of thoſe Arts and Sciences which are uſeful to Navigation. We reſpect a Man that underſtands Geometry; we eſteem an able Aſtronomer, and bountifully reward a Pilot who ſurpaſſes the reſt of his Profeſſion. We deſpiſe not a good Carpenter: On the contrary, he is well paid, and well uſed. Men dexterous at the Oar, are ſure of a Reward proportion'd to their Service. They are fed with wholſome Proviſions; they are carefully attended when they are Sick; care is taken of their Wives and Children in their abſence; if they periſh by Shipwrack, their Family is indemnified; every Man is ſent home to his Habitation

tion after he has ſerv'd a certain Time.

By theſe means the *Tyrians* have as many Seamen as they will. Fathers are glad, to bring up their Children in ſo good an Employment, and haſten to teach them in their tender Years to handle an Oar, manage the Tacle, and ſcorn a Storm.

Theſe Rewards and this good Order leads Men to be uſeful to the Publick without compulſion: "Authority never do's well alone; the "ſubmiſſion of Inferiors is not "enough; their Hearts muſt be "won, and they ought to find "their own Account in ſerving the "State.

After this Diſcourſe *Narbal* conducted me to ſee all the Magazines; the Arſenal, and the ſeveral Trades that ſerve for the building and equipping of Ships. I inquir'd into all particulars, even to the minuteſt Things, and wrote down all that I had

had learnt, for fear of forgetting any uſeful Circumſtance.

In the mean time *Narbal*, who knew *Pigmalion* as well as he lov'd me, was impatient for my departure, fearing I might be diſcover'd by the King's Spies, who were about the Town Day and Night; but the Winds would not yet permit us to embark. One Day as we ſtood viewing the Port, an Officer of *Pigmalion* came up to us, and ſaid to *Narbal*, The King is juſt now inform'd by a Captain of one of thoſe Ships which return'd with you from *Egypt*, that you have brought a certain Stranger who paſſes for a *Cyprian*. 'Tis the King's Pleaſure to have him ſeiz'd and examin'd, that he may know who he is. And for this You are to anſwer with your Head.

In that Moment I was at ſome diſtance from *Narbal*, in order to take a nearer view of the Proportions which the *Tyrians* had obſerv'd

in

in building a Ship, that was then almoſt new, and accounted by reaſon of the exact Proportion of all its Parts, the beſt Sailor that had ever been ſeen in the Harbour. I ask'd the Builder, who he was that had form'd the deſign of that Ship.

Narbal ſurpris'd and terrified with this Meſſage, anſwer'd; I my ſelf am now looking for this Stranger, who is of *Cyprus*. As ſoon as the Officer was gone out of his ſight, he ran to me, and inform'd me of the Danger I was in. I too well foreſaw, ſaid he, what would happen; my dear *Telemachus*, we are loſt; the King tormented Night and Day with his Fears, ſuſpects you not to be a *Cyprian*. He will have you ſeiz'd, and will take away my Life, if I do not put you into his Hands: What ſhall we do? O God! Give us Wiſdom, to deliver our ſelves from this Danger. I'll bring you to the King's Palace, where you

ſhall

ſhall affirm that you are a *Cyprian* of the City of *Amathus*, and Son to a Statuary of *Venus*. I will declare that I formerly knew your Father; and perhaps the King may let you depart without farther Examination. I ſee no other way to ſave your Life and mine. I anſwer'd, O *Narbal*, ſuffer me to periſh ſince Fate has decreed my Deſtruction. I know how to die, and am too much indebted to you, to draw you into my Misfortune. I cannot perſwade my ſelf to ſpeak a Lie; I am not a *Cyprian*; I cannot ſay that I am. The Gods ſee my Sincerity; it belongs to them to preſerve my Life by their Power. But I will not ſave it by a Falſhood.

Narbal anſwer'd me, This Falſhood, O *Telemachus*, is in all reſpects Innocent. It cannot be diſapprov'd by the Gods; it do's no injury to any one; it ſaves the Lives of two innocent Perſons, and deceives the King, only to prevent him from com-

committing a great Crime. You carry the love of Virtue too far, and are too nice an obſerver of Truth.

But ſaid I, Falſhood is Falſhood ſtill; and on that account unworthy of a Man, who ſpeaks in the Preſence of the Gods, and owes the higheſt reverence to Truth. He that offends the Truth, offends the Gods, and injures himſelf, becauſe he ſpeaks againſt his Conſcience. Propoſe no more, O *Narbal*, that which is unworthy of us both. If the Gods have any pity for us, they know how to deliver us. But if they ſuffer us to periſh, we ſhall fall the Victims of Truth, and leave an Example to inſtruct Men to prefer unblemiſh'd Virtue before long Life. My own is already too long, and too unhappy. 'Tis you alone, my dear *Narbal*, that grieve my Heart: Was it neceſſary that your Kindneſs to an unfortunate Stranger ſhould prove ſo fatal to you?

We continued long in this kind of Diſpute; till at laſt we ſaw a Man quite out of Breath running towards us. He was one of the King's Officers, and ſent to *Narbal* by *Aſtarbe*. This Woman was beautiful as a Goddeſs: The Charms of her Face were attended by the fineſt Wit. She was Gay, Inſinuating, Flattering; and under the appearance of Gentleneſs, ſhe cover'd a Heart fill'd with Malice and Cruelty. Yet ſhe knew how to conceal her Deſigns with the profoundeſt Art. She had conquer'd the Heart of *Pygmalion* by her Wit and Beauty, and by the Charms of her Voice and Lute: And *Pygmalion* blind with Love, had abandon'd *Tapha*, his legitimate Wife.

He thought of nothing ſo much, as how to content the Paſſions of the ambitious *Aſtarbe*. The love of this Woman was little leſs pernicious to him than his infamous Covetouſneſs. But tho' he had ſo

great

great a Paſſion for Her, ſhe deſpis'd and loath'd him in her Heart; yet underſtood ſo well how to cover her private Sentiments, that ſhe ſeemed to live only for him.

At the ſame time that ſhe had theſe Thoughts of *Pygmalion*, there was in *Tyre* a young *Lydian*, called *Malachon*, of admirable Beauty, but Voluptuous, Effeminate and drown'd in Pleaſures. His chief Buſineſs was to preſerve the delicacy of his Complexion; to comb his Hair that fell down in Curls upon his Shoulders; to Perfume; to Dreſs nicely; to ſing amorous Songs, and play upon the Lute. She lov'd him, and became furiouſly tranſported with her Paſſion. He deſpis'd her, becauſe he was in Love with another Woman: And beſides, he dreaded to expoſe himſelf to the cruel jealouſy of the King. *Aſtarbe* finding ſhe was ſcorn'd, abandon'd her ſelf to Reſentment. In her Deſpair ſhe imagined it poſſible to

make *Malachon* paſs for the Stranger that the King had demanded of *Narbal*. In effect ſhe ſoon perſwaded *Pygmalion* as ſhe deſired, and corrupted all thoſe who were able to undeceive him. For having no Affection for virtuous Men, whom he neither knew nor valued, he was always ſurrounded by ſuch only as were full of Artifice, addicted to their Intereſt, and ready to execute his unjuſt and bloody Orders. Theſe Men feared the Authority of *Aſtarbe*, and help'd her to deceive the King, that they might not offend this haughty Woman, who intirely poſſeſs'd his Confidence.

Thus the young *Malachon*, tho' known by all the City to be of *Crete*, paſſed for the young Stranger that *Narbal* had brought from *Egypt*. He was ſeiz'd, and ſent away to Priſon. *Aſtarbe*, who feared *Narbal* might go to the King, and diſcover her Impoſture, had diſpatch'd this Officer in haſt, and commanded him

him to ſay theſe Words: *Aſtarbe* forbids you to diſcover your Stranger to the King; ſhe requires nothing of you but Silence, and promiſes to ſatisfy him concerning you. In the mean time take care that the young Stranger, who came with you from *Egypt*, may imbark among the *Cyprians*, with all expedition, and be no longer ſeen in the City. *Narbal* overjoy'd to ſave his own Life and mine, promiſed to be ſilent; and the Officer pleas'd that he had obtain'd what he demanded, immediately return'd to *Aſtarbe* with an account of his Commiſſion.

Narbal and I admir'd the goodneſs of the Gods, who had rewarded our Sincerity, and taken ſuch care of thoſe who had hazarded all for the ſake of Virtue. We reflected with Horror upon a King given up to Voluptuouſneſs and Avarice. He deſerves to be deceiv'd, ſaid we, who dreads it ſo exceſſively: And he is ſo moſt frequently

and groſly ; for he truſts not Men of Honeſty, but abandons himſelf to Villains. He is the only Perſon who knows nothing of what is doing.

See how *Pygmalion* is made the ſcorn of an immodeſt Woman ; whilſt the Gods make uſe of wicked Men to ſave the Good, who chuſe to part with Life rather than deceive. As we were making theſe Reflexions, we perceived the Wind to turn, and become favourable to the *Cyprian* Fleet.

The Gods declare themſelves, ſaid *Narbal* ; they reſolve to take care of your ſafety, my dear *Telemachus*. Fly from this unfortunate, accurſed Land. Happy he, that could follow you to the remoteſt parts of the Earth ! Happy, who might live and dye with you ! But my cruel Fate ties me to my unhappy Country. I muſt ſuffer with her, and perhaps be buried in her

Ruins.

Ruins. No matter, provided I may always ſpeak the Truth, and my Heart love nothing but Juſtice. As for you, O my dear *Telemachus*, I pray the Gods, who lead you as it were by the Hand, to grant you the moſt precious of all their Gifts, a pure and unblemiſh'd Vertue to the laſt Moment of your Life. Live; return to *Ithaca*; comfort *Penelope*; deliver her from the Perſecutions of her Lovers. May your Eyes ſee, and your Arms embrace the wiſe *Ulyſſes*; and may he find in you a Son equal to him in Wiſdom. But in the midſt of your Felicity remember the unhappy *Narbal*, and continue always to love me.

When he finiſh'd theſe Words, my Tears ran down ſo faſt, that I was not able to anſwer him: My Sighs, which I drew from the bottom of my Heart, would not ſuffer me to ſpeak: We embrac'd in Silence: He brought me to the Ship. He ſtaid upon the Shoar;

and when the Veſſel put off, we continued to look upon each other as long as we could.

Calypſo, who all this while had hearkn'd with the utmoſt Attention and Pleaſure to the Adventures of *Telemachus*, interrupted the purſuit of his Narration, that ſhe might perſwade him to take ſome Reſt. 'Tis time, ſaid ſhe, after ſo many Toils to taſte the ſweetneſs of Sleep: In this place you have nothing to fear: All that's here is favorable to you: Abandon your Heart to Joy and Tranquility, and receive the Favours of the Gods. To Morrow, when *Aurora* has open'd the golden Gates of the Eaſt with her roſy Fingers, and the Horſes of the Sun ſpringing from the briny Main, ſpread the Flames of Light, and drive away the Stars before 'em, we will reſume the Hiſtory of your Misfortunes, my dear *Telemachus*. No, your Father never equal'd you in Wiſdom and Courage. *Achilles*, who

who conquer'd *Hector*; *Theseus*, who return'd from Hell; the great *Alcides* himself, who deliver'd the World from Monsters, never shew'd so much Constancy and Virtue. May the softest and profoundest Sleep make the Night seem short to you. But alas! how tedious will it be to me? How I shall long to see you again? To hear your Voice; to make you to repeat what I know already, and to ask you what I know not? Go my dear *Telemachus*, with the wise *Mentor*, whom the Favour of the Gods has restor'd to you; go into the Grotto, where every thing is prepar'd for your Repose: May *Morpheus* shed the sweetest of his Charms upon your falling Eyelids; May he infuse a divine Vapour through all your wearied Limbs, and send you easy Dreams, which hovering about you may flatter your Senses with the most delightful Images, and chase away what-

ever might diſturb your Reſt, or awaken you too ſoon.

The Goddeſs brought *Telemachus* to the Grotto, which was ſeparated from her own, but not leſs agreable, nor leſs ruſtick. A Fountain of liquid Criſtal ran down in one corner, and ſweetly murmuring ſeem'd contriv'd to invite Sleep. The Nymphs had prepared two Beds compos'd of the ſofteſt Greens, and had cover'd them with two large Skins, the one of a Lyon for *Telemachus*, the other of a Bear for *Mentor*.

Before Slumber had clos'd their Eyes, *Mentor* ſpoke thus to *Telemachus*. The pleaſure of relating your Adventures has carried you too far; you have charm'd the Goddeſs with the Hiſtory of thoſe Dangers, from which your Courage and Induſtry have deliver'd you. By this means you have added to the Flames of her Heart, and are preparing for your ſelf a moſt dangerous Captivity.

vity. How can you hope ſhe ſhould ſuffer you to depart from her Iſland; you, who have charm'd her with the relation of your Story? Affectation of vain Glory has induc'd you to talk without Prudence. When will you be wiſe enough, O *Telemachus*, never to ſpeak with Vanity; and when will you know how to conceal what may commend you, if it be not fit to be ſaid? Others admire your Wiſdom at ſuch Years as may want it without blame. But for me, I can forgive you nothing; I alone know, and love you enough to tell you of all your Faults. How far do you yet come ſhort of your Father's Wiſdom? But, ſaid *Telemachus*, could I refuſe to relate my Misfortunes to *Calypſo?* No, replied *Mentor*, 'twas abſolutely neceſſary: But you ought ſo to have related them, as might only excite her Compaſſion. You ſhould have told her that you had been ſometimes wandring in Deſerts, then a

Priſo-

Priſoner in *Sicily*, and afterwards in *Egypt*. This had been enough; and all the reſt has only ſerv'd to augment the Poiſon, that has already ſeiz'd her Heart. May the Gods grant, that yours may be untouch'd. But what ſhall I now do, ſaid *Telemachus*, in a modeſt and teachable accent? 'Tis now in vain, replied *Mentor*, to conceal the reſt of your Adventures; ſhe knows enough to ſecure her from being deceived in that which is to come; any reſerve on your part would only ſerve to provoke her. Finiſh therefore your Relation to Morrow; tell her all that the Gods have done for you; and learn for the future to ſpeak with Moderation of all Things that may tend to your own Praiſe. *Telemachus* kindly received this good Advice, and both lay down to Sleep.

As ſoon as *Phœbus* had ſhed the firſt Rays of his Glory upon the Earth, *Mentor* hearing the Voice of the

the Goddeſs who called to her Nymphs in the Wood, awaken'd *Telemachus*. 'Tis time, ſaid he, to ſhake off Sleep. Come, let us return to *Calypſo*; but beware of the Charms of her Tongue: Never open your Heart to her; dread the inſinuating Poiſon of her Praiſes. Yeſterday ſhe exalted you above your wiſe Father, above the invincible *Achilles*, or the renowned *Theſeus*, or *Hercules* himſelf, who has obtain'd Immortality by his glorious Actions. Could you not perceive the Exceſs of this Commendation? Or did you not obſerve what ſhe ſaid? Know, that ſhe believes it not her ſelf. She only commends you, becauſe ſhe thinks you weak and vain enough to be deceiv'd with Praiſes far exceeding your Actions.

After this Diſcourſe, they went to the place where the Goddeſs expected them. She ſmil'd when ſhe ſaw them approaching, and under

an

an appearance of Joy, conceal'd the Fears and Suſpicions that diſturb'd her Heart. For ſhe foreſaw that *Telemachus*, under the Conduct of *Mentor*, would eſcape her Hands, as *Ulyſſes* had done. Go on, ſaid ſhe, my dear *Telemachus*, and ſatisfie my Curioſity. I thought all the Night, I ſaw you departing from *Phenicia*, and going to ſeek a new Deſtiny in the Iſland of *Cyprus*. Tell me then the ſucceſs of this Voyage, and let us not loſe one moment. They ſat down in a ſhady Grove, upon the green Turf intermix'd with Violets. *Calypſo* could not refrain from looking upon *Telemachus* with Tenderneſs and Paſſion; nor ſee without Indignation, that *Mentor* obſerv'd her, even to the leaſt motion of her Eyes.

In the mean time the Nymphs ſtood ſilent, forming a half-circle, and leaning ſomewhat forward, that they might both hear and ſee with more advantage. The Eyes of all the

the Aſſembly were unmoveably fix'd upon the young Man. *Telemachus* looking down, and gracefully bluſhing, thus reſum'd the Thread of his Diſcourſe.

Scarce had the Breath of a favorable Wind fill'd our Sails, when the Coaſt of *Phenicia* intirely diſappear'd from us. And becauſe I was with the *Cyprians*, whoſe Manners I knew not, I reſolv'd to be ſilent, and to obſerve all, keeping my ſelf within the ſtricteſt Rules of Diſcretion, that I might acquire their Eſteem.

During my ſilence, a ſoft and powerful ſlumber ſeiz'd upon me; my Senſes were raviſh'd and ſuſpended; my Heart was quiet and full of joy. On a ſudden I thought I ſaw *Venus* launching down from the Clouds in a Charriot, guided by a pair of Doves. She had the ſame ſhining Beauty, the ſame lively Youth, and thoſe blooming Graces that appear'd in her, when

ſhe

ſhe aroſe from the Foam of the Ocean, and dazled the Eyes of *Jupiter* himſelf. She deſcended with extreme Rapidity, plac'd her ſelf by me, laid her Hand upon my Shoulder, call'd me by my Name, and ſmiling pronounc'd theſe Words.

Young *Greek*, thou art going into my peculiar Empire; Thou ſhalt ſoon arrive in that fortunate Iſland, where Pleaſures, Sports and wanton Joys abound. There thou ſhalt burn Perfumes upon my Altar. There I will plunge thee into a River of Delights: Open thy Heart to the moſt charming Hopes, and beware of reſiſting the moſt powerful of all the Goddeſſes, who reſolves to make thee happy.

At the ſame time I ſaw *Cupid* as a Child, gently moving his little Wings, and hovering about his Mother. He had the tendereſt Graces in his Face, and the Smiles of an Infant; yet there was ſomething

thing ſo fierce in his Eyes, as to make me afraid. He ſmil'd when he look'd upon me; but his Smiles were malicious, ſcornful and cruel. He took the ſharpeſt of his Arrows from his golden Quiver; He drew his Bow, and was going to pierce my Heart, when *Minerva* appear'd, and cover'd me with her immortal Shield.

The Face of this Goddeſs had not the ſame effeminate Beauty, nor that paſſionate Languiſhing, which I had obſerv'd in the Face and Poſture of *Venus*. On the contrary, her Beauty was natural, unaffected, modeſt; all was Grave, Vigorous, Noble, full of Power and Majeſty. The Arrow too weak to pierce the Shield fell down upon the Ground; *Cupid*, in a rage, ſigh'd bitterly, and was aſham'd to ſee himſelf overcome. Be gone, cried *Minerva*, raſh Boy, be gone; Thou can'ſt Conquer none but the Baſe, who prefer diſhonourable Pleaſures before Wiſdom, Virtue and Glory.

At

At theſe Words, *Cupid*, fir'd with Indignation, flew away; and as *Venus* re-aſcended towards *Olympus*, I ſaw her Chariot and Doves, rowling in a Cloud of Gold and Azur a long time before ſhe diſappear'd. When I turned my Eyes towards the Earth, I could no where ſee *Minerva*. Methought I was tranſported into a delicious Garden, as Men paint the *Elyſian* Fields. There I found *Mentor*, who ſaid to me; Fly from this cruel Country, this pernicious Iſland, where the Inhabitants breath nothing but Pleaſure. The boldeſt Virtue ought to tremble, and cannot be ſafe but by Flight. As ſoon as I ſaw him, I endeavour'd to throw my Arms about his Neck and to embrace him; but I found my Feet unable to move; my Knees ſunk under me, and my Hands attempting to lay hold upon *Mentor*, follow'd an empty Phantome that would not be touch'd.

As

As I was making this Effort I waked, and perceiv'd that this miſterious Dream was no leſs than a Divine Admonition. I found in my ſelf a firm Reſolution againſt the Allurements of Pleaſure; a watchful Jealouſie of my own Conduct, and a juſt abhorrence of the diſſolute Manners that reign'd in *Cyprus*. But that which wounded me to the Heart, was, that I thought *Mentor* dead; that he had paſs'd the *Stygian* Lake, and was become an Inhabitant of thoſe fortunate Fields, where the Souls of the Juſt reſide. This Thought made me ſhed a Torrent of Tears. The *Cyprians* ask'd me why I wept. Theſe Tears, ſaid I, are but too ſuitable to the Condition of an unhappy Stranger, who has loſt all Hopes of ever ſeeing his Country more.

In the mean time all the *Cyprians* that were in the Ship abandon'd themſelves to the moſt extravagant

Follies;

Follies; the Rowers who hated to take Pains, fell asleep upon their Oars. The Pilot put a Garland of Flowers on his Head; left the Rudder, and held a vast Flaggon of Wine in his Hands, which he had almost emptied. He, and all the rest of the Crew, inflam'd with the Furies of *Bacchus*, sung such Verses in the honour of *Venus* and *Cupid*, as ought to be abhorr'd by all those who love Virtue.

Whilst they thus forgot the Dangers of the Sea, a sudden Tempest arose: The Elements seem'd to mix; The Winds were let loose, and roar'd in every Sail: The Waves beat furiously upon the Flanks of the Ship, which groaned under the Weight of their Strokes. One while we mounted upon the Back of the swelling Waters; another while the Sea seem'd to steal from under the Vessel, and to precipitate us into the dark Abyss. We saw the Rocks close by our side, and

and the angry Billows breaking upon them with a dreadful Noiſe. Then I found by experience the Truth of what I had heard from *Mentor*, That Men of diſſolute Lives, and abandon'd to Pleaſure, always want Courage in time of Danger. All our *Cyprians* ſunk into deſpair, and wept like Women. I heard nothing but lamentable Exclamations; bitter Regrets upon the Pleaſures of Life; vain and inſignificant Promiſes of Sacrificing abundantly to the Gods, if they ſhould arrive ſafe in the Harbour. No one had ſufficient preſence of Mind, either to give neceſſary Orders, or to work the Ship. In this Condition, I thought my ſelf oblig'd to ſave my own Life, and the Lives of thoſe that were with me. I took the Rudder into my Hand, becauſe the raving Pilot was utterly uncapable of knowing the Danger we were in. I encourag'd the aſtoniſh'd Mariners; I made

them

them take down the Sails; we ſheer'd by the Rocks and Quick-ſands, and ſaw all the Horrors of Death ſtaring us in the Face. At laſt we arriv'd in the Iſland of *Cyprus*.

This Adventure ſeem'd like a Dream to all thoſe, who ow'd the Preſervation of their Lives to my care. They look'd upon me with Aſtoniſhment. We landed at *Cyprus* in the Month of *April*, which is conſecrated to *Venus*: This Seaſon, ſay the *Cyprians*, is moſt ſuitable to this Goddeſs, becauſe ſhe ſeems to revive the whole Syſtem of Nature, and to give Birth to Pleaſures and Flowers at the ſame time.

As ſoon as I arriv'd in the Iſland, I perceiv'd an unuſual Sweetneſs in the Air, rendring the Body ſlothful and unactive, but infuſing a jovial and wanton Humour. I obſerv'd the Country, tho' naturally fruitful and delicious, to be almoſt every where

where uncultivated, through the Idleneſs and Negligence of the Inhabitants. I ſaw great numbers of Maids and Women vainly and fantaſtically dreſs'd, ſinging the Praiſes of *Venus*, and going to devote themſelves to the Service of her Temple. Beauty, Graces, Joy and Pleaſure, were equally apparent in their Faces and Geſture. But their Graces were too much affected: There was not that noble Simplicity, nor that lovely Modeſty, which makes the greateſt Charm of Beauty. A certain Air of Diſſolution; an artful way of adjuſting the Face; their vain Dreſs and languiſhing Geſtures; their Eyes that ſeem'd in pain to find out the Eyes of Men; their mutual Jealouſie, who ſhould raiſe the greateſt Paſſions: In a word, all that I ſaw in theſe Women appear'd vile and contemptible to me. By endeavouring to pleaſe me immoderately, they excited my Averſion.

I was

I was conducted to a Temple of the Goddeſs. She had divers in this Iſland; for ſhe is particularly ador'd at *Cythera*, *Idalia* and *Paphos*; 'twas to that of *Cythera*, I was brought. The Temple is built with Marble; 'tis a perfect Periſtylium; the Pillars are lofty, and ſo well proportion'd, that they give a majeſtick Air to the whole Fabrick. At each Face of the Temple ſtands a Portal with a large Fronton, on which the moſt agreeable Adventures of the Goddeſs are curiouſly repreſented in * raiſed Stone-work. Great numbers of People are always at the Gate, attending to make their Offerings. No Victim ever ſuffers the Knife within the Precinct of the ſacred Ground. The Fat of Bulls and Heifers is not burnt here as in other Places. No Blood is ever ſhed. The Cattle to be offer'd, are only preſented before the Altar; and no Beaſt may be offer'd

* *Baſſo rilievo*

fer'd, unleſs it be Young, White, without Defect, and without blemiſh. They are adorn'd with purple Fillets embroyder'd with Gold; their Hornes are garniſhed with bunches of the moſt fragrant Flowers; and when they have been preſented at the Altar, they are led to a private Place without the Wall, and kill'd for the Table of the Prieſts that belong to the Goddeſs.

Here alſo are offer'd all ſorts of perfum'd Liquors, and Wines more delicious than Nectar. The Prieſts are cloathed in long white Robes, with Girdles of Gold and Fringes of the ſame. The moſt exquiſite Perfumes of the Eaſt are burnt Night and Day upon the Altars, and form a curling Cloud as they mount into the Air. The Pillars are adorn'd with Feſtons of wreathed Flowers; all the Veſſels for the Service of the Altar are of fine Gold; a ſacred Wood of Myrtle encompaſſes the

Building; none but Boys and Girls of admirable Beauty may preſent the Victims to the Prieſts, or kindle the Fire upon the Altars. But Diſſolution and Impudence diſhonour this magnificent Temple.

At firſt I deteſted what I ſaw; but it ſoon began to grow familiar to me; I was no longer afraid of Vice; all Companies inſpir'd me with an Inclination to Intemperance. They laught at my Innocence; and my Modeſty ſerv'd for Sport to this diſſolute People.

They forgot nothing that might enſnare me, that might excite my Paſſions, and awaken in me an Appetite to Pleaſure. I found my ſelf loſing Ground every day. The good Education I had receiv'd, could ſupport me no longer; all my beſt Reſolutions vaniſh'd away; I wanted Strength to reſiſt the Evil that preſſed me on every ſide; I grew even aſham'd of Virtue. I was like a Man ſwimming in a deep

deep and rapid River: At firſt he cuts the Waters and mounts vigorouſly againſt the Stream; but if the Banks are high and perpendicular, and he finds no place to reſt on either ſide, he at laſt tires by degrees; his Force abandons him; his exhauſted Limbs grow ſtiff, and the Torrent carries him down. So my Eyes began to grow dim; my Heart fainted; I could not make uſe of my Reaſon, nor call to mind the Misfortunes of my Father. The Dream that ſhew'd me *Mentor* in the *Elyſian* Fields, utterly diſcourag'd me. An eaſie and diſſolute Languiſhing ſeiz'd upon me; I already began to love the flattering Poiſon that crept into my Veins, and penetrated through the Marrow of my Bones.

Yet for all this, ſometimes I would Sigh; I ſhed bitter Tears; I roar'd like a Lyon in Fury. O! unhappy Youth, ſaid I! O Gods! that divert your ſelves ſo cruelly

with the Fate of Men! Why do you cauſe them to paſs through that Age, which is a time of Folly, and reſembles a burning Fever? O! why am I not covered with gray Hairs, bow'd down, and ſinking into the Grave, like my Grand-father *Laertes*? Death would be more welcome to me, than the ſhameful Weakneſs I now feel.

Scarce had I utter'd theſe Words, when my Grief began to abate, and my Heart drunk with a fooliſh Paſſion, ſhook off almoſt all Shame. After this I found my ſelf plung'd into an Abyſs of Remorſe. Whil'ſt I was under theſe Diſorders, I went raving up and down the ſacred Wood, like a Hind that has been wounded by a Hunter; ſhe croſſes vaſt Foreſts to aſſwage her Pain; but the fatal Arrow ſticks faſt in her ſide, and follows her whereſoever ſhe flies. Thus I endeavour'd to run away from my ſelf; but nothing could cure my wounded Heart.

In this Moment, I perceiv'd at ſome diſtance from me, under the moſt ſhady part of the Wood, the Figure of the wiſe *Mentor*. But his Face was ſo pale, ſo ſad, and ſo ſevere, that I knew not how to rejoyce. Is it you then, O my dear Friend? My laſt, and only hope, is it you? Is it you, your ſelf? Or is a deceitful Image come to abuſe my Eyes? Is it you, O *Mentor*? Or is it your Ghoſt, ſtill ſenſible of my Misfortunes? Are you not among the Bleſſed Spirits, that poſſeſs the Rewards of their Virtue, and by the Bounty of the Gods enjoy an eternal Peace, and uninterrupted Pleaſures in the *Elyſian* Plains? *Mentor*, do you yet live? Am I ſo happy to ſee you? Or is it only the ſhadow of my Friend?

With theſe Words in my Mouth, I ran to him ſo Tranſported, that I loſt my Reſpiration. He ſtood ſtill unmov'd, and made not one ſtep towards me. O Gods! you

know with what Joy I felt him in my Arms. No, 'tis not an empty Shadow; I hold him faſt; I embrace him; my dear *Mentor!* Thus I cried out; I ſhed a Flood of Tears upon his Face; I hung about his Neck, and was not able to ſpeak.

He look'd ſadly upon me, with Eyes full of tender Compaſſion. At laſt I ſaid, alaſs! Where have you been? To what Dangers have you abandon'd me by your abſence? And what ſhould I now do without you? But he without anſwering my Queſtions, with a terrible Voice cried out; Fly, fly without delay: This Soil produces nothing but Poiſon: The Air you breath is infected with the Plague: The Men are contagious, and converſe with each other only to ſpread the fatal Venom: Baſe and infamous Pleaſure, the worſt of all thoſe Evils that ſprung from *Pandora*'s Box, diſſolves them in Luxury, and ſuffers no Virtue in this Place. Fly;

ſtay

ſtay not a Moment; look not once behind you, and as you run, ſhake off the Remembrance of this execrable Iſland.

He ſaid, and immediately I felt as it were a thick Cloud diſperſing from about my Eyes, and perceiv'd a more pure and beautiful Light. A ſweet and noble Joy, accompanied with Reſolution and Courage, reviv'd in my Heart. This Joy was very different from that looſe and fooliſh Joy which had Poiſon'd my Senſes. The one is diſorderly and unquiet, interrupted with extravagant Paſſions and cruel Remorſe; the other is a Joy of Reaſon, attended with a Heaven of Happineſs. 'Tis always pure, equal, inexhauſtible. The deeper we drink, the more delicious is the Taſte. It raviſhes the Soul without the leaſt diſorder. I began to ſhed Tears of Joy, and found a ſweetneſs in Weeping. Happy, ſaid I, are thoſe Men who can ſee the Beauty of Virtue!

Is it poſſible to ſee her without loving her? Is it poſſible to love her without being happy?

Here *Mentor* interrupted me, and ſaid, I muſt leave you; I muſt depart this Moment; I may not ſtay any longer. Where, ſaid I, are you going? Into what Deſert will I not follow you? Don't think you can leave me; for I will rather die than not attend you. Whil'ſt I ſpoke theſe Words, I held him faſt with all my Strength. 'Tis in vain, ſaid he, for you to hope to detain me. The cruel *Metophis* ſold me to certain *Ethiopians* or *Arabs*. Theſe Men going to *Damaſcus* in *Syria*, on the account of Trade, reſolved to ſell me, ſuppoſing they ſhould get a great Sum of Mony for me of one *Hazael*, who wanted a *Greek* Slave to inform him of the Cuſtoms of *Greece*, and inſtruct him in our Arts and Sciences.

This *Hazael* purchaſed me at a dear Rate. What he has learnt from

from me concerning our Manners, has given him a Curioſity to go into the Iſland of *Creet*, to obſerve the wiſe Laws of *Minos*. During our Voyage, the Weather has forced us to put in at *Cyprus*, in expectation of a favourable Wind. He is come to make his Offerings in the Temple; ſee there, he is going out; the Winds call; our Sails are aloft; adieu, dear *Telemachus*; a Slave that fears the Gods, ought faithfully to ſerve his Maſter: The Gods do not permit me to diſpoſe of my ſelf: If I might, they know it, I would be only yours: Farewel, remember the Labours of *Ulyſſes*, and the Tears of *Penelope*; remember that the Gods are juſt. O Gods, the Protectors of Innocence! In what a Country am I conſtrain'd to leave *Telemachus?*

No, no, ſaid I, my dear *Mentor*, it ſhall not depend upon you to leave me here; rather die, than ſee you depart without me. Is this *Syrian* Maſter inexorable? Was his

Infancy nouriſh'd by a Tygre? Would he tear you out of my Arms? He muſt either kill me, or ſuffer me to follow you. You exhort me to fly, and will not permit me to fly with you: I'll go to *Hazael*; perhaps he will pity my Youth and my Tears. He loves Wiſdom, becauſe he goes ſo far in ſearch of it; ſuch a one cannot have a ſavage and inſenſible Heart. I will throw my ſelf at his Feet; I will embrace his Knees; I will not let him go, till he has given me leave to follow you. My dear *Mentor*, I can be a Slave with you; I will offer my Service to him; if he refuſes me, 'tis reſolv'd; I will deliver my ſelf from this burden of Life.

In this Moment, *Hazael* call'd *Mentor*. I proſtrated my ſelf before him; he was ſurpriz'd to ſee an unknown Perſon in this Poſture. What is't you deſire, ſaid he? Life, reply'd I; for I cannot Live unleſs you ſuffer me to follow *Mentor*, who be-

belongs to you. I am the Son of the great *Ulyſſes*, the moſt Wiſe of all thoſe *Grecian* Kings that deſtroy'd the great City of *Troy*, which was ſo famous throughout all *Aſia*. I ſpeak not this to boaſt of my Birth, but only to inſpire you with ſome Pity of my Misfortunes. I have ſought my Father in all the Seas, accompanied by this Man, who has been to me another Father. Fortune, to make me compleatly unhappy, has taken him away from me; ſhe has made him your Slave; let me be ſo too. If it be true, that you are a lover of Juſtice, and that you are going to *Creet* to inſpect the Laws of the good King *Minos*, reject not my Sighs and my Tears. You ſee the Son of a King reduc'd to deſire Servitude as his only Refuge. Formerly I would have choſen Death in *Sicily* to avoid Slavery; but my firſt Misfortunes were only the weak Eſſays of Fortune's Injuſtice: Now I tremble, leſt I

ſhould

ſhould not be receiv'd among Slaves. O Gods! See my Calamity; O *Hazael*, remember *Minos*, whoſe Wiſdom you admire, and who will judge us both in the Kingdom of *Pluto*.

Hazael looking upon me with Kindneſs and Compaſſion, put forth his Hand and rais'd me up. I am not ignorant, ſaid he, of the Wiſdom and Virtue of *Ulyſſes*. *Mentor* has often told me of the Glory he has acquir'd among the *Greeks*; and beſides, Fame has not been wanting to ſpread his Name over all the Nations of the Eaſt. Follow me, thou Son of *Ulyſſes*, I will be your Father, till you find him, who gave you Life. But tho' I were not mov'd with the Glory of your Father, his Misfortunes, and your own; yet the Friendſhip I have for *Mentor*, would engage me to take care of you. 'Tis true, I bought him as a Slave, but I keep him as a faithful Friend; the Mony he coſt, has acquir'd me the deareſt and moſt

valuable

valuable Friend, that I have in the World: In him I have found Wiſdom; I owe all the Love I have for Virtue to his Inſtructions. From this Moment he is free, and you ſhall be ſo too; I ask nothing of either but your Heart.

In an Inſtant, I paſs'd from the bittereſt Grief to the moſt lively Joy that Men can feel. I ſaw my ſelf deliver'd from the worſt of Dangers; I was drawing near to my Country; I had found One to aſſiſt me in my Return; I had the Pleaſure of being with a Man, who lov'd me already for the ſake of Virtue; in a word, I found every thing in finding *Mentor*; and that which endear'd my good Fortune to me, was, that I feared not to loſe him again.

In the mean time, *Hazael* advanc'd to the Shoar; we follow'd; we embark'd with him; our Oars cut the yielding Waters; the Zephyrs plaid in our Sails; gave Life

and

and eaſie Motion to the Ship; the Iſland of *Cyprus* ſoon diſappear'd. *Hazael*, impatient to know my Sentiments, ask'd me what I thought of the Manners of that Iſland? I told him ingenuouſly to what Dangers my Youth had been expos'd, and the Combat I had ſuffer'd within me.

He was tenderly mov'd with my abhorrence of Vice, and ſaid theſe Words: O *Venus!* I acknowledge your Power, and that of your Son; I have burnt Incenſe upon your Altars: But give me leave to deteſt the infamous Diſſolution of the Inhabitants of your Iſland, and the brutal Impudence, with which they celebrate your Feſtivals. After this, he diſcours'd with *Mentor* of that firſt Being which form'd the Heavens and the Earth; of that pure, infinite and unchangeable Light which is communicated to all without any Dimunition; of that ſupreme and univerſal Truth which en-

enlightens the Spiritual World as the Sun enlightens the Corporeal. He who has never ſeen this Light, ſaid he, is as blind as one born without Sight; he paſſes his Life in a diſmal Night, like that of thoſe Regions where the Sun never ſhines for many Months of the Year; he thinks himſelf Wiſe, and is a Fool; he fancies he ſees all, and ſees nothing; he dies without ſeeing any thing; at moſt he perceives only falſe and obſcure Flaſhes, vain Shadows, Phantoms, that have no real Being.

Of this kind are all thoſe, who are carried away by ſenſual Pleaſures, and the Inchantments of Imagination. There are no true Men upon the Earth but thoſe who conſult, love and obey this eternal Reaſon. 'Tis ſhe that inſpires us when we think well: 'Tis ſhe that reproves us when we think ill. Our Reaſon as well as our Life is her Gift. She is as a vaſt Ocean of Light;

Light; the Reaſon of Men is like little Rivulets emaning from her, which return and loſe themſelves in her again.

Tho' I did not yet throughly comprehend the Wiſdom of this Diſcourſe, I taſted nevertheleſs ſomething in it ſo Pure and ſo Sublime, that my Heart grew warm, and Truth ſeem'd to ſhine in all theſe Words. They continued to ſpeak of the Original of the Gods, of the Hero's, of the Poets, of the Golden Age, of the Deluge, of the firſt Hiſtories of the World, of the River of Oblivion, into which the Souls of the Dead are plung'd, of the eternal Puniſhments prepar'd for the Impious in the dark Gulph of *Tartarus*, and of that happy Tranquility which the Juſt enjoy in the *Eyſian* Fields without any apprehenſions of Change.

During this Converſation, we ſaw great numbers of Dolphins cover'd with Scales, that ſeem'd to be of

of Gold and Azure. They plaid in the Sea, and laſh'd the Floods into a Foam. After them came the *Tritons*, ſounding their wreathed Trumpets made of Shells: They ſurrounded the Chariot of *Amphitrite*, that was drawn by Sea-Horſes whiter than Snow. They cut the briny Sea, and left vaſt Furrows behind them. Their Eyes darted Fire, and Smoak iſſued from their Noſtrils. The Chariot of the Goddeſs was a Shell of a wonderful Figure; 'twas more white than the fineſt Ivory, and the Wheels were all of Gold. This Chariot ſeem'd to fly upon the ſurface of the Waters. A Troop of Nymphs came Swimming behind the Chariot: Their lovely Hair hung looſe upon their Shoulders, floating at the Pleaſure of the Winds. The Goddeſs had in one Hand a golden Scepter, with which ſhe commanded the Waves: With the other ſhe held upon her Knee the little God *Palemon*,

mon, her Son, who hung upon her Breaſt. Her Face was ſo bright and ſo majeſtick, that the black Tempeſts and all the ſeditious Winds fled from before her. The Tritons guided the Horſes, and held the golden Reins. A large Sail of the richeſt Purple hung floating in the Air above the Chariot; a Multitude of little Zephyrs hover'd about it, and labour'd to fill it with their Breath. In the midſt of the Air *Eolus* appear'd, diligent, reſtleſs and vehement; his ſtern and wrinkled Face, his menacing Voice, his Eye-brows hanging down to his Beard; his Eyes full of a dim and auſtere Fire, diſpers'd the Clouds, and kept the fierce Aquilons ſilent. The vaſt Whales, and all the Monſters of the Sea came out of their profound Grotto's to gaze upon the Goddeſs, and with their Noſtrils made the briny Waters ebb and flow.

After we had admir'd this wonderful Sight, we began to diſcover the

the Mountains of *Creet*, tho' yet we could hardly diſtinguiſh them from the Clouds of Heaven, and flowings of the Sea. Then we ſaw the ſummet of Mount *Ida*, which riſes above all other Mountains of the Iſland, as an antient Stag carries his branching Head above the young Fawns that follow him in the Foreſt. By degrees we ſaw more diſtinctly the Coaſt of the Iſland, repreſenting the form of an Amphitheater; as we found the Lands in *Cyprus* neglected and uncultivated, ſo thoſe of *Creet* appear'd plentifully cover'd with all manner of Fruits by the Induſtry of the Inhabitants.

On all ſides we perceived Towns equalling Cities; well-built Villages, and magnificent Cities: We ſaw neither Hill nor Vale where the Hand of the diligent Husbandman was not ſtampt; the Plow had left deep Furrows in every part; Thorns, Bryars, and ſuch Plants

Plants as are a uſeleſs Burden to the Earth, are utterly unknown in this Country. We contemplated with Pleaſure the fruitful Vallies, where Troops of Oxen go lowing in the ſweet Paſtures, that abound with Springs of running Water; the Sheep every where feeding upon the deſcent of the Hills; the champion Ground cover'd with Corn, preſented with a liberal Hand by the bountiful *Ceres*; in a word, the Mountains adorn'd with Vines, and Grapes of a rich purple Colour, promiſing a plentiful Vintage of the delicious Preſents of *Bacchus*, which charm the Cares of Men.

Mentor told us he had been formerly in *Creet*, and inform'd us of what he knew. "This Iſland, "ſaid he, juſtly admir'd by all "Strangers, and famous for its "hundred Cities, is more than "ſufficient to nouriſh all the Inha-"bitants, tho' they are innumera-"ble; for the Earth never ceaſes

"to

" to produce her Fruits if Induſtry
" be not wanting; her fertile Bo-
" ſom can never be exhauſted. The
" more numerous Men are in a
" Country, provided they be La-
" borious, the greater abundance
" they enjoy. They need not be
" jealous of one another, for this
" tender Mother multiplies her Gifts
" according to the number of her
" Children, if they deſerve her Fa-
" vours by their Labour. The Am-
" bition and Covetouſneſs of Men,
" are the only Springs of their Un-
" happineſs. They covet all, and
" make themſelves miſerable by de-
" ſiring what is ſuperfluous. If
" they would be moderate, and
" contented with what is neceſſary,
" we ſhould ſee Plenty, Peace,
" Union and Happineſs reſtor'd to
" the World. *Minos*, the wiſeſt
and beſt of Kings, underſtood this
well. All the admirable Things
you ſhall ſee in this Iſland are ow-
ing to the excellency of his Laws.

The

The Education he appointed for Children, renders their Bodies ſtrong and healthful. They are accuſtomed from their Infancy to a plain, frugal, laborious Life, becauſe Pleaſure enervates both the Body and the Mind. No other Pleaſure is ever propos'd to them but the acquiſition of an invincible Virtue, and ſolid Glory. This People do not meaſure Mens Courage only by deſpiſing Death in the hazards of War; but by the contempt of great Riches, and ignominious Pleaſures. Three Vices are puniſh'd here, which remain unpuniſh'd in all other Nations, Ingratitude, Diſſimulation, Covetouſneſs.

They have no need of Laws to ſuppreſs Luxury and Diſſolution of Manners; for ſuch Things are unknown in *Creet*. Every Man Works; yet no Man deſires to be rich. They think all their Labour ſufficiently recompenced with an eaſie and regular Life, in which they enjoy plen-

plentifully and quietly all that is truly neceſſary to Men. Coſtly Furniture, rich Apparel, delicious Feaſts and gilded Palaces, are not permitted in this Country. Their Cloths are of fine Wool, wrought with Art, and beautiful in Colour, but without Embroidery or any other Ornament. Their Tables are ſober; They drink little Wine; good Bread, with excellent Fruits, and the Milk of the Cattle, make the principal part of their Meals.

At the moſt, their Meat is plain dreſs'd, without Sauce or Ragou; and they always take care to reſerve the beſt and ſtrongeſt of the Cattle to be emply'd in Husbandry. Their Houſes are neat, commodious, pleaſant; but without Ornaments. They are not ignorant of the moſt magnificent Architecture; but that's reſerv'd for the Temples of the Gods: They dare not live in Houſes like thoſe of the immortal Beings.

The

The great Riches of this People are Health, Strength, Courage; Peace and Union in Families; the Liberty of all the Citizens; plenty of Things neceſſary, and a contempt of thoſe that are ſuperfluous; a habit of Labour, and an abhorrence of Sloth; a mutual emulation of virtuous Actions; ſubmiſſion to the Laws, and a reverence of the juſt Gods.

I ask'd him in what the Authority of the King conſiſted? And he anſwer'd thus: "The King is above "all the People; but the Laws are "above the King. He has an ab-"ſolute Power to do Good; but "his Hands are tied, ſo ſoon as he "attempts to do Ill. The Laws "entruſt him with the care of the "People, as the moſt valuable of "all Truſts, on condition to be the "Father of his Subjects. They "intend, that one Man ſhall ſerve "by his Wiſdom and Moderation "to make whole Nations happy;

"and

" and not that ſo many Men ſhall
" by their Miſery and abject Slave-
" ry, ſerve to flatter the Pride and
" Luxury of one Man. The King
" ought to have nothing more than
" other Men, except ſuch aſſiſtance
" as is neceſſary either to the diſ-
" charge of his painful Functions, or
" to imprint on the Minds of the
" People that Reſpect which is due
" to the Perſon who is to maintain
" the vigour of the Laws.

" On the other Hand, the King
" ought to be more ſober, more
" averſe to Luxury, more free from
" Vanity, Haughtineſs and Oſten-
" tation, than any other Man. He
" is not to have more Riches and
" Pleaſures, but more Wiſdom,
" Virtue and Glory than the reſt
" of Men. Abroad, he is to be
" the Defender of his Country, at
" the head of their Armies; at home
" he is to diſtribute Juſtice to the
" People; to make them good,
" wiſe and happy! 'Tis not for his

" own ſake that the Gods have
" made him King, but only that
" he may be the Man of his People.
" He owes all his Time to the Peo-
" ple, all his Care, all his Affecti-
" on; and he is no otherwiſe wor-
" thy of the Crown, than as he
" forgets his own Intereſts, to ſa-
" crifice himſelf to the Publick
" Good. *Minos* appointed that his
" Children ſhould not Reign after
" him, unleſs they would Reign by
" theſe Rules; for he lov'd his Peo-
" ple more than his Family. By
" this Wiſdom he render'd *Creet*
" ſo powerful and ſo happy. By this
" Moderation he has effac'd the
" Glory of all Conquerors, who
" make their People ſubſervient to
" their Greatneſs, that is, to their
" Vanity. In a word, by his Ju-
" ſtice he deſerv'd to be the ſupreme
" Judge of the Dead in the Regions
" below.

Whil'ſt *Mentor* was ſpeaking, we arrived in the Iſland; we ſaw the famous

famous Labyrinth, built by the Hands of the ingenious *Dedalus*, in imitation of the great Labyrinth which he had ſeen in *Egypt*. As we were conſidering this curious Fabrick, we beheld the Shoar cover'd with People, and Multitudes preſſing towards a Place that was near the Sea. We ask'd the reaſon of their haſt, and receiv'd this Account from one *Nauſicrates*, a Native of *Creet*.

Idomeneus, the Son of *Deucalion*, and Grand-ſon to *Minos*, went with the reſt of the *Grecian* Kings to the Siege of *Troy*. After the Deſtruction of that City, he ſet Sail, in order to return to *Creet*; but was ſurpris'd by ſo violent a Storm, that the Pilot, and the moſt experienc'd Mariners in the Ship, gave themſelves for loſt. Every one had Death before his Eyes; every one ſaw the Abyſs open to ſwallow him up; every one deplor'd his Misfortune, and had not ſo much as the wretched

Hopes of that imperfect Reſt, which the Souls enjoy, that have croſs'd the River *Styx*, after their Bodies have receiv'd Burial. *Idomeneus*, lifting up his Eyes and Hands to Heaven, invok'd *Neptune* in theſe Words: O powerful God! who commandeſt the Empire of the Sea, vouchſafe to hear the Prayer of the Diſtreſſed; if thou delivereſt me from the fury of the Winds, and bringeſt me ſafe to *Creet*, the firſt Head I ſee, ſhall fall by my own Hands a Sacrifice to thy Deity.

In the mean time his Son impatient to ſee his Father, made haſte to meet and embrace him at his Landing: Unhappy Youth! who knew not that he was running to his own Deſtruction. The Father eſcap'd the Storm, and landed in the Port of *Syria*. He gave Thanks to *Neptune* for hearing his Prayers, but ſoon found how fatal they had been to him. A black Preſage of his Misfortune made him bitterly re-

repent his raſh Vow. He dreaded his own Arrival; he fix'd his Eyes upon the Ground: He fear'd to ſee whatever was dear to him in the World. But the inexorable Goddeſs *Nemeſis*, who never fails to puniſh Men, and eſpecially haughty Kings, puſh'd him on with a fatal and inviſible Hand. *Idomeneus* arrives, hardly daring to lift up his Eyes: He ſees his Son: He ſtarts back with Horror; his Eyes in vain look about for ſome other Head to ſerve for his vow'd Sacrifice.

His Son approach'd, and threw his Arms about his Neck, ſurpris'd to ſee his Father diſſolving in Tears, and making no return to his Tenderneſs. O my Father! ſaid he, whence comes this Sadneſs, after ſo long abſence? Are you diſpleas'd to ſee your Kingdom, and to be the Joy of your Son? What have I done? You turn your Eyes away for fear of ſeeing me.

The Father over-whelm'd with Grief, made no anſwer. At laſt, after

ter many bitter Sighs, he ſaid, Ah! *Neptune* what have I promis'd? Reſtore me to the Winds, and to the Rocks, which ought to have daſh'd me in Pieces, and finiſh'd my wretched Life. Let my Son live! O thou cruel God, here, take my Blood and ſpare his. As he ſpoke, he drew his Sword to pierce his own Heart; but thoſe that were about him ſtaid his Hand. The aged *Sophronymus*, by whom the Will of the Gods is convey'd to Men, aſſur'd him that he might ſatisfie *Neptune* without the Death of his Son. Your Promiſe, ſaid he, was imprudent; the Gods will not be honour'd by Cruelty: Beware of adding to the Error of your Promiſe; the Crime of accompliſhing it againſt the Laws of Nature: Offer a hundred Bulls, white as Snow to *Neptune*; let their Blood ſtream about his Altar crown'd with Flowers; let the ſweeteſt Incenſe ſmoak in Honour of the God.

Ido-

Idomeneus heard this Diſcourſe, inclining his Head towards the Earth, and anſwer'd not one Word: Fury ſat glaring in his Eyes; his pale and diſfigur'd Face chang'd Colour every Moment, and all his Limbs ſhook with Horror. In the mean time his Son ſaid to him: My Father, here I am; your Son is ready to die, to appeaſe the God: I die contented, ſince my Death will have prevented yours. Strike, O my Father, and ſuſpect not to find in me the leaſt fear of Death, or any thing unbecoming your Son.

In that Moment *Idomeneus* tranſported with Diſtraction, and poſſeſs'd by infernal Furies, ſurpris'd all that ſtood about him with Aſtoniſhment. He thruſt his Sword into the Heart of this Youth, and drew it out again reeking and full of Blood, to plunge it into his own Bowels. But he was once more prevented by thoſe that were preſent. The Youth fell down in his own Blood;

the

the ſhades of Death hung upon his Eyes; he open'd them a little to the Light, but could not ſupport its Brightneſs. As a beautiful Lilly in the midſt of the Field, cut up from the Root by the Plowſhare, lies down and languiſhes on the Ground. It receives no more Nouriſhment from the Earth, and the Springs of Life are intercepted; yet the ſnowy White and noble Luſtre in part remains. So the Son of *Idomeneus*, like a young and tender Flower, is cut down in the bloom of his Age. The Father through exceſs of Grief is become inſenſible, he knows not where he is, nor what he does, nor what he ought to do; he reels towards the City and demands his Son.

FINIS.

THE ADVENTURES OF *TELEMACHUS* The SON of ULYSSES.

PART. II.

IN the mean time the People being touch'd with Pity for the Son, and full of Horror at the Barbarous Action of the Father, cry

out, That the juſt Gods have abandon'd him to the Furies; Their rage furniſhes 'em with Arms; They lay hold of what Weapons come next to hand; Diſcord breaths a ſecret Venom into their Breaſts; the *Cretans*, the wiſe *Cretans* forget their belov'd Wiſdom; They will no longer acknowledge the Son of ſage *Minos*; *Idomeneus*'s Friends know not how to conſult his Safety, but by conducting him back to his Ship; They embark with him, and commit their Flight to the Waves. *Idomeneus* being come to himſelf, returns them Thanks for carrying him away from a Land he had beſprinkled with his Son's Blood, and which he could no longer inhabit; the Winds waft 'em over to *Heſperia*, where they lay the Foundation of a new Kingdom in the Country of the *Salentines*.

But now the *Cretans* being deſtitute of a King to govern 'em, they reſolve to chuſe ſuch an one as will keep up the Purity of the eſtabliſh'd Laws. And theſe are the meaſures

they

they take for that purpoſe. All the chief Men of an hundred Cities are now to meet at one Place; they begin with offering Sacrifices; they aſſemble all the moſt renown'd Sages of the Neighbouring Countries to examine the Wiſdom of thoſe who ſhall be thought worthy of Command; they order publick Games, where all the Competitors are to fight: for the Crown is the Prize which they propoſe to him who ſhall excel, both as to ſtrength of Body and endowment of Mind. They will have a King whoſe Body muſt be ſtrong and active, and his Soul adorn'd with Wiſdom and Virtue: They invite all Strangers to this grand Aſſembly. *Nauſicrates* having recounted to us this wonderous Story, cries out, Haſte therefore, you Strangers, to our Aſſembly; you ſhall contend with the Reſt, and if the Gods decree the Victory for either of you, he ſhall Reign in this Country. We followed him, not out of any deſire of

being victorious, but only out of a Curiosity to see an Election so extraordinary.

We arrived at a Place resembling a very large *Circus*, surrounded with a thick Wood. The middle of this Circus was an *Arena* (or Pit) prepared for the Combatants; it was surrounded by a large Amphitheater of green Turf, whereon sat in order an innumerable multitude of Spectators. As soon as we came there, we were honourably received; for the *Cretans*, of all Nations in the World, are the most noble and religious Observers of Hospitality; they desired us to take our Places, and invited us to enter the Lists. *Mentor* excus'd himself, upon account of his Age, and *Hasael* on the score of his Health. My Youth and Vigour left me without Excuse; however, I cast a look upon *Mentor* to discover his Mind, and I perceiv'd he desir'd that I should engage: I therefore accepted their Proposal, and strip'd my self

of

of all my Cloaths; they poured Streams of ſweet and ſhining Oyl on all my Limbs; and being covered with Duſt, I put in for one among the Combatants. 'Twas ſaid on every Side, that the Son of *Ulyſſes* was come to diſpute the Prize, and ſeveral *Cretans*, who had been at *Ithaca* during my Infancy, knew me again. The firſt Exerciſe was Wreſtling. A *Rhodian*, about Five and Thirty Years of Age, ſurmounted all thoſe who dared to encounter him. He had ſtill all the Vigour of Youth; his Arms were nervous and brawny; at the leaſt of his Motions you might diſcover all his Muſcles, and he was no leſs nimble than ſtrong. He did not think it worth his while to overcome me, and looking with Pity upon my tender Age he was about to retire, when I offer'd to contend with him. Thereupon we laid hold of one another; ſqueez'd each other till we were almoſt out of Breath; clap'd our Shoulders and Feet one

againſt another; diſtended all our Nerves, and twined our Arms about like Snakes, either of us ſtriving to lift his Antagoniſt from the Ground. Sometimes he endeavoured to trip me over by puſhing me on the right ſide, ſometimes he endeavoured to bend me on the left: But when he had thus ſpent himſelf in vain, I gave him ſuch a violent Puſh as made his Back bend, and ſo he tumbled down on the Srage; I fell upon him, and tho' he us'd all his Strength to get uppermoſt, yet I kept him under me without much difficulty: All the People cry'd, Victory to the Son of *Ulyſſes*, and ſo I help'd the diſmay'd *Rhodian* to get up. The Combate with the *Ceſtus* was more difficult: The Son of a rich Citizen of *Samos* having acquir'd a great Renown in this Exerciſe, all the reſt yielded to him, and I alone offer'd to diſpute the Victory with him. At firſt he treated me with ſuch fierce Blows on my Head and Breaſt as made me

ſpit

ſpit Blood, and ſpread a thick Cloud over my Eyes; I ſtagger'd, he preſs'd me; I was almoſt out of Breath, but I was animated by *Mentor*'s Voice, who cry'd to me, You Son of *Ulyſſes*, will you ſuffer your ſelf to be vanquiſh'd? Anger ſupply'd me with freſh Strength, and I avoided ſeveral Blows which would have cruſh'd me down. As ſoon as the *Samian* had made a falſe Blow at me, and that his Arm was ſtretched out in vain, I ſurpriz'd him in that ſtooping Poſture, and as he began to ſtep back, I lifted up my *Ceſtus* that I might fall upon him with greater force; he endeavour'd to recover, but whilſt he was in this diſadvantageous Poſture, he gave me an opportunity to throw him down. He had ſcarce touched the Ground, when I reach'd him my hand to raiſe him; but he got up by himſelf, cover'd with Duſt and Blood, full of confuſion and diſorder, not daring to renew the Fight.

Immediately after began the Chariot-Races: The Chariots were diſtributed by Lot; mine happen'd to be the worſt, both as to the lightneſs of the Wheels, and the mettle of the Horſes: We ſtarted; a Cloud of Duſt flew about us that darkned the very Sky; at firſt I let all my Competitors go before me; a young *Lacedemonian*, nam'd *Creantor*, caſt off all the reſt behind him; a *Cretan*, *Policlete* by name follow'd him cloſe: *Hippomachus*, a Relation of *Idomeneus*, who aſpir'd to o'retake him, giving the Reins to his Horſes, who were reeking with ſweat, leaned on their looſe Mane, and his Chariot-Wheels turn'd ſo very ſwift, that they ſeemed to be without Motion, like the Wings of an Eagle that cuts the Air. My Horſes; being animated, and having gather'd Breath by degrees, I outſtripp'd moſt of thoſe who ſtarted with ſo much Fury. *Hippomachus*, driving his Horſes too faſt, the moſt mettleſome of 'em fell down, and by his fall depriv'd his Maſter of the

the Hopes of the Crown. *Policletes* leaning too much upon his Horſes, and having no firm ſitting, tumbled down at a Shock, loſt his Reins, and 'twas great luck that he eſcap'd Death. *Piſiſtrates*, ſeeing with Eyes full of Indignation, that I was got up cloſe to him, redoubled his Eagerneſs: Now he invoked the Gods, promiſing 'em rich Offerings; then he cheer'd up his Horſes with his Voice: He was affraid leſt I ſhould paſs between him and the * Mark; for my Horſes, which I ſpared at firſt, were now able to beat his; ſo that he had no other hopes left him, than to ſtop up my Paſſage: In order to it, he ventur'd to break his Wheel againſt the Mark, and broke it accordingly. I turn'd about preſently to avoid his broken Chariot, and a moment after he ſaw me at the Goal. The People ſhouted a ſecond time, and cry'd out, Victory to the Son of *Ulyſſes*, 'tis He the Gods have de-

* *Meta.*

ſtin'd to Reign over us. In the mean time the moſt illuſtrious, and the wiſeſt amongſt the *Cretans*, conducted us into an old and conſecrated Wood, remote from the ſight of prophane Men, where the old Men whom *Minos* had eſtabliſh'd to be the Judges of the People, and Guardians of the Laws, aſſembled us. We were the ſame who had contended at the Exerciſes, no other being admitted. The Sages opened the Books wherein all the Laws of *Minos* are collected. As I drew near thoſe old Men, whom Age rendred Venerable, without impairing the Vigour of their Mind, I felt my ſelf ſeized with an awful Reſpect and Confuſion. They ſat in order, and motionleſs in their Places; their Hair was hoary; ſome of them had none at all; a calm and ſerene Wiſdom ſhin'd in their grave Countenances; they ſpoke with Deliberation, and ſaid nothing beſide the purpoſe; when they happend' to differ in Opinion, they were ſo moderate in maintaining their Sen-

Sentiments, that one would be to apt to think that they were all of one Mind. Their long Experience of paſt Tranſactions, and their conſtant Application and Study, gave them a clear diſtinct Idea of every Thing: But what moſt conduc'd to perfect their Reaſon, was the Tranquillity of their Minds, freed from the fond Paſſions and wild Caprices of Youth; they were acted by Wiſdom alone, and the Advantage they reap'd from their accompliſh'd Vertue, was, that they had ſuch a perfect Maſtery over their Paſſions, that they enjoy'd without trouble the pleaſant and noble Delight of being govern'd by Reaſon. As I was admiring them, I wiſh'd my Life were contracted, that I might arrive on the ſudden to ſo valuable an old Age; I counted Youth unhappy, for being ſo remote from that calm and clear-ſighted Vertue. The chief among thoſe old Men, opened the Volume of *Mino*'s Laws, which was a great Book uſually kept among Perfumes in a golden Box. All thoſe old Men

Men kiſs'd it with great Reſpect, for they ſaid, That next the Gods, from whom good Laws are derived, nothing ought to be more ſacred among Men, than even thoſe Laws themſelves which tend to make them Good, Wiſe, and Happy. Thoſe who have in their Hands the Adminiſtration of the Laws for the Government of the People, ought themſelves to be govern'd by thoſe very Laws upon all Occaſions: 'Tis the Law, and not the Man that ought to Reign. Such was the Diſcourſe of the Sages. Afterwards he who preſided at the Aſſembly, propounded three Queſtions which were to be decided by the Maxims of *Minos*. The firſt Queſtion was, *Which of all Men was moſt free?* Some anſwer'd, That 'twas a King who had but an abſolute power over his People, and had conquer'd all his Enemies. Others maintain'd, That 'twas a Man who being never married, travell'd all his Life-time thro' divers Countries, without being ever ſubject to the Laws of any Nation. Others fancied, That

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it was a *Barbarian*, who living upon Hunting in the midſt of the Woods, was independent upon any Government, and liable to no manner of Want. Others thought it was a Man newly made Free, who coming out of a rigorous Servitude, enjoy'd more than any other, the ſweets of Liberty. Others at laſt ventur'd to ſay, That it was a dying Man, becauſe Death freed him from all Troubles; and that all Men had no more Power over him. When it came to my turn, I was not puzzled how to anſwer, becauſe I ſtill remember'd what *Mentor* had often told me: The moſt free of all Men, anſwer'd I, is he who can be free, even in ſlavery it ſelf, and in what Condition or Country ſoever he be; a Man is moſt free when he fears the Gods, and none but them: In ſhort, that Man is truly free who diſingag'd from all manner of fear, or anxious Deſire, is ſubject to the Gods and his Reaſon only. The old Men looked upon one another ſmiling, and wonder'd to find that my Anſwer was exactly the ſame with that of *Minos*. Af-

Afterwards, they propos'd the ſecond Queſtion in theſe Words; *Which is the moſt unhappy of all Men?* Every one anſwer'd as he thought. One ſaid, 'Tis a Man who has neither Eſtate, Health, nor Honour. Another ſaid, 'Tis a Man who is Friendleſs. Others maintain'd, That 'tis a Man who has diſobedient, ungrateful, and unworthy Children. There came a Sage of the Iſle of *Lesbos*, who ſaid, That the moſt unhappy of all Men, is he who thinks himſelf ſo; for Unhappineſs doth not depend ſo much upon the Things we ſuffer, as upon our own impatience and uneaſineſs which aggravates our Misfortunes. This Speech was highly commended and applauded by the whole Aſſembly, and every one thought that this *Lesbian* would carry the Prize in thus ſolving this Queſtion; but being ask'd my Opinion, I anſwer'd according to *Mentor*'s Maxims, The moſt unhappy of all Men, is a King, who thinks himſelf happy, when he makes all the reſt of Mankind miſerable; His blindneſs makes him

him doubly unhappy; for not knowing his Misery, he cannot apply Remedies to it; nay, he fears to be acquainted with it; Truth cannot pierce through the Crowd of his Flatterers, and reach his view; his Passions tyrannize over him; he is a stranger to his Duty; he never tasted the Pleasure of doing good, nor felt the Charms of true Virtue; he is unhappy, and deserves to be so; his Unhappiness encreases daily, he runs to his own Ruin, and the Gods prepare an eternal Punishment to confound him. All the Assembly confest I had overcome the wise *Lesbian*, and the old Men declar'd I had hit upon the true sense of *Minos*.

The third Question they ask'd, was, *Which of the two is to be preferr'd, either a King victorious and invincible in War; or a King less experienced in War, but able to Rule his People wisely in Peace?* The Majority answer'd, That the King invincible in War was to be preferr'd; What are we the better, said they, for having a King who knows how to govern well in Peace, if he knows

knows not how to defend his Kingdom when a War comes? For then his Enemies will overcome him, and make his People Slaves. Others on the contrary maintain'd, That the peaceful King was much better, becauſe he would be affraid of War, and conſequently take care to avoid it. Others ſaid, That a conquering King would conſult and advance as well the Honour of his People as his own, and make his Subjects Maſters of other Nations; whereas a peaceful King would ſink their Courage into a ſhameful Effeminacy. They deſired to know my Opinion, and I anſwer'd thus; A King who knows not how to govern, but either in Peace or in War, and is incapable to rule his People in both, is but a Demi-King; but if you compare a King, who is only skill'd in War, to a Wiſe King, who, without being acquainted with War, is able to maintain it upon occaſion, by his Generals, I think he is to be prefer'd to the other: A King whoſe Mind is entirely bent upon War, would always

ways be for making War; and in order to extend his Dominion, and advance his Glory, not care if all his People were ruin'd. What are a People the better for the Conqueſt their King makes over other Nations, if they are miſerable under his Reign? Moreover, long Wars are ſtill attended with great Diſorders; the Conquerors themſelves grow looſe and diſorderly in thoſe Times of Confuſion. See at what a dear Rate *Greece* has triumph'd over *Troy*, ſhe was depriv'd of her Kings for above ten Years; whilſt all is ruin'd by War, the Laws grow faint, Agriculture is neglected, all Arts languiſh and decay; even the beſt Princes, when they have a War to carry on, are oblig'd to commit the greateſt of Ills; which is, to tolerate Licentiouſneſs, and make uſe of wicked Men. How many profligate Villains would be puniſh'd during the Peace, whoſe Audaciouſneſs muſt needs be rewarded during the Diſorders of War? Never had any Nation a conquering Sovereign, but they

they muſt ſuffer much upon account of his Ambition. A Conqueror intoxicated with his Glory, ruins as much his victorious People, as the Nations he has vanquiſh'd. A Prince, who wants the neceſſary Qualifications for Peace, cannot make his Subjects reliſh the Fruits of a War happily ended; he is like a Man who could defend his own Field againſt his Neighbour, and uſurp even that of his Neighbour himſelf, but could neither Plow nor Sow his Grounds, and ſo Reap no Harveſt. Such a Man ſeems to be born to deſtroy, lay waſte, and turn the World topſy-turvy, and not to make the People happy by his wiſe Government. Now let's conſider a peaceful King: 'Tis true, he is not fit for great Conqueſts; that is to ſay, he is not born to diſturb the Tranquillity of his own People, by endeavouring to ſubdue thoſe other Nations who are not his lawful Subjects; but he is truly fit to govern in Peace, and is Maſter of all the Qualifications neceſſary to ſecure and protect his People

People againſt their Enemies. For he never attempts to do any thing that may diſturb the publick Peace; he is religiouſly Faithful in all his Alliances; his Allies love him, they are not in fear of him, but rather repoſe an intire Confidence in him. If he happens to have ſome ſtirring, haughty, ambitious and troubleſome Neighbour, all the other Kings who fear that ſtirring Neighbour, and in no manner diſtruſt the peaceful King, joyn themſelves in Confederacy with that good King, and keep him from being oppreſt. His Integrity, Honeſty, and Moderation, make him the Arbiter of all the States that ſurround his; whilſt the ambitious King, is odious to all the reſt, and ever expos'd to their Leagues. This peaceful Prince has the Honour of being, as it were, the Father and and Guardian of all the other Kings. Theſe are the Advantages he has abroad; thoſe he enjoys at home are ſtill more wonderful: Since he is fit to govern in Peace, 'tis certain he go-

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verns according to the wiſeſt Laws; he diſcountenances Pomp, Luxury, and all thoſe Arts that ſerve only to cheriſh and foment Vice; he promotes and encourages thoſe that are uſeful, and can ſupply Mankind with the real neceſſaries of Life, more particularly he cauſes his Subjects to apply themſelves to agricultre, and by that means, he procures them Plenty of all Neceſſaries. This laborious People, plain in their manners, and thrifty in their way of living, get an eaſie livelihood by tilling of their Lands, and multiply every day. This Kingdom contains a numberleſs multitude of People, but a People not ſound in Body, vigorous and ſtrong; and ſoftned by Pleaſures, exercis'd and inur'd in Virtue, not addicted to the Enjoyments of an effeminate luxurious life; a People that know how to deſpiſe Death, and had rather part with their Lives, than with the Liberty they enjoy under a wiſe King, who Reigns only by the Dictates of Reaſon and Juſtice, Let now a neighbouring Conqueror attack this People, perhaps he may find them not

not ſo well us'd to Camp, a ranking themſelves in order of Battle, or the beſieging of a Town; but he will find them invincible by their Numbers, their Courage, their Patience upon hard Duty, their Familiarity with Want and Poverty, their Reſolution and Obſtinacy in Fights, and their conſtant Virtue not to be ſhaken even by ill Succeſs and Diſaſters. Moreover, if the King have not Experience enough to Command his Armies in Perſon, he will eaſily find thoſe who ſhall be able to Command them, and will make uſe of them without loſing his Authority. In the mean time his Allies will furniſh him with Supplies; his Subjects will rather die than undergo the Yoke of another unjuſt and tyrrannical King, nay, the Gods themſelves will fight for him. See how many Helps and Advantages he will find amidſt his greateſt Dangers: I therefore conclude, That a peaceful King who it unskill'd in War, is a very imperfect King, ſince he cannot diſcharge one of his moſt important

tant Functions, which is to overcome his Enemies; but at the same time, he is infinitely superiour to a conquering King, who wants the necessary Qualifications to govern in Peace, and is only fit for War. I perceiv'd a great many in the Assembly who seem'd to dislike my Opinion; but however, the old Men declar'd I had spoken the Sentiments of *Minos*. The first of those old Men cry'd out, I see the fulfilling of one of *Apollo*'s Oracles, which is known through all our Island: *Minos* having consulted the God to know how long his Progeny would Reign, according to the Laws he had establish'd; *Apollo* answer'd him, Thy Off-spring will cease to Rule when a Stranger coming into thy Island, shall cause thy Laws to Reign. We fear'd lest some Stranger should come and Conquer the Isle of *Crete*, but *Idomeneus*'s Misfortune, and the Wisdom of the Son of *Ulysses*, who best of any Mortal understands the Laws of *Minos*, do plainly discover to us the meaning of the Oracle; Why do we any longer

longer defer Crowning of him, whom Deſtiny appoints to be our King? Thereupon the old Men went out of the ſacred Wood, and the firſt of them taking me by the hand, declar'd to the People, who were impatient to know the Deciſion, That I had carried the Prize. His words were ſcarce out of his Mouth, when there was heard a confus'd Noiſe of all the Aſſembly, every one giving a ſhout for Joy; the Shore and all the Neigbouring Hills eccho'd with this general Acclamation, Let the Son of *Ulyſſes*, who is as wiſe as *Minos*, Reign over the *Cretans*.

I paus'd a while, and then making Signs with my hand, I demanded Silence. In the mean time *Mentor* whiſp'd me in the Ear: What! will you renounce your own Country? Will your ambitious Deſire of a Crown make you forget *Penelope*, who now expects you as her only Hopes, and the great *Ulyſſes*, whom the Gods reſolv'd to reſtore to his Family? Theſe words went to my Heart, and checked my Ambition of being a King. But now the

the profound Silence of this tumultuous Aſſembly gave me occaſion thus to proceed; Illuſtrious *Cretans*, I am not worthy to Command over you. The Oracle you mention'd, ſhews indeed that the Off-ſpring of *Minos* ſhall ceaſe to Rule when a Stranger comes into this Iſland, and cauſes the Laws of that wiſe King to flouriſh; but it is not ſaid that that Stranger ſhall Rule. I will ſuppoſe I am that Stranger mark'd out by the Oracle: I have made his Prediction good, I am come into this Iſland, I have diſcover'd the true Senſe of the Laws, and I wiſh my Explanation may contribute to make them Reign with the Man whom you ſhall chuſe: For my own part, I prefer my Country, the little Iſland of *Ithaca*, before the hundred Cities of *Crete*, and the Glory and Wealth of this fine Kingdom. Suffer me to purſue what Fate hath deſtin'd; If I entred your Liſts here, 'twas not with hopes to Rule here, but only to merit your Eſteem and your Pity, and that I might be furniſh'd by you with

with Neceſſaries for my ſpeedy Return into my Native Country; I would rather chuſe to obey my Father *Ulyſſes*, and comfort my Mother *Penelope*, than Reign over all the Nations of the Univerſe: Oh! *Cretans*, you ſee the bottom of my Heart: I muſt leave you, but Death alone ſhall put a Period to my continued Gratitude; yes, *Telemachus* will love the *Cretans*, and be as much concern'd for their Honour, as if 'twere his own, as long as he has Breath. I had ſcarce done ſpeaking, when there aroſe through the whole Aſſembly a hollow Noiſe, like that of the Sea-Waves, which daſh one againſt another in a Storm. Some ſaid, Is this a God in an humane Shape? Others maintain'd, They had ſeen me in other Countries, and that they knew me again. Others cry'd, we muſt force him to Reign here. At laſt I reſum'd my Diſcourſe, and every one was ſilent in a moment, not knowing whether or no I was going to accept what I had at firſt rejected; in theſe words therefore I addreſs'd my ſelf to 'em:

Suffer me, Oh! *Cretans*, to tell you my Thoughts; You are the wiſeſt of all Nations, but methinks Wiſdom requires a Precaution which you ſeem to have forgot; you ought to fix your Election, not on that Man who beſt diſcourſes about the Laws, but on him, who with a moſt ſteddy and conſtant Virtue, puts them in Practice. For my part, I am young, and conſequently without Experience, expos'd to the Violence of Paſſions, and more fit to be inſtructed by Obeying, in order to Command hereafter, than to Command at preſent: Therefore ſeek not a Man that has overcome others in thoſe Tryals of Wit and Strength, but one that has overcome himſelf; look for a Man that has your Laws deeply engraven in his Heart, and whoſe Life is a continu'd Practice, of thoſe Laws; let his Actions rather than his Words, beſpeak your Choice.

All the old Men charm'd with this Diſcourſe, and ſeeing the Applauſes of the whole Aſſembly ſtill encreaſing, Told me, Since the Gods will not ſuffer

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us to hope to ſee you Reign among us, at leaſt do us the favour to aſſiſt us in the finding out a King that will govern according to our Laws: Do you know any Body that can Command with that Moderation you ſpeak of? I know a Man, anſwer'd I, to whom I am beholden for all you have admir'd in me; 'tis his Wiſdom and not mine that ſpoke to you; 'tis he who ſuggeſted to me all thoſe Anſwers you heard juſt now.

Thereupon all the Aſſembly caſt their Eyes upon *Mentor*, whom I ſhew'd to them, holding him by the hand; moreover I told them what care he had taken of me from my Infancy; what Dangers he had reſcued me from; what Misfortunes had befallen me as ſoon as I began to neglect his Counſels. At firſt they took no notice of him, becauſe of his plain negligent Dreſs; his modeſt Countenance, his being ſilent almoſt all the while, and his reſerv'd Looks: But when they view'd him more attentively, they diſcover'd in his Counte-

nance ſomething that beſpoke a firm, noble, and elevated Soul; they took notice of the livelineſs of his Eyes, and how active he was in all his Actions; they ask'd him ſeveral Queſtions, which he anſwer'd to the Admiration of all; they reſolv'd to make him their King, but he excuſed himſelf without any concern; He told them he preferr'd the Sweets of a private Life, before the grand Pomp of a Crown; that even the beſt Kings were unhappy in that they ſcarce ever did that Good they had a mind to do; and that through Surprize, and the Inſinuations of Flatterers, they often did that Miſchief they never intended. He added, that if Slaves be miſerable, the Condition of a King is no leſs wretched, ſince 'tis but ſervitude in a diſguiſe. When a Man, ſaid he, is King, he is ſtill dependent upon all thoſe whom he has occaſion for to ſupport his Authority, and make others obey: Happy is he who is not oblig'd to Command! 'Tis only to ones own Country, when ſhe in-

inveſts a Man with Power, that he ought to offer the dear Sacrifice of his Liberty, in order to conſult and promote the publick Good.

At theſe words the *Cretans*, ſtill full of wonder and admiration, ask'd him, What Man they ought to chuſe? A Man, reply'd he, that's well known to you all, ſince you muſt be govern'd by him, and ſuch a one as is affraid to govern you. Whoever deſires Sovereignty, is not acquainted with it; and how then will he perform the Duties incumbent upon his Dignity, if he be a ſtranger to them? He courts a Crown for himſelf, but you ought to endeavour after one who accepts it only for your advantage.

All the *Cretans*, being very much ſurpiz'd to ſee theſe two Strangers refuſe a Crown, which a great many others ſeek after with eager Ambition, they enquir'd who came a long with theme? *Nauſicrates*, who had conducted them from the Port to the Circus, where the Games were celebrated, ſhew'd them *Haſael*, who was come

with *Mentor* and my ſelf from the Iſle of *Cyprus*; but their wonder ſtill encreaſed, when they heard that *Mentor* had been *Haſael*'s Slave: That *Haſael* deeeply affected with the Wiſdom and Virtue of his Slave, had made him his Counſellor and intimate Friend. That, that Slave made free, was the ſame who juſt now refuſed to be King; and that *Haſael* was come from *Damaſcus* in *Syria* to make himſelf acquainted with the Laws of *Minos*, ſo much was his Heart poſſeſs'd with the love of Wiſdom. The old Men ſaid to *Haſael*, We dare not to deſire you to Rule over us, for we ſuppoſe your Thoughts are the ſame with thoſe of *Mentor*; you deſpiſe Men too much to be willing to take upon you the Conduct of them. Beſides, you have ſo far renounc'd Riches, and the vain Pomp of a Crown, that you would not purchaſe them at the expence of your Liberty, and with the Fatigue and anxious Cares which are inſeparably attending upon Rule and Government. *Haſael* anſwer'd, Do not underſtand

ſtand me, Oh! *Cretans*, as if I deſpis'd Men. No: I know too well what great and noble Employment it is to make them good and happy; but that Employment is full of Trouble and Dangers; the Pomp that attends it has but a falſe Brightneſs, which can only dazzle the Eyes of Vain-glorious Men. Life is ſhort; Greatneſs and Elevation do more provoke the Paſſions, than they can ſatisfie them: My deſign in coming ſo far was not to purchaſe thoſe falſe Goods, but only to learn to be eaſie without them. I muſt bid you farewel; I have no other Thoughts than to return to a peaceful and retired Life, where Wiſdom ſhall fill my Heart, nouriſh my Soul; and where the hopes that reſult from Virtue towards a better Life, ſhall comfort me under the Miſeries of old Age; if I wiſh for any thing, 'tis not to be a King, but rather never to be parted from thoſe two Men you ſee here before you.

At laſt the *Cretans* (addreſſing themſelves to *Mentor*) cry'd out, You

the wiſeſt and greateſt of all Mortals, tell us then who it is we muſt chuſe to be our King, for we will not let you go till you have determin'd our Choice. To which he anſwer'd, Whilſt I was among the Crowd of the Spectators, I took notice of a vigorous old Man who ſhewed no manner of eagerneſs or concern; I ask'd who he was, and anſwer was made, he was call'd *Ariſtomedes*: Afterwards I heard ſome Body telling him that his two Sons were amongſt the Combatants, at which he expreſt no manner of Joy; he ſaid, That as for the one, he did not wiſh him the Dangers which attend a Crown; and as for the other, he lov'd his Country too well, ever to conſent that he ſhould be King. By that I underſtood that this Father had a reaſonable Love for one of his Sons, who is good and virtuous, and that he did not countenance the other in his vicious Exceſſes. My Curioſity ſtill encreaſing, I enquired into the Life and converſation of this Old Man; One of your Citizens anſwer'd

ſwer'd me, He bore Arms a long time; his Body is cover'd with Wounds and Scars, but his plain and ſincere Vertue, entirely averſe to Flattery, render'd him troubleſome to *Idomeneus*, which is the Reaſon that King did not employ him in the *Trojan* War. He fear'd a Man who would give thoſe wiſe Counſels, which he was not inclin'd to follow; he was even jealous of the Honour and Reputation which he would infallibly have acquir'd in a little time; he forgot all his paſt Services, and left him here Poor and expos'd to the Contempt of thoſe baſe Men, who value nothing but Riches; but contented in his Poverty, he lives a pleaſant Life, in a remote Place of this Iſland, where he Tills and Manures his Grounds with his own Hands. One of his Sons helps him in his Work, and they are both happy in their mutual Love. By their Frugality and Labour they have ſufficient of all Neceſſaries for a plain way of Living. That wiſe old Man diſtributes to the Sick and Poor of his Neighbourhood all that he can ſpare from

his own Wants, and his Son's. He ſets all young People to Work, and incourages, admoniſhes, and inſtructs them; he decides all Controverſies amongſt his Neighbours, and is, as it were the Father of all Families. His own Misfortune is, that he has a ſecond Son who would never follow his Advice in any Thing: The Father having born with him a long time, with hopes to reclaim him from his Vices, has at laſt turn'd him out of his Houſe, ſince which he has abandon'd himſelf to fond Ambition, and all extravagant Pleaſures. This, Oh! *Cretans*, is what I have been inform'd; you can tell whether that Relation be true: But if that Man be ſuch as he is deſcrib'd to be, what need you celebrate any Games? Why do you aſſemble ſo many unknown Perſons? You have amongſt you a Man who knows you, and whom you know; one who underſtands War; who has ſhewn his Courage not only againſt Darts and Arrows, but againſt dreadful Poverty,

ty, and has despis'd Riches acquir'd by Flattery; one who loves Work; who knows how useful Agriculture is to a Nation; who abhors Pomp and Luxury; who suffers not himself to be unmann'd by a blind Fondness for his Children, and loves the Vertue of the one, and condemns the Vices of the other; in a word, a Man who is already the Father of the People: This must be your King, if so be you desire to see the Laws of wise *Minos* flourish amongst you.

All the People cry'd out, 'Tis true, *Aristomedes* is such as you describe him; 'tis he that deserves the Crown. The old Men order'd he should be call'd; he was found amongst the Crowd, undistinguish'd from the meaner Sort; and having appear'd before 'em, calm and unconcern'd, they declar'd to him that they made him King. He answer'd, I cannot consent to it but upon these three Conditions: First, That I shall lay down my Dignity in two Years time, in case I cannot make you better than you are at present, and

and that you remain refractory to the Laws. Secondly, That I ſhall be free to continue my plain and frugal way of Living. And Thirdly, That my Children ſhall have no Promotions; and that after my death, they ſhall be treated without any other diſtinction than according to their Merit, like the reſt of the Citizens. At theſe words the Air was fill'd with joyful Acclamations; the Chief of thoſe old Men who were the Guardians of the Laws, put the Crown on *Ariſtomedes*'s Head; and afterwards they offer'd Sacrifices to *Jupiter*, and the other great Gods. *Ariſtomedes* gave us Preſents, not with that Magnificence which is uſual to Kings, but with noble Simplicity: He gave to *Haſael* the Laws of *Minos*, written with a *Minos*'s own Hand; he likewiſe gave him a Collection of all the Hiſtory of the Iſle of *Crete*, from *Saturn* and the Golden Age, down to that Time: He ſent Aboard his Ship all kinds of the choiceſt Fruits that grow in *Crete*, but are unknown in *Syria*, and offer'd him all the Aſſiſtance he

he had occaſion for. Now becauſe we preſs'd our Departure, he order'd a Ship to be fitted up, and mann'd with a great number of ſtrong Rowers, and arm'd Men; he gave us withal, changes of Cloaths, and all manner of Proviſions. At that very inſtant there aroſe a fair Wind for *Ithaca*; this Wind being contrary to *Haſael*, oblig'd him to ſtay behind; he ſaw us go away, and embrac'd us as dear Friends, whom he fear'd he ſhould ſee no more: However, ſaid he, the Gods are juſt; they ſee a Friendſhip founded on Virtue alone; they will one day bring us together again; and thoſe happy *Elyſian* Fields, where the Good and Juſt are ſaid to enjoy an eternal Peace after death, ſhall ſee our Souls meet, never to be parted any more. Oh! that my Aſhes might be gather'd into the ſame Urn with yours! As he ſpoke theſe laſt Words, he ſhed a Flood of Tears, And his voice was check'd by deep ſighs, we wept no leſs than he, and in this ſolemn Woe he conducted us to our Ship. As for *Ariſtomedes*, he told us, 'Tis you made me King; remem-

member what Dangers you have expos'd me to, and therefore requeſt the Gods that they would inſpire me with true Wiſdom, and make me as much ſuperior to other Men in Moderation, as I am above them in Authority. For my part I beſeech them to conduct you ſafe into your Country, to confound the Inſolence of your Foes, and bleſs you with the ſight of *Ulyſſes*, reigning in Peace with his dear *Penelope*. *Telemachus*, I give you a good Ship full of able Mariners and Soldiers, who may ſerve you againſt thoſe unjuſt Men that perſecute your Mother. Oh! *Mentor*, whoſe boundleſs Wiſdom leaves me no room, even to wiſh you an addition of any Thing: Go both in Peace, and make each other happy; remember *Ariſtomedes*, and if ever the *Ithacians* have occaſion for the *Cretans*, depend upon me as long as I have Breath. He embrac'd us, and we could not forbear mingling our Tears with our Thanks.

In the mean time the Wind which fill'd our ſpreading Sails, ſeem'd to promiſe a ſafe Voyage. And now Mount *Ida*

Ida began to decreaſe in our ſight, and look'd like a little Hill; the *Cretan* Shore diſappear'd, and the Coaſt of *Peloponeſus* ſeem'd to advance into the Sea to meet us half way: But on the ſudden a black Storm over-caſt the Sky, and provok'd the boiſterouſneſs of the Waves; the Day was turn'd into Night, and ghaſtly Death hover'd over us. Oh, *Neptune*, 'tis you, who with your proud Trident, ſtirr'd up the Rage of the watry Deep! *Venus*, to be reveng'd upon us, for deſpiſing her, even in her Temple of *Cythera*, went to that God, and ſpoke to him full of Grief, and with Eyes diſſolved in Tears; at leaſt, 'tis what *Mentor*, who is acquainted with Celeſtial Things, has aſſur'd me. Oh! *Neptune*, ſaid ſhe, will you ſuffer thoſe impious Men to defie my Power unpuniſh'd? The Gods themſelves are ſenſible of it, and theſe raſh Mortals have dared to condemn all they have ſeen in my Iſland; they pretend to a Wiſdom which is proof againſt all Paſſions, and look upon Love as a Fit of Madneſs: Have you for-

forgot that I was born in your Dominions? Why do you delay any farther to ſwallow up in the deep Abyſs of your Kingdom thoſe two Men whom I abhor? She had ſcarce done ſpeaking, when *Neptune* made his boiſterous Waves riſe up to the very Skies, and *Venus* ſmil'd, believing our Wreck inevitable. Our Pilot being now beſide himſelf, cry'd out, That he could no longer oppoſe the violence of the Winds, which fiercely drove us upon ſome Rocks; a Guſt of Wind broke our Main-Maſt, and a moment after we heard the bottom of our Ship ſplitting againſt the pointed Rocks. The Water comes in at ſeveral Places; the Ship ſinks: all the Crew of Rowers fill the tempeſtuous Air with lamentable Cries. I embrac'd *Mentor*, and told him, Death is come at laſt, we muſt embrace it with Courage; the Gods have deliver'd us from ſo many Dangers only to deſtroy us this day: Let's die, Oh! *Mentor*, let's die; 'tis a comfort to me that I die with you;

'twere

'twere in vain to contend for our Lives againſt the Storm. To this *Mentor* anſwer'd, True Courage finds always ſome Remedy or other; it is not enough to expect Death calmly and unconcern'd, unleſs, without being affraid of it, we uſe all our Endeavours to avoid it. Let You and I take one of the Rower's Seats, whileſt that Multitude of fearful and troubled Men regret the loſs of their Lives, without uſing Means to prevent it; let's not loſe one moment to ſave our ſelves. Thereupon he took a Hatchet, and cut off the broken Maſt, which, leaning into the Sea, made the Ship heel a-port: The Maſt being thus ſever'd from its Stump, he ſhov'd it out of the Ship, and leapd upon it amidſt the furious Waves. Then he call'd me by my Name, and encourag'd me to follow him. And now, as a great Tree, which all the confederate Winds attack in vain, and which remains unmov'd, and fix'd to its deeps Roots; ſo *Mentor*, not only reſolute and couragious, but alſo calm and undiſturb'd, ſeem'd to command

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the Winds and the Sea. I follow'd him: For who would not have follow'd, being encourag'd by *Mentor*? And now we are a drift upon the Maſt, which we ſteer ſometimes one way, ſometimes another: This Maſt prov'd a great help to us, for we ſate a ſtride upon it; whereas had we been forc'd to ſwim all the while, our ſtrength had ſoon fail'd us. But the Storm did often over-ſet that great Tree; ſo that being ſunk into the Sea, we ſwallow'd great Draughts of the briny Flood, which run afterwards out of our Mouths, Ears, and Noſes; and we were fain to contend with the Waves to get uppermoſt again. Sometimes alſo we were over-whelm'd by a Billow as big as a Mountain, and then we kept faſt to the Maſt, for fear that violent Puſh ſhould make us loſe our hold of that, which was all our Hopes. Whilſt we were in that dreadful Condition, *Mentor*, as calm and unconcern'd as he is now upon this green Turf, told me; Do you think, Oh! *Telemachus*, that your Life

is

is abandon'd to the Winds and the Waves? Do you believe they can deſtroy you, unleſs the Gods have order'd it? No, no, the Gods over-rule and decree all Things, and therefore 'tis the Gods and not the Sea you ought to fear; were you in the deep bottom of the Sea, great *Jove's* Hand were able to deliver you out of it; and were you on the Top of *Olympus*, having the Stars under your Feet, he might ſink you to the deep Abyſs, or caſt you down into the Flames of black *Tartarus*. I liſtened to, and admir'd his wiſe Speech, which gave me a little comfort, but my Mind was not calm enough to anſwer him. We paſt a whole Night without ſeeing one another, trembling and half dead with Cold, not knowing whether the Storm would drive us. At length the Winds began to be pacified, and the roaring Sea was like one who having been a long time in a great Paſſion, has almoſt ſpent his Spirits, and feels only a ruffling Motion which draws toward a Calm; thus the Sea grown weary, as it were,

of

of its own Fury, made but a hollow rumbling Noiſe, and its Waves were little higher than the Ridges of Land betwixt two Furrows in a plough'd Field. In the mean time bright *Aurora* with her dewy Wings came to open the Gates of the Sky to introduce the radiant Sun, and ſeem'd to promiſe a fair Day. All the Eaſt was ſtreak'd with Fiery Beams; and the Stars which had ſo long been hid begun to twinkle again, but withdrew as ſoon as *Phœbus* appear'd on the lighten'd Horizon. We deſcry'd Land afar off, and the Wind help'd us on towards it. I felt Hopes reviving in my Heart; but we ſaw none of our Companions. 'Tis probable their Courage fail'd them, and that they ſunk with the Ship. Being come pretty neat the Shore, the Sea drove us againſt ſharp-pointed Rocks, which were like to have bruiſ'd us to pieces; but we endeavour'd to oppoſe to the end of our Maſt, which *Mentor* them us'd to as much advantage as a wiſe Steers-man does the beſt Rudder; Thus we eſcap'd thoſe dreadful Rocks,

and

and found at laſt a clear and eaſie Coaſt, where we ſwam without any hindrance, and came at laſt to a Sandy-ſhore; there you ſaw us, Oh! great Goddeſe, who Reign in this Iſland; there you vouchſafed to receive and comfort us.

Telemachus having ended his Speech, all thoſe Nymphs, whoſe deep Attention had kept them motionleſs, with Eyes fix'd upon him began to look one upon another, and enquire among themſelves who thoſe two Men were, of whom the Gods took ſo much care. Who did ever hear, ſaid they, ſuch wonderful Adventures? The Son of *Ulyſſes* does already ſurpaſs his Father both in Eloquence, Wiſdom and Valour. What a Look! What a Beauty! What Gentleneſs! What Modeſty! But withal What Nobleneſs and Majeſty! If we did not know him to be the Son of a Mortal, he might eaſily paſs either for *Bacchus*, *Mercury*, or even the great *Apollo*. But who is this *Mentor*, who looks like a plain obſcure Man, of mean Extraction? When one views him cloſely, there appears in him ſomething above a Man.

Calypſo

Calypso liſtned to the Diſcourſe with a Concern which ſhe could not well conceal; her Eyes ſtill wandered from *Mentor* to *Telemachus*, and from *Telemachus* to *Mentor*. Sometimes ſhe would have *Telemachus* begin again that long Story of his Adventures; then, on the ſudden, ſhe contradicted her ſelf; and, at laſt riſing abruptly from her Seat, ſhe carried *Telemachus* alone into a Wood of Myrtles, where ſhe us'd all her Arts to know from him if *Mentor* was a Deity under the Diſguiſe of a Humane Shape. *Telemachus* could not ſatisfie her; for *Minerva*, who accompanied him under the Shape of *Mentor*, had not diſcover'd her ſelf to him, becauſe of his youth; ſhe did not yet truſt his Secrecy ſo far as to make him Confident of her Deſigns. Beſides, ſhe had a mind to try him in the greateſt Dangers; and had he known that *Minerva* was his Companion, ſuch a Support had been able to make him deſpiſe the fierceſt and moſt dreadful Accidents without any concern. Therefore he miſtook all

along

along *Minerva* for *Mentor*; and all the artful Insinuations of *Calypso* could not discover what she desir'd to know. In the mean time, all the Nymphs crowding about *Mentor*, took great delight in asking him Questions; One of them ask'd him the Particulars of his Travels into *Æthiopia*; another desir'd to be acquainted with what he had seen at *Damascus*; and a third ask'd him, whether he had known *Ulysses* before the Siege of *Troy*? He answer'd every one with Gentleness and Civility; and tho' his Words were plain, yet they were not without their Graces. 'Twas not long before *Calypso* return'd and interrupted their Conversation; and whilst her Nymphs begun to sing and gather Flowers to amuse *Telemachus*, she took *Mentor* aside in order to make him speak and discover who he was. As the soft Vapours of Sleep do insensibly glide into the heavy Eyes, and wearied Limbs of a Man quite spent with Fatigue; with the same Gentleness the flattering Words of the Goddess insinuated themselves in order to bewitch

witch the Heart of *Mentor*; but he always found ſomething which baffled her Charms, and diſappointed her Endeavours. Juſt as a ſteep Rock, which hides its proud Top among the Clouds, and deſpiſes the Rage of the inſulting Winds; thus *Mentor* unmoveable in his wiſe Reſolutions, ſuffer'd himſelf to be attack'd by the inquiſitive *Calypſo*; nay, ſometimes he gave her a Glympſe of Hope that ſhe might puzzle him with her Queſtions, and diſcover the Truth through his dubious Anſwers. But when ſhe thought her ſelf moſt ſure to ſatisfie her Curioſity, her Hopes vaniſh'd away; what ſhe imagin'd to hold faſt, gave her preſently the ſlip, and a ſhort Anſwer from *Mentor* renew'd her Uncertainty. Thus ſhe ſpent whole days; now flattering *Telemachus*, and then endeavouring to take him away from *Mentor*, whom ſhe hop'd no more to engage ſo far as to make him diſcover who he was; ſhe made uſe of her faireſt Nymph to kindle the Fire of Love in young *Telemachus*'s Heart, and a Deity more pow-

powerful than *Calypso*, came to his Assistance.

Venus still full of Resentment for the Contempt which *Mentor* and *Telemachus* expresst of the Worship which was paid her in the Island of *Cyprus*, was enrag'd to see that these two rash Mortals had escap'd the fury of the Winds and Sea in the late Storm; she complained bitterly to *Jupiter*; but the Father of the Gods, unwilling to let her know, that *Minerva* in the Shape of *Mentor*, had preserv'd the Son of *Ulysses*, told *Venus* with a smile, That he gave her leave to revenge her self on those two Men. She therefore leaves the heavenly Mansions; neglects the sweet Perfumes which are burnt on the Altars at *Paphos*, *Cythera* and *Idalia*; flies in her Chariot drawn by Doves; calls her Son *Cupid*, and with a Face full of sorrow, but adorn'd with new Charms, she thus speaks to him; Doest thou not see, my Son, those two Men who contemn my Power and thine? Who for the future will Worship us? Go and pierce with thy surest Arrows their insensi-

ſible Hearts; come down with me into that Iſland, where I ſhall diſcourſe with *Calypſo*: She ſaid; and cutting the yielding Air in a golden Cloud, preſented her ſelf to *Calypſo*, who at that moment ſat penſive and alone on the graſſy Brink of a Fountain, remote from her Grotto.

Unhappy Goddeſs, ſaid ſhe to her, the ungrateful *Ulyſſes* has deſpis'd and abandon'd you; his Son ſtill more cruel than his Father, deſigns to do the ſame: But Love himſelf is come to aid your Revenge; I leave him with you; he may remain among your Nymphs, as heretofore young *Bacchus* was bred among the Nymphs of the Iſle of *Naxos*; *Telemachus* will look upon him as an ordinary Child; and not miſtruſting him, will ſoon feel his forcible Influence. She ſpoke, and being got up again into that golden Cloud from whence ſhe was deſcended, ſhe left behind her a ſweet ſmell of *Ambroſia*, which perfum'd all the ſacred Thickets around. *Cupid* remain'd in the Arms of *Calypſo*, who, tho' a Goddeſs,

deſs, began to feel a ſecret Flame glide into her Breaſt. To eaſe her ſelf, ſhe preſently gave him to a Nymph who happen'd to come to her at that inſtant, whoſe Name was *Eucharis*; but, alas! how often did ſhe repent it afterwards? At firſt, nothing appear'd more innocent, more gentle, more lovely, nor more graceful than this Child; by his ſprightly, flattering, and ever-ſmiling Looks, one would have thought he could bring nothing but Delight; but as ſoon as one began to truſt his fond Careſſes, they were found to be full of a dangerous Venom; that malicious, deceitful Boy never flattered but with a deſign to betray; and never ſmil'd but when he had done, or was ready to do miſchief. He durſt not come near *Mentor*, being frighted away by his Severity; beſides, he was ſenſible that that unknown Man was invulnerable, and not to be pierced by his Arrows. As for the Nymphs, they ſoon felt the Flames that were kindled by this treacherous Boy, but

they took great care to hide the deep Wounds which feſter'd in their Breaſts. In the mean time *Telemachus*, ſeeing that Boy Playing with the Nymphs he was ſurpriz'd with his Beauty and Gentleneſs; he embraces him; ſomtimes he ſets him on his Lap, and ſometimes dandles him in his Arms; he feels within himſelf a ſecret uneaſineſs, the cauſe of which he cannot diſcover; the more he indulges his innocent Play, the more he is troubled and ſoftned with hidden deſire. Do you ſee thoſe Nymphs, ſaid he to *Mentor*? How different they are from thoſe Women of the Iſle of *Cyprus*, whoſe very Beauty was ſhocking, becauſe accompanied with Immodeſty and Lewdneſs; but theſe immortal Beauties diſplay a charming Modeſty and Innocence. At theſe Words he Bluſht, but could not tell why: He could neither forbear ſpeaking of them, nor go on with his Diſcourſe; his Words were broken, obſcure, incoherent, and ſometimes wild and fooliſh. Whereupon *Mentor* told

him:

him : Oh ! *Telemachus*, the dangers you eſcap'd in the Iſle of *Cyprus* were nothing if compar'd with thoſe you are now expos'd to, and which you are not at all aware of ; bare-fac'd Lewdneſs ſtrikes us with Horror, and brutiſh Impudence raiſes our Indignation, but a modeſt Beauty is moſt dangerous and ſurprizing ; when we begin to love her, we fancy we are in Love with Virtue, and by inſenſible Degrees we yield to the deceitful Allurements of a Paſſion, which we can ſcarce perceive before it is too fierce to be extinguiſh'd ; Fly, my dear *Telemachus*, fly from thoſe Nymphs who are ſo modeſt and diſcreet only to decoy you into their Snares ; fly from the dangers your Youth expoſes you to ; but above all, fly from that Boy whom you do not know : He is *Cupid*, whom his Mother *Venus* has brought into this Iſland to revenge your Contempt of thoſe Rites which are perform'd in her Honour in the Iſle of *Cythera* ; he has wounded the

Heart of *Calypso*, and made her paſſionately in Love with you; he had fir'd all thoſe Nymphs that are now about him; and even *Telemachus* himſelf: Oh! wretched Young Man, you burn without feeling your ſecret Flame. *Telemachus* often interrupted the Diſcourſe of *Mentor*, and told him; but why ſhall we not ſtay in this Iſland? *Ulyſſes* is certainly dead, and has been a long time Buried in the Waves; and *Penelope* ſeeing that neither he nor I return home, will never be able to reſiſt ſo many Lovers; and without doubt her Father *Icarus* has by this time oblig'd her to Marry a new Husband. Shall I return to *Ithaca* to ſee her ingaged with another, contrary to the ſolemn Faith ſhe had given to my Father? The *Ithacans* have quite forgot *Ulyſſes*, and we cannot return thither without running upon certain Death, ſince *Penelope*'s Lovers are already poſſeſs'd of all the Avenues to the Port, the better to make our Deſtruction ſure at our return. *Mentor* reply'd: Your Diſcourſe is the reſult of a blind Paſſion,

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we are wonderfully induſtrious in finding all the Reaſons which ſeem to favour it, and with no leſs care we avoid the ſight of thoſe which condemn it; employ all our Wit in deceiving our ſelves, and ſtifling thoſe Remorſes which we give a check to our Deſires. Have you forgot what the Gods have done for you in order to bring you back into your own Country? Which way did you come out of *Sicily*? Thoſe Misfortunes which befel you in *Egypt*, did they not turn on a ſudden to your Proſperity? What unknown Hand diſpell'd all thoſe impending Dangers which threatned your Head at the City of *Tyre*? After ſo many wonderful Deliverances can you be doubtful of what the Gods have in ſtore for you? But no, you ſuppoſe your ſelf unworthy of their Favours. For my own part I go out of this Iſland: But you, oh degenerate Son of ſo wiſe and noble a Father, you may lead here a ſoft, inglorious Life amongſt Women; and in ſpight of Heaven do what your

Father thought unworthy of him. These reflecting Expressions touch'd *Telemachus* to the very quick; He felt his relenting Heart at *Mentor*'s Words; His Grief was attended with Shame; He feared both the departure and indignation of so wise a Person, as one to whom he was so very much oblig'd; but a new-born Passion, with which he was but little acquainted, made him quite another Man. What, said he to *Mentor*, with Tears in his Eyes, Do you reckon for nothing that immortal Life which the Goddess offers me? No: answered *Mentor*, I make no account of any thing that is inconsistent with Vertue, and against the supreme Decrees of Heaven, Virtue calls you back into your own Country, that you may see and comfort *Ulysses* and *Penelope*; Virtue bids you not to abandon your self to an extravagant Passion: The Gods, who deliver'd you from so many Dangers, in order to make your Glory shine as bright as your Fa-

Father's, the Gods, I ſay, command you to quit this Iſland. Love alone, that baſe Tyrant Love, is able to detain you here. Yet, what will you do with an immortal Life, bereft of Liberty, Virtue and Honour? Your ſort of Life would ſtill be the more wretched, in that it were endleſs. *Telemachus* anſwered him only with Sighs: Sometimes he wiſh'd that *Mentor* had forc'd him away from *Calypſo*; and ſometimes he wiſh'd that his Departure had rid him of a troubleſome rigid Friend, who ever reproach'd him with his Weakneſs. His Heart was continually in ſuſpence betwixt various Thoughts, juſt as the Sea is toſs'd by contrary Winds, that ſport with its inconſtant Waves. He often lay motionleſs on the Seaſhore; ſometimes in lonely and gloomy Covert of a Wood he ſhed a flood of Tears, and cry'd like a roaring Lion. He was grown Lean; his hollow Eyes were full

of a devouring Fire ; and by his pale downcaſt Looks, and disfigured Face, one could never have thought he had been *Telemachus* ; his Beauty, his graceful Sprightfulneſs, and his noble Aſpect were fled from him ; he was like a Flower which blows in the Morning, caſts forth its fragrancy around all the Day, but fades inſenſibly towards Night ; its fine Colours decay, its Leaves wither, and its fine Top droops, and bears down the feeble Stalk. Thus the Son of *Ulyſſes* was brought to a languiſhing and dying Condition.

Mentor perceiving that *Telemachus* was not able to reſiſt the violence of his Paſſion, he thought on a Stratagem to deliver him from ſo great a Danger. He took notice that *Calypſo* was deſperately in Love with *Telemachus*, and that *Telemachus* was no leſs taken with the Charms of the young Nymph *Eucharis*; for cruel *Cupid*, the better to torment Mortals, makes them ſeldom love the Perſon by vvhom they are belov'd. Now upon a Day when

vvhen *Telemachus* vvas to go out a Hunting vvith *Eucharis*, *Mentor*, in order to raiſe *Calypſo*'s Jealouſy, told her; I find in *Telemachus* an eager Love for Hunting, vvhich I never perceiv'd in him before; this Recreation makes him ſlight all other Pleaſures; he only delights in Foreſts and vvild Mountains: Is it you, Oh great Goddeſs! vvho have inſpir'd him vvith this Paſſion? *Calypſo* vvas touched to the quick vvith theſe Words, and vvas not able to contain her Reſentments. That *Telemachus*, anſvver'd ſhe, vvho deſpis'd all the Pleaſures of the Iſle of *Cyprus*, cannot reſiſt the faint Charms of one of my Nymphs. How dares one to boaſt of ſo many vvonderful Actions, vvhoſe Heart is ſo eaſily ſoften'd by ſhameful, effeminate Pleaſures, and vvho ſeems to be Born only to lead an obſcure inglorious Life among Women? *Mentor* vvas not a little pleas'd to find that Jealouſy began to vvork in *Calypſo*'s Heart, but ſaid no more at that time, for fear ſhe ſhould diſtruſt him; only

he

he expreſs'd his concern by his ſad and downcaſt Looks. The Goddeſs complained to him about all ſhe ſaw, and renew'd her Complaints every Day: This Hunting-match, of which *Mentor* gave her notice, began to raiſe her Fury; ſhe was told that *Telemachus* had no other Deſign in his Sports than to withdraw from the other Nymphs, in order to entertain *Eucharis* alone; there was alſo a Talk of a ſecond Hunting-match, wherein ſhe foreſaw he would do, what he had done in the firſt. But to break *Telemachus*'s Meaſures, ſhe declar'd that ſhe deſign'd to make one amongſt them; and then on the ſudden being no more able to contain her Paſſion, ſhe ſpoke to him in theſe Words: Is it thus, Oh young raſh Mortal! that thou art come into my Iſland to eſcape the juſt Wreck which *Neptune* prepar'd for thee, and the Vengeance of thoſe Gods thou haſt offended? Didſt thou come into this Iſland, which no Mortal ever dares to approach,

proach, only to deſpiſe my Power, and the Love I have expreſt for thee? Oh! all ye powerful Deities of Heaven and Hell, hear the Complaints of an unfortunate Goddeſs: Haſte to confound and deſtroy this perfidious, ungrateful and impious Man. Since thou art ſtill more cruel and unjuſt than thy Father, may thy Sufferings be likewiſe more cruel and unpitied than his; mayſt thou never ſee thy Country again, that poor and wretched *Ithaca*, which thou didſt baſely prefer before an immortal Life; or rather mayſt thou be deſtroyed in the ſight of it, in the middle of the Sea; may thy Body become the Sport of the Waves, and be caſt on this Sandy-ſhore without any hopes of Burial; may my Eyes ſee it devoured by ravenous Vultures; may ſhe whom you Love ſee it alſo; yes, ſhe ſhall ſee it, that Sight will break her Heart, and her Deſpair ſhall be my Bliſs and Delight.

Whilſt *Calypſo* was thus ſpeaking her Eyes glowed and ſparkled with Fire;

Fire; her wild, diſtracted Looks were ever unſteady; her trembling Cheeks were full of black and blew Spots; her Colour chang'd every moment; her Face was often o're-ſpread with a deadly Paleneſs; her Tears did not flow ſo plentifully as before, their Spring being in a great meaſure dry'd up by Rage and Deſpair; her Voice was hoarſe, trembling and broken. *Mentor* obſerv'd the different Motions of her Paſſion, and ſpoke no more to *Telemachus*; he us'd him as we do a Man deſparate ill, and abandon'd by the Phyſicians, and often look'd upon him with Eyes of Pity. *Telemachus* was ſenſible how guilty he was, and unworthy of *Mentor*'s Friendſhip; he durſt not look up for fear he ſhould meet the Eyes of *Mentor*, whoſe very Silence condemn'd him: Sometimes he had a mind to embrace him, and confeſs to him how deeply he was ſenſible of his Fault, but he was hinder'd as well by a miſtaken ſhame, as by a fear of doing more than he intended, to avoid a Danger which

ſeem'd

ſeem'd ſo pleaſing to him; for he could not yet be prevail'd upon by Reaſon to conquer his fond and belov'd Paſſion. The Gods and Goddeſſes of bright *Olympus* were now met together, and with profound ſilence kept their Eyes fix'd on the Iſland of *Calypſo*, impatient to know whether *Minerva*, or *Cupid* ſhould remain Victorious. The God of Love by his ſporting and playing with the Nymphs had ſet all the Iſland on Fire; and *Minerva*, under the Shape of *Mentor*, employ'd Jealouſie, the inſeperable Companion of Love, againſt Love himſelf. *Jupiter* was reſolv'd to be only a Spectator of this Conteſt, and to ſtand Neuter betwixt the Combatants. In the mean time *Eucharis*, who was affraid to loſe *Telemachus*, us'd a thouſand Arts to keep him in her Chains: And now ſhe was juſt ready to go out a ſecond time a Hunting with him; her Dreſs was exactly like that of *Diana*; *Venus* and *Cupid* had ſupply'd her with new Charms, inſomuch that her Beauty eclips'd then even that of *Calypſo* her ſelf. *Calypſo* ſeeing her afar off, view'd her

her ſelf in one of her Chryſtal Fountains, and being aſham'd of her own Face, ſhe run to hide her ſelf into the remoteſt Part of her Grotto, and ſpoke thus to her ſelf. Then tis in vain, I have endeavour'd to diſturb the Joys of theſe two Lovers, by declaring that I deſign'd to be one of the Hunters. Shall I go with them? Shall I be the occaſion of her Triumph, and ſhall my Beauty ſerve only to heighten hers? Shall *Telemachus* at the ſight of my Charms be ſtill more tranſported with thoſe of *Eucharis*? Oh! wretched me! What have I done? No, I'll not go: Neither ſhall they themſelves go; I know well enough how to prevent them. I'll go to *Mentor*; I'll deſire him to carry away *Telemachus* from this Iſland, and convey him to *Ithaca*: But, what, do I ſay? And what muſt become of forlorn me when *Telemachus* is gone? Where am I? Oh! cruel *Venus*, what ſhall I do? Oh! *Venus*, you have deceiv'd me; what a treacherous Preſent you gave me!

Per-

Pernicious Child! Poiſoning Love! I gave thee free entrance into my Heart, with Hopes to live happy with *Telemachus*, and thou haſt brought nothing into my Heart but Trouble and Deſpair. My Nymphs have rebell'd againſt me, and my being a Goddeſs ſerves only to make my Miſeries eternal. Oh! that I could deſtroy my ſelf to end my Sorrows! But if I cannot, yet, Oh! *Telemachus*, thou ſhalt die; I'll be reveng'd on thee for thy Ingratitude; I will ſtrike thy perfidious Heart, and make thy Nymph the Witneſs of my juſt Reſentment——— But, Whither does my raving Paſſion hurry me! Oh! unfortunate *Calypſo* why would'ſt thou deſtroy a guiltleſs, Youth, whom thou haſt thy ſelf plung'd into an Abyſs of Misfortunes! I my ſelf have convey'd the fatal Brand into the chaſte Boſom of *Telemachus*: How innocent he was before! how Virtuous, how much averſe to ſhameful Pleaſures! What made me intoxicate his Heart?----He would have aban-

abandon'd me. —— Well! ſhall he not either leave me now, or only live to torture me and make my Rival bleſt? No, no: My Puniſhment is juſt. Go, dear *Telemachus*, go, croſs the Seas: Leave *Calypſo*, whoſe Life is a Burthen to her, and who cannot meet Death to eaſe her Torments; leave her diſconſolate, cover'd with ſhame and full of deſpair with the proud *Eucharis*.

Thus ſhe ſpoke to her ſelf in her Grotto; but ruſhing out on the ſudden, tranſported with impetuous Fury: Oh! *Mentor*, ſaid ſhe, is it thus you ſupport *Telemachus* againſt the Aſſaults of Vice, to which he is juſt ready to yield? You ſleep whilſt Love is full awake to undo him. I cannot bear any longer with that ſhameful Indifference you ſhew; How can you calmly ſee the Son of *Ulyſſes* diſgrace his Father, and neglect the great Things to which he is deſtin'd? Is it you or me whom his Parents have entruſted with his Conduct? I endeavour to find Remedies to cure his diſtemper'd Heart, and ſhall you ſtand

ſtand idle and unconcern'd ? There are in the remoteſt Part of this Foreſt tall Poplars, fit for the Building of a Ship; there it is that *Ulyſſes* built his before he left this Iſland: You will find in the ſame Place a deep Cave, wherein are all manner of Inſtruments neceſſary to cut out, and join together all different Parts of a Ship.

She had ſcarce done ſpeaking when ſhe begun to wiſh it were in her power to re-call her Words. *Mentor* did not loſe one moment of time; he went down into that Cave, found the Inſtruments, fell'd the Popalars, and in one day equip'd and fitted up a Ship for Sea; for *Minerva*'s Power and induſtry require but very little time to bring the greateſt Works to Perfection. *Calypſo*, in the mean time was tortur'd by a cruel Anxiety of Thoughts; ſhe had a mind to ſee whether *Mentor*'s Work went forward, but could not find in her Heart to leave the Hunting-match, where *Eucharis* would have enjoy'd the Company of *Telemachus* in full Liberty. Her

Jea-

Jealouſie never ſuffer'd her to loſe ſight of thoſe two Lovers; but at the ſame time, ſhe endeavour'd to lead the Hunters toward that Place where ſhe knew *Mentor* was Building the Ship; ſhe heard the ſtrokes of the Hatchets, and the Hammers; and every blow ſhe heard, made her quake and tremble; yet at the ſame moment, ſhe fear'd leſt her minding *Mentor* ſhould make her loſe the ſight either of a Sign, a Look, or a Wink from *Telemachus* to the young Nymph. In the mean time *Eucharis* ſaid to *Telemachus*, as it were in jeſt; Are not you affraid of being reprov'd by *Mentor* for going out a Hunting without him? Oh! how much you are to be pitied for living under ſo rigorous a Maſter, whoſe ſevere Authority nothing can mitigate. He profeſſes himſelf an Enemy to all manner of Pleaſures, and will not ſuffer you to enjoy any, he condemns as a Crime, the moſt innocent Actions; you might indeed have ſuffer'd your ſelf to be govern'd by him, when you

you was not able to govern your ſelf; but after you have ſhew'd ſo much Wiſdom, why would you be us'd like a Child? Theſe cunning, inſinuating Words went deep into *Telemachus*'s Heart, and fill'd it with ſpite and hatred againſt *Mentor*, whoſe Yoke he was willing to ſhake off; he fear'd to ſee him again, and was ſo perplex'd that he return'd *Eucharis* no Anſwer. Whilſt they were a Hunting, every Body was in a continued hurry; but at laſt, towards the Evening they return'd home thro' that Part of the Foreſt near which *Mentor* had been working all day. *Calypſo* ſaw afar off the Ship ready built, and at that ſight her Eyes were over-ſpread with a thick Cloud, like that of gloomy Death. Her trembling Knees betray'd her ſinking Body; a cold Sweat over-ran all her Limbs; ſhe let her ſelf fall on thoſe Nymphs that ſtood about her, and as *Eucharis* reach'd her Hand to ſupport her, ſhe put it back with a dreadful Frown. *Telemachus*, who ſaw that Ship, but did not

not ſee *Mentor*, who was already gone home, having juſt finiſh'd his Work, ask'd the Goddeſs whoſe that Ship was, and what ſhe was deſign'd for? She knew not at firſt what Anſwer to make, but a while after ſhe ſaid; I caus'd her to be built to ſend away *Mentor*; you'll not be troubled any longer by that ſevere Friend who thwarts your Happineſs, and would grow jealous of you, if you ſhould become immortal. *Mentor* forſake me! I am undone! cryed *Telemachus*, Oh! *Eucharis*, if *Mentor* abandons me, I have no Friend left but you. Having let theſe Words fall in the Tranſports of his Paſſion, he ſaw preſently how much his Raſhneſs was to blame, but he was not at liberty enough to think on their meaning at firſt. All the Company was ſilent and full of ſurprize: *Eucharis* bluſh'd, and caſt her Eyes down; ſhe ſtaid behind the reſt ſpeechleſs, not daring to ſhew her ſelf: Yet whilſt her Face was full of Trouble and Confuſion, ſhe felt a ſecret Joy in her Heart. As for

Tele-

Telemachus, he could not apprehend himſelf, nor think he had ſpoke ſo indiſcreetly: what he had done ſeem'd to him as a Dream, but ſuch a Dream as fill'd him with perplexing and diſquieting Thoughts. *Calypſo*, more fierce and wild than a Lyonneſs that had her Whelps taken from her, run up and down the Foreſt, without knowing whither ſhe was going. At laſt ſhe found her ſelf at the Entrance of her Grotto, where *Mentor* expected her: Go out of my Iſland, ſaid ſhe, you Strangers, who came hither to trouble my Repoſe: Away, with that young Fool; as for you, imprudent old Man, you ſhall feel the Power of an enraged Goddeſs, unleſs you carry him away this very moment. I will neither ſee him, nor ſuffer that any of my Nymphs ſhould ſpeak to him, nor ſo much as look upon him; I ſwear by the *Stygian* Lake; an Oath which makes the Gods themſelves tremble: But know, Oh! *Telemachus*, that thy Misfortunes are not at an end: No, ungrateful Wretch, if I turn thee out of

of my Iſland, 'tis only that thou may'ſt become a Prey to new Diſaſters; then ſhall I be reveng'd; thou ſhalt wiſh again for *Calypſo*, but all in vain; *Neptune*, ſtill angry at thy Father, who offended him at *Sicily*, and ſollicited by *Venus*, whom thou didſt deſpiſe in the Iſle of *Cyprus*, prepares new Storms for thee; thou ſhalt ſee thy Father, who is ſtill alive; but tho' thou ſeeſt him, yet thou ſhalt neither know him, nor be known to him. Thou ſhalt not meet him at *Ithaca*, before thou haſt been the Sport of cruel Fortune; Depart — may all the Celeſtial Powers revenge me; may'ſt thou in the middle of the raging Sea, hang Thunderſtruck, on the ſharp Top of a Rock, invoking in vain *Calypſo*, whom thy juſt Puniſhment will fill with Joy.

Having ſpoke theſe Words, her troubled and perplexed Mind was ready to re-call what ſhe had ſaid, and put her upon Reſolutions quite oppoſite to the former; Love re-

viv'd

viv'd in her Heart the fond desire of staying *Telemachus*: Let him live, said she, to her self, let him stay here; perhaps, he may at last be sensible how much I have done for him; *Eucharis* cannot bestow Immortality upon him, as I can. Oh! too, too rash *Calypso*, thou hast betray'd thy self by thy rash Oath; thou art now engag'd, and the *Stygian* Waves by which thou hast sworn, leave thee no manner of hope. These words were heard by no Body; but one might see the Picture of a Fury in her ghastly Face, and all the pestilential Venom of black *Cocythus* seem'd to reek out of her Heart. *Telemachus* was seiz'd with Horror: She perceiv'd it; for what can be hid from a jealous Lover? And the Trouble of *Telemachus* redoubled the Transports of the Goddess. Like a furious Bacchanal who fills the Airwith frightful Roarings, and makes the *Thracian* Mountains resound with her Shrieks: Thus *Calypso* roves about the Woods with a Dart in her hand, calling all her Nymphs

and threatning to ſtrike any one that ſhall refuſe to follow her; frightned by her Threats, they all crowd after her with ſpeed; even *Eucharis* advances with Tears in her Eyes, keeping her Looks fix'd at a diſtance upon *Telemachus*, but not daring to ſpeak to him any more. The Goddeſs ſhiver'd when ſhe ſaw her, and her Fury redoubled when ſhe perceiv'd that even Grief and Affliction, ſerv'd to heighten the Beauty of her Rival.

In the mean time, *Telemachus* being alone with *Mentor*, he graſps his Knees, not daring either to imbrace him, or look upon him; he ſheds a Flood of Tears; he is going to ſpeak, but his Speech fails him; he knows not either what he does, what he ought to do, or what he would do. At laſt, he cries out; Oh! my true Father! Oh! *Mentor*, deliver me from my Miſeries! I cannot leave you, neither can I follow you; Oh rid me of my Troubles, rid me of my ſelf; ſtrike, ſtrike me dead.

Mentor

Mentor embraces him, comforts him, encourages him, teaches him how to bear with himſelf, without indulging his fond Paſſion, and tells him; Oh! Son of the wiſe *Ulyſſes*, whom the Gods have lov'd ſo much, and whom they love ſtill; 'tis out of that love they have for you, that they expoſe you to thoſe Miſeries which you now undergo; whoever is unacquainted with his own weakneſs, and the violence of his Paſſions, cannot be call'd wiſe; for he is ſtill a ſtranger to himſelf, and cannot ſtand upon his Guard againſt himſelf. The Gods have conducted you, as it were by the hand, to the very brink of a Precipice, to let you ſee the immenſe depth of it, without ſuffering you to fall into it; therefore conceive now what you could never have comprehended unleſs you had experienced it your ſelf. You have been told of the Treacheries of Love, who flatters in order to deſtroy; and who under an outward ſweetneſs, concealsthe moſt cruel and unpleaſant bitterneſs;

that charming, pernicious Boy is come hither, attended by charming Smiles, and Graces; you have ſeen him; he has robb'd you of your Heart, and your ſelf was pleas'd with his Robbery. You labour'd to find Pretences to conceal to your ſelf the feſtering Wound of your Heart; you endeavour'd to deceive me and your ſelf; you was afraid of nothing; ſee now what your Raſhneſs is come to; you call upon Death as the only Remedy to your Ills; the troubled Goddeſs is like one of the Furies of Hell; *Eucharis* is conſumed by a Fire a thouſand times more cruel than all the racking Pangs of Death; all thoſe jealous Nymphs are ready to tear one another to Pieces; and this is the work that *Cupid* makes, for all he appears ſo gentle and innocent. Summon all your Courage to your Aſſiſtance; conſider how much you are belov'd by the Gods, ſince they furniſh you with ſo fair an opportunity to avoid Love, and to return to your dear native Country; *Calypſo* her ſelf

ſelf is forc'd to ſend you away; the Ship is ready; why ſhould we ſtay any longer in an Iſland where Virtue cannot be ſafe? As he ſpoke theſe laſt Words, *Mentor* took him by the Hand, and pull'd him along toward the Sea-ſhore. *Telemachus* follow'd him unwillingly, ſtill looking behind him, and keeping his Eyes fix'd upon *Eucharis*, who went away from him; and tho' he could not ſee her Face, yet he view'd with admiration her fine Hair tied behind with a Crimſon Ribband, her looſe Garments playing with the Wind, and her noble, portly Gate; he'd fain have kiſs'd the very Ground on which ſhe went; and even when he began to loſe ſight of her, he ſtill liſtened, thinking that he heard her Voice; altho' abſent, her living Picture was preſent to his Eyes; he fancied he ſpoke to her, and was in ſuch a perplexity, and concern, that he did not mind what *Mentor* ſaid to him. At laſt, when he begun to recover, as if

wak'd out of a profound Sleep, he ſaid to *Mentor*, I am reſolv'd to follow you, but I have not yet taken my leave of *Eucharis*: I had rather die than thus ungratefully to forſake her; ſtay, I beſeech you, till I have ſeen her once more, and bidden her an eternal Farewel; at leaſt ſuffer me to tell her; Oh! Nymph! the cruel Gods, the Gods jealous of my Happineſs, force me away from you; but they may ſooner put a Period to my Life, than ever blot you out of my Memory. Oh! Father! either grant me this laſt and juſt Conſolation, or kill me now with exceſs of Grief. However, think not I will either ſtay in this Iſland, or abandon my ſelf to Love; I have no ſuch Paſſion in my Breaſt; I only feel the Effects of Friendſhip and Gratitude for *Eucharis*; I only deſire to give her Proofs of it once again, and after that I'll follow you without delay.

How much I pity you! anſwer'd *Mentor*; your Paſſion is ſo very fierce and

and violent, that you are not ſenſible of it; you think you are calm and compos'd, and yet you call upon Death; you boaſt that you are not conquer'd by *Cupid*, when you cannot leave the Nymph you love; you ſee, and hear nothing but her, and are blind and deaf to all the reſt. You are like a Man who being light-headed, through a violent Fever, cries he is not ſick: Oh! blind *Telemachus*, you are ready to renounce your Mother *Penelope*, who expects you; *Ulyſſes* whom you ſhall ſee; *Ithaca*, where you ſhall be King; and finally, thoſe great Honours, and that high Fortune, which the God's have promis'd you by thoſe many Wonders they have done in your Favour; you renounce all thoſe Advantages to lead an inglorious Life with *Eucharis*. Will you ſtill pretend that 'tis not Love that makes you concern'd to leave her? What makes you be willing to die? Why did you ſpeak with ſo much Tranſport before the Goddeſs? I do not

charge you with diſhoneſt Love, but I lament your Blindeſs: Fly, Oh! *Telemachus*, fly; for Love is a Foe not to be conquer'd but by Flight; true Courage conſiſts in flying without any deliberation, or ſo much as looking behind one, tho' at the ſame time 'tis with fear and reluctancy that one flies. You have not forgot what care I have taken of you ſince your Infancy, and what Dangers you have eſcap'd by my wiſe Counſels; either be rul'd by me, or ſuffer me to leave you; Oh! if you knew how much I grieve to ſee you run on your own Ruin, and how much I have ſuffer'd during the time. I dare not mention to you, the Pains which your Mother felt when ſhe brought you forth, which are not to be compar'd with mine. I held my Tongue; I fed upon my own Grief, and ſtifled my Sighs only to give you time to come to your ſelf again, and acknowledge your Errour. My Son, my dear Son, eaſe my

my oppreſt Heart; reſtore to me what I hold dearer than my own Life, reſtore to me my loſt *Telemachus*; reſtore your ſelf to your ſelf. If your Wiſdom can ſurmount your Love, I ſhall ſtill live happy; but if Love, hurries you away from Wiſdom, *Mentor* can no longer live. Whilſt *Mentor* was thus ſpeaking, they went on their way towards the Sea; and *Telemachus*, who was not yet confirm'd enough in his new Reſolution to follow him of himſelf, was yet willing to ſuffer himſelf to be led away without Reſiſtance. *Minerva*, who kept ſtill the Shape of *Mentor*, covering *Telemachus* with her inviſible Shield, and ſurrounding him with Beams of Divine Light, made him feel a reſolute Courage, of which he had not been ſenſible, ſince his being in that Iſland. At laſt they arrived at a very ſteep Rock, on the Sea-Shore, which was continually inſulted by the foaming Tide; they look'd from thence whether the Ship, *Mentor*;

tor had built, was ſtill in the ſame Place, but perceiv'd a very ſad Spectacle.

Cupid was nettled to the quick, not only by the unknown old Man's inſenſibility, but alſo by his robbing him of *Telemachus*; his Rage drew Tears from him, and made him run to *Calypſo*, who wandred up and down the ſhady Woods; ſhe fetched a deep Sigh as ſoon as ſhe ſaw him, and felt all her Wounds bleeding afreſh. *Cupid* told her; You are a Goddeſs, and yet you ſuffer your ſelf to be conquer'd by a feeble Mortal, who is a Priſoner in your Iſland! Why do you let him go? Oh! unlucky Boy, anſwer'd ſhe, I will hear no more of thy pernicious Counſels; 'tis thou haſt broke my ſoft and profound Tranquility, and caſt me into an endleſs Abyſs of Miſery: 'Tis now paſt recall; ſince I ſwore by the *Stygian* Flood to let *Telemachus* go. *Jove* himſelf, almighty *Jove*, the Father of the Gods, dares not to break that dread-

dreadful Oath: But as *Telemachus* go out of this Iſland, go thou away too for thou haſt done me more miſchief than he. *Cupid* having wip'd off his Tears, with a malicious Smile, told her; Truly, this is a mighty Buſineſs to be puzzled at! Leave all to my Management; keep your Oath, and do not oppoſe *Telemachus*'s Departure: Neither your Nymphs nor I have ſworn by the *Stygian* Flood to let him go; I will inſpire them with the Deſign of ſetting that Ship on fire, which *Mentor* has built in ſo much haſte; his Diligence which fill'd us with wonder, will be altogether vain; he ſhall have reaſon to wonder himſelf in his turn, and ſhall have no means left to draw *Telemachus* from you.

This flattering Speech convey'd pleaſing Hopes and Joys into the very bottom of *Calypſo*'s Heart, and allay'd the wild Fury and Deſpair of the Goddeſs, juſt as a cooling Breeze, which blows on the graſſy Margent of a purling Stream, refreſhes

freſhes a Flock of Sheep, which was ſcorch'd by exceſſive Heat. Her Aſpect became clear and ſerene; the fierceneſs of her Eyes was ſoftned; thoſe black Thoughts, and carking Cares, which prey'd upon her Heart, fled from her for a moment; ſhe ſtop'd her wandring Courſe; ſhe ſmil'd; ſhe careſs'd wanton *Cupid*, and by her Fondneſs prepar'd new Torments for her ſelf. *Cupid*, highly pleas'd with having perſuaded *Calypſo*, flew inſtantly in order to perſuade the Nymphs who were wandring and diſpers'd up and down the Mountains, like a Flock of Sheep, which the hungry, ravenous Wolves have frighted away from their Shepherd. *Cupid* gathers them together, and tells them; *Telemachus* is ſtill in your Hands; haſte, and let devouring Flames conſume the Ship which the raſh *Mentor* has built to favour his Eſcape. Thereupon they take lighted Torches in their Hands run to the Sea-ſhore, fill the Air with dreadful Roarings, and toſs about their diſhevell'd Hair like the furious Prieſteſſes of *Bacchus*:

chus : And now the greedy Flames devour the Ship which burns the more fiercely as ſhe is made of dry Wood, daub'd over with Roſin ; and a Cloud of Smoak, ſtreak'd with Flames, riſes up to the very Skies. *Telemachus*, and *Mentor* behold this Conflagration from the Top of the Rock ; and *Telemachus* heard the Shoutings of the Nymphs, he was almoſt tempted to rejoyce at it ; for his wounded Heart was not yet well cur'd, and *Mentor* perceiv'd that his Paſſion was like a Fire not quite extinguiſh'd, which now and then breaks through the Aſhes that cover'd it, and caſt forth bright Sparks of Fire. Now, ſaid *Telemachus*, muſt I return to my former Engagements, ſince we have no Hopes left to quit this Iſland. By that, *Mentor* underſtood that *Telemachus* was going to relapſe into his Follies, and that he had not one moment to loſe : He eſpy'd afar off in the main Sea, a Ship that ſtood ſtill, not daring to aproach the Shore, for all Pilots knew that the Iſle of *Calypſo* was

was inacceſſible to all Mortals. At that very inſtant the wiſe *Mentor* gave a puſh to *Telemachus*, who ſat on the ſharp end of the Rock, caſt him down into the Sea, and threw himſelf down after him. *Telemachus* amaz'd and ſtunn'd by his violent Fall, drunk great Draughts of briny Water, and was for a while toſs'd about by the Waves; but at laſt, coming to himſelf, and ſeeing *Mentor*, who reach'd him his Hand to help him to ſwim, he thought on nothing but flying from the fatal Iſland. The Nymphs who expected to have kept them Priſoners, cry'd and howl'd with great Fury, being enrag'd at the diſappointment. The diſconſolate *Calypſo* return'd into her Grotto, which ſhe fill'd with hideous Roarings. *Cupid*, who ſaw his Triumph turn'd into a ſhameful Defeat, ſhook his Wings, through the yielding Air, flew to the ſacred Grove of *Idalia*, where his cruel Mother expected him. The Son ſtill more cruel than the Mother, comforted himſelf with ſmiling with her

at

at all the Miſchief they had done. As *Telemachus* went farther off from the Iſland, he felt with ſecret Pleaſure both his Courage and his Love for Virtue, reviving in his Heart. I am ſenſible, cryed he to *Mentor*, of what you told me, and which I could not believe for want of Experience: There is no other way to conquer Vice, but by flying from it. Oh! Father! How kind the Gods were to me, when they gave me your Aſſiſtance, though by Folly I deſerv'd to be depriv'd of it, and be left alone to my ſelf. I fear now, neither the Sea, the Winds, nor the Storm; I only am affraid of my own Paſſions; but of all Paſſions, Love is more dangerous than a thouſand Wrecks.

The Ship that ſtood ſtill, and towards which they ſwam, was a *Phenician* Bottom bound to *Epirus*. Thoſe *Phenicians* who were Abroad her had ſeen *Telemachus* in his Voyage to *Egypt*, but could not know him amidſt the Waves. As ſoon as *Mentor* came within hearing, he lifted up his Head out of the Water, and with a ſtrong

Voice

Voice cry'd to them; Oh! *Phenicians*! You who at all times are ready to give Aſſiſtance to all other Nations, do not deny your Help to two Men who expect their ſafety from your Humanity; if you have any Reſpect for the Gods receive us into your *Ship*; we will go along with you where-ever you go: The Commander of the *Ship* anſwer'd, We will receive you with joy, for we are not ignorant how we ought to relieve *Strangers* in your unfortunate Condition; and ſo they took them up into their *Ship*. They were ſcarce got into her, when their Breath was quite ſpent; for they had ſwam a long while, and ſtruggled with the fierce Waves. By degrees they recover'd their *Spirits*; they had other Cloaths given them, for theirs were ſoak'd through by the briny Water, which dropp'd on every ſide. As ſoon as they were able to ſpeak, all the *Phenicians* crowded about 'em, deſiring to know their Adventures. Among the reſt, the Commander told 'em; How could you enter the Iſland from which you now came?

came? It is ſaid to be poſſeſs'd by a cruel Goddeſs, who never ſuffers any Mortal to land there; beſides, it is incompaſs'd, by huge craggy Rocks, which are continually inſulted by the wanton Waves, and not to be approached without ſplitting againſt them. You ſay true, anſwer'd *Mentor*, for 'twas by a Storm we were caſt upon that Coaſt, and our Wreck gave us Enterance into the Iſland. We are *Grecians*; the Iſle of *Ithaca*, which lies near *Epirus*, (whither you are bound) is our Country. If you are unwilling to touch at *Ithaca*, which is in your way, we are contented to be carried into *Epirus*, where we have Friends who will take care to furniſh us with all Neceſſaries for our ſhort paſſage from thence to *Ithaca*; and we will for ever be oblig'd to you for the bliſful Sight of what we hold moſt dear in the World. All this while *Telemachus* was ſilent, and let *Mentor* ſpeak; for thoſe Faults he had committed in the Iſle of *Calypſo*, had made him much wiſer; he diſtruſted his own ſelf

ſelf; he was ſenſible how much he wanted the prudent Counſels of *Mentor*; and when he could not ſpeak to him to ask his Advice, he conſulted his Eyes, and endeavour'd to gueſs at his Thoughts.

The *Phenician* Maſter of the Ship fixing his Eyes upon *Telemachus*, remembred he had ſeen him ſomewhere; but 'twas a confus'd Remembrance which he knew not how to clear: Give me leave, ſaid he to *Telemachus*, to ask you whether you remember you ſaw me before, for methinks I am no Stranger to your Face, tho' I cannot tell where I have ſeen you; perhaps your Memory will help out mine. *Telemachus* anſwer'd him with joy and ſurprize. When I firſt look'd upon you, I was as much puzzled about your Face, as you are about mine; I'm ſure I have ſeen you: I know you again, but cannot call to mind, whether in *Egypt* or at *Tyre*. Thereupon the *Phenician*, like a Man who wakes in the Morning, and by degrees calls back the Dreams of the Night which begun to fly away, cry'd out

out on a ſudden, You are *Telemachus*, for whom *Narbal* conceiv'd ſo great a Love, when we return'd from *Egypt*; I am his Brother of whom he has undoubtedly ſpoken to you often, ſince I left you with him, after the Expedition into *Egypt*. My Affairs carried me to the Extremity of the Seas, into the famous *Betica*, near the *Herculean* Pillars; ſo that I did but juſt ſee you, and 'tis no wonder I was ſo puzzled to know you again at firſt ſight.

I perceive, anſwer'd *Telemachus*, that you are *Adoam*: I had but a glimpſe of you, but I know you by the Diſcourſe I had with *Narbal*: Oh! how I am fill'd with Joy to hear News from a Man who ſhall ever be ſo very dear to me: Is he ſtill in *Tyre*? Is he no more expos'd to the barbarous Treatment of the cruel *Pygmalion*? *Adoam*, interrupting him, ſaid: Know, Oh; *Telemachus*! that Fortune has entruſted you with one who will take all the Care imaginable of you; I will carry you to *Ithaca*, before I go to *Epirus*, and *Narbal*'s Brother

Brother will love you no leſs than *Narbal* himſelf. Having thus ſpoken, he took notice that the Wind, for which he waited, began to blow; whereupon he gave Orders for weighing of the Anchors, and unfurling of the Sails; which done, the Rowers ply'd their Oars amain, and cut the yielding Floods. After that he took *Telemachus* and *Mentor* to entertain them aſide: I am going, ſaid he, addreſſing himſelf to *Telemachus*, to ſatisfie your Curioſity; *Pygmalion* is no more, the juſt Gods have rid Mankind of him; as he truſted no Man, no Man would truſt him neither; The Good were contented to groan in ſilence, and fly his Cruelties, without endeavouring to do him any Miſchief; the Wicked thought they had no other way to ſecure their Lives, than by putting a Period to his; there was not a *Tyrian* but was every Day expos'd to fall a Sacrifice to his Diſtruſt; his very Guards were more expos'd than any Body elſe; for his Life being in their Power, he fear'd them

them more than all the reſt of Men, and upon the leaſt ſuſpicion he Sacrific'd them to his ſafety; nevertheleſs he could not find himſelf ſafe any where, ſince thoſe who were the Truſtees of his Life, being in a continual Danger, they could not get out of their uneaſy Condition, but by preventing the Tyrants cruel ſuſpicions, and putting him to Death.

The impious *Aſtarbe*, whom you have ſo often heard mention'd, was the firſt who reſolv'd upon the Death of the King; ſhe was paſſionately in Love with a young *Tyrian Joazar* by Name, a Man of great Wealth, whom ſhe hop'd to place on the Throne. The better to ſucceed in her Deſign, ſhe perſuaded the King, that the eldeſt of his two Sons, nam'd *Phadael*, impatient to wear the Crown, had conſpir'd againſt his Life; ſhe procur'd falſe Witneſſes to prove the Conſpiracy, ſo that the unhappy Father put to Death his innocent Son; the Second, nam'd *Baleaſar*, was ſent to *Samos*, under pretence of learning the Manners, Cuſtoms

and

and Sciences of *Greece*, but indeed because *Aſtarbe* gave the King to underſtand that his Safety requir'd he ſhould be remov'd from Court for fear he ſhould enter into combinations with the Malecontents. As ſoon as he was embarkt, thoſe who commanded the Ship being corrupted by that cruel Woman, took Meaſures in order to be Ship-wrack'd in the Night, and having caſt the young Prince over-board, they ſav'd their Lives by Swimming to other Barks that waited for them. In the mean time *Pygmalion* was the only Perſon that was unacquainted with *Aſtarbe*'s Amours; he fancied ſhe would never love any Man but him; and that diſtruſtful Prince, was blinded by Love to ſuch a Degree, that he repoſed an intire Confidence in that wicked Woman. Yet at the ſame time his extreme Avarice prompted him to make away with *Jouzar* (whom *Aſtarbe* lov'd with ſo much Paſſion) in order to ſeize upon his vaſt Riches. But while *Pygmalion* was tortur'd by Diſtruſt, Love and Avarice, *Aſtarbe* thought it convenient

to

to put him to Death with all ſpeed. She was apprehenſive of his diſcovering her infamous Amours with that young Man; and beſides, ſhe knew the King's covetous Temper was by its ſelf ſufficient to entice him to exerciſe his Cruelty upon *Joazar*; therefore ſhe concluded ſhe had not one Moment to loſe to prevent him. She ſaw the chief-Officers of his Houſhold willing to embrue their Hands in the King's Blood; ſhe heard every Day of ſome new Conſpiracy or other, but ſhe was affraid of truſting any Body, leſt ſhe ſhould be betray'd. At laſt, ſhe thought it moſt ſafe to Poyſon *Pygmalion* her ſelf. He was us'd to Diet by himſelf with her, and dreſs'd all his Victuals with his own Hands, not daring to truſt any Body elſe; he lockt himſelf up in the remoteſt Part of his Palace, the better to conceal his Diſtruſt, and that he might not be obſerv'd whilſt he was Dreſſing his Victuals. He depriv'd himſelf of all Dainties and Delicacies, being affraid to taſte of any thing that was not of

his

own Cooking. Thus not only all manner of Meats dreſt by others, but alſo Wine, Bread, Salt, Oyl, Milk, and other ordinary Aliments were of no uſe to him. He liv'd only upon Fruit which he gather'd with his own Hands in his Garden, or Pulſe and Roots which he had ſav'd. Now his Drink was nothing but Water, he drew himſelf out of a Fountain, which was inclos'd within his Palace, and of which he always kept the Key. Altho' he ſeem'd to confide very much in *Aſtarbe*, yet he u'sd all poſſible Precautions againſt her; he always caus'd her to taſte of every thing that was ſerv'd at his Table, that he might not be poyſon'd without her, and that all Hopes of ſurviving him might be taken away from her. But to baffle his Precaution ſhe took an Antidote, which an old Woman, ſtill more wicked than her ſelf, and the Confident of her Amours, furniſh'd her with: After that ſhe poyſon'd the King with great aſſurance in this manner. When they were

juſt

juſt going to ſit down to take their Repaſt, the old Woman, of whom I ſpoke before, came on a ſudden and made a great Noiſe at one of the Doors: The King who was ever in fear of being Aſſaſſinated, was preſently alarm'd and ran to that Door to ſee whether it was faſt enough: The old Woman retired, the King remain'd troubled and ſpeechleſs, and not knowing what to think of the Noiſe he had heard, yet he durſt not open the Door to be inform'd. *Aſtarbe* cheer'd him up, and with fond Careſſes perſuaded him to Eat: Now, whilſt the King was gone to the Door, ſhe had Poyſon'd his Golden-Cup, and ſo when he bid her Drink Firſt, ſhe obey'd without any Fear, truſting to the Antidote. *Pygmalion* drunk after her, and a little while after fainted away. *Aſtarbe*, who knew his cruel Temper, and that he would kill her upon the leaſt Suſpicion, begins to rend her Clothes, tears off her Hair, and bemoans her ſelf in a moſt hideous manner; ſhe claſp'd and huggd the

dying King in her Arms, and bathed him with a Flood of Tears; for this cunning Woman had always Tears at Command. At laſt, when ſhe perceiv'd that the King's Strength and Spirits were exhauſted, and that he was ready to give up the Ghoſt, fearing leſt he ſhould recover, and force her to die with him, ſhe gave over her endearing Fondneſs, and the tendereſt Marks of Love, and having put on horrid Cruelty, ruſht upon him with Fury, and ſtifled him. Afterwards ſhe pluck'd the Royal Signet off his Finger, took the Diadem off his Head, and call'd in *Joazar*, to whom ſhe gave them both. She thought all thoſe who before made their Court to her, would certainly favour her Paſſion, and that her Lover would be proclaim'd King; but thoſe who had been moſt forward in humouring her, were mean and Mercenary Souls, and therefore incapable of a ſincere and conſtant Affection. Beſides, they wanted Courage and Reſolution; they fear'd the Haughtineſs,

tineſs, Diſſimulation and Cruelty of that impious Woman, ſo that all wiſh'd her Death to ſecure their own Lives. In the mean time, a dreadful Tumult fills the whole Palace; The King is Dead, the King is Dead, is the general Cry: Some are frighted; others run to their Arms; all ſeem to be in Pain about the Conſequence of it, but tranſported with the News; buſy Fame carries it about upon her Wings through all the great City of *Tyre*; every Body ſpeaks of the King's being Poyſon'd, but not one is found that is concern'd at it. His Death is at once the Deliverance and the general Comfort of the People. *Narbal* deeply affected with ſo terrible an Accident, deplor'd, like a good Man, the Misfortunes of *Pigmalion*, who had betray'd himſelf by committing his Safety to the impious *Aſtarbe*; and had choſen to be a dreadful and fierce Tyrant, rather than the Father of his People, which is a Duty incumbent on a King. He therefore conſulted the good of the State, and haſtned to aſſemble all good and publick-ſpirited Men to op-

poſe *Aſtarbe*, under whom they were like to ſee a more cruel Government, than that to which ſhe had put a Period.

Baleazar did not Drown when he was caſt into the Sea; and thoſe who aſſur'd *Aſtarbe* that he was Dead, did it only upon a meer Conjecture: But by the Favour of the Night, he ſav'd himſelf by Swimming; and ſome *Cretan* Fiſher-men mov'd with Compaſſion receiv'd him into their Bark. He durſt not return into his Father's Kingdom, ſuſpecting with Reaſon, that his Ship-wrack was contriv'd by his Enemies; and fearing no leſs the cruel Jealouſy of *Pigmalion*, than the Stratagems of *Aſtarbe*, He remain'd a long while wandring and unknown on the Sea-Coaſt of *Syria*, where the *Cretan* Fiſher-men had left him: And to get a Livelihood he was reduc'd to the Condition of a Shepherd. At laſt he found a way to let *Narbal* know he was alive, and what Condition he was in, for he could not but think his Secret and and his Life ſafe with a Man of his undoubted Virtue and Integrity. *Narbal*, tho'

tho' ill us'd by the Father, had nevertheleſs a Love and Reſpect for the Son whoſe Intereſt he all along conſulted; but he took care of him only to keep him from being wanting in his Duty to his Father, and upon that Score he perſwaded him to bear patiently with his hard Fortune. *Baleazar* had ſent *Narbal* Word, that if he thought it ſafe for him to come to *Tyre*, he would ſend him a golden Ring, upon the Receipt of which he would go to meet him. *Narbal* did not judge it convenient to invite *Baleazar* to come whilſt *Pigmalion* was alive, for by that means he would have brought both that Prince's Life, and his own into certain Danger, ſo difficult a thing it was to avoid *Pigmalion*'s Suſpicions and Cruelty; but as ſoon as that wretched Prince had made an end ſuitable to what his Crimes deſerv'd, *Narbal* ſent the golden Ring to *Baleazar* with all ſpeed. Upon the Receipt of it, *Baleazar* came away immediately, and arriv'd before the Gates of *Tyre*, when all the City was in an Uproar about *Pigmalion*'s Succeſſor. *Baleazar*

was ſoon acknowledged by the chief Citizens of *Tyre*, and by the whole People. He was belov'd, not upon the account of the late King his Father, who had the univerſal Hatred, but becauſe of his Gentleneſs and Moderation. His very Misfortunes ſerv'd, in a great meaſure, to give a heightening Brightneſs to all his good Qualities, and to touch all the *Tyrians* with a deep ſenſe of Compaſſion for his paſt Sufferings. *Narbal* aſſembled the chief Men among the People, the old Men of the City-Council, and the Prieſts of the Goddeſs of *Phenicia*. They ſaluted *Baleazar* as their King, and caus'd him to be proclaim'd ſuch by their Heralds; the People anſwer'd them with repeated Acclamations, which reach'd the Ears of *Aſtarbe*, even into the remoteſt part of the Palace, where ſhe was lockt in with her baſe and infamous *Joazar*. All the wicked Men whom ſhe had made uſe of during *Pigmalion*'s Life, had already forſaken her; for the Wicked do naturally hate and fear the Wicked, and never wiſh to ſee them in Authority,

ty, becauſe they know how much they would abuſe their Power, and how far they would extend their Violence. As for good Men, the Wicked think them better for their Turn, becauſe upon occaſion they hope to find in them Indulgence and Moderation. *Aſtarbe* had no Body left about her but the moſt notorious Accomplices of her enormous Crimes, who were continually in fearful Expectation of their deſerved Puniſhment. The Gates of the Palace being broke open, thoſe profligate Wretches durſt not make a long Reſiſtance, and only endeavour'd to run away. *Aſtarbe*, with the Habit of a Slave, would have made her Eſcape through the Crowd, but being diſcovered by a Soldier, ſhe was preſently ſecur'd, and 'twas with much ado that *Narbal* kept her from being torn in pieces by the enrag'd Multitude, who began already to drag her along in the Mire. In this Extremity ſhe deſir'd to ſpeak with *Baleazar*, thinking ſhe might dazzle him by her Charms, and amuſe him with the hopes that ſhe

would discover some important Secrets to him. At first, besides her Beauty, she display'd such soft and gentle Modesty as would have melted the fiercest Anger. She flatter'd *Baleazar* with the nicest and most insinuating Commendations; how much she represented to him *Pigmalion* lov'd her; she conjur'd him by his Father's Ashes to take Pity on her; she invok'd the Gods, as if she had a sincere Adoration for them; she shed Floods of bitter Tears; she grasp'd the Knees of the new King, and us'd all her Artifice to render his best affected Servants both suspected and odious to him. She accus'd *Narbal* of being entred into a Conspiracy against *Pigmalion*, and endeavouring to withdraw the People from their Obedience to *Baleazar*, in order to make himself King; she added, that he design'd to poyson that ỹoung Prince; and invented such other Calumnies to asperse all the rest of the *Tyrians*, who were addicted to Virtue. She hoped to have found the Heart of *Baleazar* susceptible of the same Distrust and Suspicions, which she

ſhe had found in the King his Father. But *Baleazar* not being able to bear any longer with the black Malice of that wicked Woman; he interrupted her, and call'd for a Guard to ſecure her. Being ſent to Priſon, the wiſeſt old Men were appointed to examine all her Actions: They found with Horror that ſhe had poiſon'd and ſtifled *Pigmalion*; and the whole Series of her Life appear'd to be a continual Courſe of monſtrous Villany. They were ready to ſentence her to ſuffer the Puniſhment which is inflicted on great Offenders in *Phenicia*, that is, to be burnt alive by a lingring Fire; but when ſhe ſaw ſhe had no manner of Hopes left, ſhe became fierce and mad like a Fury, and ſwallow'd down a Poyſon which ſhe us'd to carry about her with deſign to make away with her ſelf, in caſe they would put her to lingring Torments. Thoſe who guarded her, took notice that ſhe was in a violent Pain, and offer'd to give her eaſe; but ſhe would never anſwer their Queſtions; only by Signs ſhe let them underſtand that ſhe

would receive no Relief. They mention'd to her the juſt and avenging Gods whom ſhe had anger'd; but inſtead of ſhewing any Trouble or Sorrow that might atone for her Crimes, ſhe look'd upon Heaven with Pride and Contempt, as it were to inſult the Almighty Powers. An impious Rage over-ſpread her dying Face; there was not the leaſt remainder of that excellent Beauty which had been the Deſtruction of ſo many Men; all her Graces were wholly defac'd; her faint, hollow Eyes roll'd in their Orbits with wild, ſtaring Looks; a convulſive Motion ſhook her Lips, and kept her Mouth open in a hideous manner; all her Face ſhrivell'd and wrinkled, yielded a ghaſtly proſpect by its continual Diſtortions; a dead Coldneſs and Paleneſs had ſeiz'd all her Limbs; ſometimes ſhe ſeem'd to gather freſh Spirits, and come to her ſelf again; but 'twas only a faint ſtruggle of Nature, which ſpent it ſelf into hideous Howlings; at laſt ſhe expir'd, leaving all the Spectators full of Horror and Fear. Without

out doubt her impious * *Manes* went down into those Places of Sorrow, where the cruel *Danaids* do eternally draw Water with Vessels full of Holes; where *Ixion* continually turns his Wheel; where *Tantalus* flaming with Thirst, can never catch the wanton Water that flies his eager Lips; where *Sisyphus* vainly rolls up to the Top of a Mountain a Stone which tumbles down again continually; and where *Titius* will for ever feel a Vultur preying upon his growing Liver. *Baleazar* being deliver'd of that Monster, return'd the God's Thanks by innumerable Sacrifices. His Conduct at the beginning of his Reign was quite different from *Pigmalion*'s; he applies himself to the promoting of Trade, which languish'd and decay'd more and more every day; he consults with *Narbal* about the most important Affairs; and yet he is not govern'd by him; for he will see every thing with his own Eyes; he hears every Body's Opinion, but reserves the deciding Vote to himself: he is generally belov'd by his People, and

* *Ghost.*

and being Master of their hearts, he enjoys more Riches than ever his Father heap'd up with his cruel and insatiable Avarice; for there is never a Family but what would part with all they have if he happen'd to be reduc'd to a pressing Necessity. Thus what he suffers them to enjoy is more at his command, than if he should forcibly take it from them. He needs not use any Precaution, or be solicitous to secure his Life, for he has still the safest Guard about him, which is the Love of his Subjects; every one of them being affraid to lose him, and therefore willing to hazard his own Life to preserve that of so good a King. He lives happy with his People, and all his People live happy under him. He is ever afraid of burthening his People, whereas they are affraid of giving him too little a share in their Estates. He lets them live in Plenty, and this Plenty makes them neither refractory nor insolent; for they are Laborious, addicted to Trade, and stedfast in the keeping of their ancient Laws pure and intire. *Phenicia*

has

has now recover'd the height of her Greatneſs and Glory, and 'tis to her young King, and to *Narbal* who governs under him, that ſhe owes all her Proſperities. Oh! *Telemachus*, if he could now ſee and embrace you, with how much Joy would he load you with Preſents! What a Pleaſure would it be to him to ſend you back into your own Country! Am I not then very fortunate in doing, what he would have done himſelf, in going to the Iſle of *Ithaca*, there to place on the Throne the Son of *Ulyſſes*, that he may Reign there as wiſely as *Baleazar* Reigns in *Tyre*?

Adoam having thus ſpoken, *Telemachus* highly pleas'd with his Story, and much more with the Marks of Friendſhip he receiv'd from him, embrac'd him with great Tenderneſs and Affection; and their repeated Expreſſions of mutual Kindneſs being over, *Adoam* ask'd him what extraordinary Adventure had led him into the Iſland of *Calypſo*. *Telemachus*? in his turn, gave him the Story of his departure from

Tyre,

Tyre, and his going over to the Isle of *Cyprus*: He related to him, his meeting again with *Mentor*; Their Voyage into *Crete*; The publick Games for the Election of a new King after *Idomeneus*'s Flight; *Venus*'s Anger; Their Shipwrack; The kind and joyful Welcom *Calypso* had made them; The Jealousie of that Goddess against one of her Nymphs, and *Mentor*'s throwing his Friend into the Sea as soon as he espied the *Phenician* Ship.

After they had given each other the respective Stories of their Adventures, *Adoam* caus'd a magnificent Entertainment to be serv'd up; and the better to express his excessive Joy, he procur'd all the Pleasures that could be had whilst they were at Table; during which time they were attended by young *Phenician* Boys clad in white; they burnt the most exquisite Frankincense of *Arabia*; all the Rowers Seats were filled with Musicians playing on the Flute. *Architoas* now and then interrupted them by the sweet Harmony of his Voice and his Lyre, fit to enter-

entertain the Gods at their Revels, and even to pleaſe the Ears of *Apollo* himſelf. The *Tritons*, the *Nereids*, all the Deities who obey the Command of *Neptune*, and the Sea-Monſters themſelves forſook their watry deep Grotto's, and came in Shoals round the Ship, charm'd by this Divine Melody. A Company of young *Phenicians*, of an excellent Beauty, and clad in fine Lawn, as white as the driven Snow, danc'd for a long time ſeveral Dances of their own Country; afterwards they danc'd after the *Ægyptian* manner; and, laſt of all, after the *Grecian*. Now and then the loud Trumpets made the Waves reſound with their Clangors as far as the diſtant Shore. The dead of ſilent Night, the ſtilneſs of the Sea, the trembling Light of the Moon which play'd on the ſurface of the Water, and the Azure Blew of the Skies, ſtudded with bright twinkling Stars, ſerv'd to heighten the Nobleneſs and Majeſty of the Shew. *Telemachus* being of a quick and ſprightly Temper eaſily affected with the Impreſſions of ſenſual Objects, reliſh'd all thoſe Pleaſures

ſures with delight; but he durſt not indulge himſelf too far in the enjoying of them, ſince he had experienc'd to his Grief and Shame in the Iſle of *Calypſo*, how ready Youth is to be inflam'd. He was ſhy and afraid, even of the moſt innocent Pleaſures, and ſuſpected every Thing. He look'd upon *Mentor*, and conſulted both his Face and his Eyes to know what he ought to think of all thoſe Pleaſures. *Mentor* was not a little pleas'd to ſee him in that Perplexity, but made as if he did not take notice of it; at laſt mov'd with *Telemachus*'s Moderation, he told him with a Smile, I perceive what you are afraid of; nay, I applaud your Fear; but however, you muſt have a care not to carry it too far. No Man can ever wiſh more earneſtly than I, that you enjoy thoſe ſoft and moderate Pleaſures that will leave you the uſe of your Reaſon, and can never turn you into a furious Brute; 'tis now convenient you ſhould refreſh your ſelf after all your Troubles and Fatigue; reliſh with a grateful Complaiſance to *Adoam*, all thoſe Enjoyments he offers you;

you; be merry, *Telemachus*, be merry and rejoyce; Virtue is neither moroſe, auſtere, nor affected: 'Tis ſhe yields true Pleaſures, ſhe alone knows how to ſeaſon and temper them, to make them ſolid and laſting; ſhe knows how to mix Mirth and Sports with the moſt important and ſerious Affairs; ſhe prepares us for Pleaſure by Labour, and refreſhes the Hardſhips of Labour by Pleaſure; Wiſdom it ſelf is not aſham'd to be gay and ſprightly upon occaſion. Having ſpoke theſe words, *Mentor* took up a Harp and touch'd it with ſuch exquiſite Art, that *Architoas* ſtung with Jealouſie, let his drop from his Hands, his Eyes were flaming with ſpite, his troubled Face turn'd pale, then bluſh'd, and then turn'd pale again; and every Body would have taken notice of his Pain and Confuſion, but that at the ſame moment *Mentor*'s Harp had raviſh'd into an extaſie the Soul of all the Aſſiſtants. No Man ſcarce durſt draw Breath for fear of interrupting the profound Silence, and ſo loſing the leaſt Note of the Divine Song;

Song; all were ſtill in pain leſt he ſhould end it too ſoon. *Mentor*'s Voice had no effeminate ſoftneſs, but was flexible, mellow, and ſtrong; and he us'd it with ſuch Art, that he humour'd to admiration every thing he ſung. He at firſt rehears'd the Praiſes of mighty *Jove*, the Father and King both of Gods and Men, who with a Nod ſhakes the whole Univerſe: Afterwards he repreſented *Minerva* coming out of his Head, that is, Wiſdom, which that ſupreme God creates within himſelf, and which iſſues from him to inſtruct thoſe Men who are willing to be taught. *Mentor* ſung all thoſe Truths in ſuch divine and lofty Strains, that the whole Aſſembly thought themſelves tranſported to the very Top of *Olympus*, before the Face of great *Jupiter*, whoſe Looks are as piercing as his Thunder. Next to that he ſung the Misfortune of young *Narciſſus*, who being fondly ſmitten with his own Beauty, which he was continually viewing in a Fountain, conſum'd himſelf with Grief, and was chang'd into a Flower that bears his Name.

Name. Laſtly, he ſung the fatal Death of fair *Adonis*, whom a fierce wild Boar tore in Pieces, and whom *Venus*, being paſſionately in love with, could never bring to life again, with all the bitter Complaints ſhe put up to Heaven.

None of them who heard him were able to contain their Tears; and every one felt a ſecret Pleaſure in Weeping, when he had done ſinging. The *Phenicians* look'd upon one another full of Wonder and Amazement: One ſaid, this is *Orpheus*, for thus with his Harp he us'd to tame fierce Beaſts, and draw after him both Trees and Stones. 'Tis thus he enchanted *Cerberus*: ſuſpended for a while the Torments of *Ixion*, and of the *Danaids*; and mov'd the inexorable *Pluto*, to let the fair *Euridice* go out of Hell. Another cry'd: No, 'tis *Linus* the Son of *Apollo*; to whom ſome body anſwer'd, You are miſtaken: this muſt be *Apollo* himſelf. *Telemachus*'s Surprize was little leſs than that of the reſt, for he never knew before that *Mentor* could play on the Harp with ſo much Maſtery. *Architoas*, who by this

this time had conceal'd his Jealouſie, began to give *Mentor* thoſe Commendations he deſerv'd; but he could not praiſe him without bluſhing, neither was he able to make an end of his Diſcourſe. *Mentor*, who ſaw what trouble he was in, began to interrupt him, and endeavour'd to comfort him by commending his Muſick. However, his Praiſes did not comfort *Architoas*, for he was ſenſible that *Mentor* ſurpaſs'd him yet more by his Modeſty, than by the Charms of his Voice.

In the mean time *Telemachus* ſaid to *Adoam*, I remember you ſpoke to me of a Voyage you made into *Betica*, ſince we came away from *Ægypt*; and becauſe *Betica* is a Country of which common Fame relates ſo many incredible Wonders, vouchſafe to tell me what we muſt believe of them. I will be extream glad, reply'd *Adoam*, to give you a deſcription of that famous Country, which deſerves your Curioſity, and which is much beyond what Fame proclaims about it; whereupon he began thus: ——

The

The River *Betis* runs through a fruitful Land, and under a temperate and ever-ſerene Sky: The Country has its Name from the River, which diſcharges its Waters into the great Ocean near the famous Pillars of *Hercules*, and about that Place where the furious Sea breaking thro' its Banks, divided heretofore the Land of *Tarſis* from *Great Africa*. This Country ſeems to have preſerv'd the Delights of the Golden Age; here Winters are Luke-warm, and the fierce Northern Winds never rage in it; the ſcorching Heat of the Summer is ever allay'd by refreſhing *Zephires*, which fan the ſweltry Air towards Noon; ſo that the whole Year is but a happy Hymen betwixt Spring and Autumn, which ſeem ever to go hand in hand. The Land, both in the Vallies and the Plains, yields every Year a double Harveſt; the Hills are over-ſpread with numerous Flocks of Sheep, whoſe fine Wool is a choice Commodity among all Nations of the known World. There are a great many Mines of Gold and Silver in that

happy

happy Country; but its rude Inhabitants, contented and happy with their Plainneſs, diſdain to count Gold or Silver among their Riches, and only value what is really neceſſary to anſwer the Wants of Humane Nature. When we firſt began to Trade with that Nation, we found Gold and Silver employ'd among them about the ſame uſes as Iron; as for example, for Plow-ſhares, *&c.* As they had no outward Trade, ſo they wanted no Coin; moſt of them are either Shepherds or Husband-men; Artificers and Tradeſmen are but few in this Country; for they only tolerate thoſe Arts which procure the Neceſſaries of Life; and beſides; tho' moſt of the Inhabitants either follow Agriculture, or the tending of Herds and Flocks, yet they are skill'd in thoſe Arts which are ſerviceable for the ſupport of their plain and frugal way of living. The Women ſpin that ſilky Wool I told you of; and make extraordinary fine and white Stuffs; they bake Bread, dreſs Victuals; and all thoſe Labours are eaſie to them; for in this Country

their

their ordinary Food is Fruit and Milk; out of the Leather of their Sheep, they make thin Shoes for themſelves, their Husbands and their Children; they maks Tents, ſome of waxed Skins, and others of Barks of Trees; they waſh the Cloaths, keep the Houſes in order, and ſweet and clean to admiration, and make Garments for all the Family; thoſe Garments are eaſily made; for in this ſweet and happy Climate, they only wear a thin and light Piece of Stuff, neither cut nor ſow'd; and which, for Modeſty's ſake, every one laps about his Body in long folds, and in what form he pleaſes. The Men, beſides Husbandry, and the tending of the Herds and Flocks, have no other Arts to exerciſe but the Working and Faſhioning of Wood and Iron; and even in theſe they ſeldom make any uſe of Fire, unleſs it be for Tools neceſſary for Husbandry. All thoſe Arts which belong to Architecture are altogether uſeleſs to them, for they never build Houſes; it argues, ſay they, too great a Fondneſs for the Earth, to build a Dwelling

Dwelling upon it much more laſting than ones ſelf; it is ſufficient to have a Shelter againſt the Injuries of the Air. As for all other Arts, ſo much eſteem'd among the *Grecians*, the *Ægyptians*, and and other civiliz'd Nations, they abhor and deteſt them as the Inventions of Pride and Effeminacy. When they hear of Nations that have the skill of raiſing magnificent Building; and can make Gold and Silver, Houſhold Goods, Stuffs dorn'd with Imbroidery and precious Stones, exquiſite Perfumes, delicious and dainty Diſhes of Meat, and Inſtruments of Muſick, whoſe Harmony inchants the Soul, they anſwer in theſe words; Thoſe Nations are unhappy, thus to have beſtow'd ſo much Time, Labour and Induſtry, upon the corrupting of themſelves; thoſe Superfluities ſoften, intoxicate and torment the Poſſeſſors of them, and tempt thoſe that are depriv'd of them to acquire them by Injuſtice and Violence: And how can that be called a Good, which ſerves only to make Men wicked? The Men of thoſe Countries, are they more

ſound

ſound, ſtrong and robuſt than we? Do they live longer? And are they better united among themſelves? Is their Life more free from Cares, more peaceful, and more jovial and merry? Nay, on the Contrary, they muſt needs be jealous of one another, devour'd by ſhameful and black Envy, ever diſquieted and tortur'd by Ambition, Fears and Avarice, and incapable of enjoying plain, unmixt and ſolid Pleaſures, ſince they are Slaves to ſo many ſham Neceſſaries, on which they make all their Felicity depend. Thus 'tis, continued *Adoam*, that theſe wiſe Men ſpeak, who owe all their Wiſdom to their diligent Study of Nature; they have an abhorrence for our Politeneſs, and it muſt be confeſt that theirs has ſomething great in their admirable Plainneſs; they live all together without dividing the Land; every Family is govern'd by its Chief, who is real King of it; the Father of the Family has the power to puniſh any of his Children or Grand-children, that commits a Fault, but before he inflicts the Puniſhmen-

niſhment, he adviſes with the reſt of the Family: 'Tis rare indeed that there is any Puniſhment; for Innocence of Manners, Truth, Honeſty, Integrity, Obedience and Abhorrence of Vice dwell in this happy Place, and it ſeems as if *Aſtrea*, who is ſaid to have retir'd into Heaven, lies yet conceal'd here among theſe People: There is no need of Judges amongſt them, for their own Conſciences Judge 'em: All their Goods are in Common; the Fruits of the Trees, the Grain, Pulſe of the Earth, the Milk of the Herds are ſo abounding, that a People ſo Sober and ſo Moderate have no occaſion to divide 'em; each moving family in this happy Country, carry their Tents from one place to another, when they have eaten up the Paſturage, and conſum'd the Fruits of that part whence they came, ſo that it is not their Intereſt to maintain one againſt t'other; and if they all love one another with a brotherly Love, which nothing can interrupt, 'tis the contempt of vain Riches and of deceitful Pleaſures, which confirm 'em in this Peace, Union and Liberty. They are all free, and all equal

qual, and there is no other difference among 'em than that alone which the Experience of the Grave, old Men, or the extraordinary Wiſdom of ſome young Men makes, who being accompliſh'd in all Virtue, equal the old Men: The cruel Outcries of Fraud, Violence, Perjury, Law-ſuits and Wars, are never heard in this Country cheriſh'd by the Gods: No human Blood ever ſtain'd this Land, no, not ſo much as the Blood of innocent Lambs: When they hear of bloody Battles, devouring Conqueſts, of the overthrow of States, which are frequent in all other Nations, they are amaz'd. What ſay they, are not Men ſubject enough to Mortality, without precipitating one another to Death? Life that is ſo ſhort ſeems to them too long. Are they ſent here upon Earth to tear one another in Pieces, and ſo make themſelves mutually Miſerable? Nor could theſe People of *Betica* imagine why thoſe Conquerors, who ſubjugate great Empites, ſhou'd be ſo much admir'd: What a Folly 'tis, ſaid they, for a Man to place his Happineſs in governing other Men, the Government of

whom is ſo very troubleſome, if they are govern'd by Reaſon, and according to Juſtice: But how can he take Pleaſure in governing them againſt their Wills? 'Tis all that a wiſe Man ought to do, to ſubmit himſelf to govern a docile People, of whom the Gods have given him Charge, or a People who entreat him to be as a Father or Shepherd to 'em; but to govern a People againſt their Will, is to make himſelf moſt Miſerable, to gain a falſe Honour for keeping them in Slavery. A Conqueror is a Man whom the Gods, irritated againſt Mankind, have ſent upon the Earth in their Wrath, to lay Kingdoms waſte, ſpread Terrours, Miſery and Deſpair every where, and to make as many Slaves as there are Free Men. Is it not Glory enough to a Man that thirſts after Fame to rule thoſe with Prudence whom the Gods have put under him? Do's he think that he is not worthy of Praiſe unleſs he becomes Violent, Unjuſt, Inſulting, an Uſurper and Tyrannick over all his Neighbours? War ſhou'd never be thought on but for

for the defence of Liberty. He is happy, who being a Slave to no Man, has not the vain Ambition to make another Man his Slave. Thoſe mighty Conquerors, whom they repreſent to us with ſo much Glory, are like thoſe overflowing Rivers, which appear Majeſtick, but deſtroy thoſe fertile Countries which they ſhou'd only refreſh.

After *Adoam* had given this Deſcription of *Betica*, *Telemachus*, charm'd with his Relation, ask'd him ſeveral particular Queſtions: Do theſe People, ſaid he, drink Wine? They are ſo far from Drinking it, reply'd *Adoam*, that they never car'd to make any; not that they want Grapes, ſince no Country whatever produces more delicious; but they are ſatisfy'd with eating Grapes as they do other Fruits; for they dread Wine as the Corrupter of Mankind: 'Tis a kind of Poiſon (ſay they) which makes 'em Mad; it does not kill a Man, indeed, but it makes him a Beaſt: Men may preſerve their Health without Wine, whoſe effect is to deſtroy good Manners. Then, ſaid *Telemachus*, I

wou'd fain know what Laws are obſerv'd in Marriages in this Nation. No Man, replied *Adoam*, can have more than one Wife, whom he muſt keep as long as ſhe lives. The Honour of the Men in this Country, depends as much on their Fidelity to their Wives, as the Honour of the Wives depends in other Countries on their Fidelity to their Husbands: Never were People ſo Honeſt, and ſo jealous of their Chaſtity; the Wives here are Beautiful and Agreeable, but Plain, Modeſt and Laborious; their Marriages are Peaceable, Fruitful, and without Blemiſh; the Husband and Wife ſeem to be but one Perſon in Two different Bodies; the Husband and the Wife ſhare the Cares of domeſtick Affairs together, the Husband manages all the Concerns abroad, the Wife keeps cloſe to her Buſineſs at home; ſhe Comforts her Husband, and ſeems to be made for nothing elſe but to pleaſe him; ſhe gains his Confidence, and contributes leſs by her Beauty than her Virtue to heighten the Charms of their Society, which laſts as long as they live:

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The Sobriety, Temperance, and the Purity of Manners of theſe People give 'em a long Life, and free from Diſeaſes; here are Men of an Hundred, and of an Hundred and twenty Years Old, who yet are Freſh and Vigorous. I wou'd know now, ſaid *Telemachus*, how they do avoid going to War with other People their Neighbours. Nature, continued *Adoam*, has ſeparated them from other People, on one ſide by the Sea, and on the other ſide by high Mountains: Beſides, the neighbouring Nations reſpect them for the ſake of their Virtue: Several times the other People falling out among themſelves, have made theſe Judges of their Differences, and have entruſted the Lands and Towns, for which they diſputed, with them. As this wiſe Nation has never committed any Violence, no body diſtruſts 'em. They Laugh when they hear of Kings who can't govern the Frontiers of their Eſtates among themſelves. Is it to be fear'd, ſay they, that Men ſhou'd want Lands? There will ever be more than they can cultivate;

as long as there remains free Lands, we wou'd not ſo much as defend our own againſt our Neighbours, who wou'd take 'em from us; nor Envy, nor Pride, nor Falſhood, nor a Deſire of enlarging their Dominions, was ever known among the Inhabitants of *Betica*; ſo that their Neighbours never have occaſion to fear ſuch a People, nor can ever hope to make them fear it; which is the reaſon that they never moleſt 'em: Theſe People wou'd ſooner forſake their Country, or wou'd deliver themſelves up to Death, than ſubmit themſelves to Slavery: Thus they are as difficult to be Enſlav'd, as it is for them to deſire to Enſlave others. 'Tis that cauſes ſo profound a Peace between them and their Neighbours. *Adoam* ended this Diſcourſe, with an Account of the manner of Traffick between the *Phœnicians* and thoſe of *Betica*: Theſe People, purſu'd he, were amaz'd when they ſaw ſtrange Men come from ſo far on the Waves of the Sea: They receiv'd us very kindly, and gave us part of all that they had, without taking any payment

ment for it; they offer'd us all that was left of their Wool, after they had ſufficiently provided for their own uſe, and indeed ſent us a rich Preſent of it. 'Tis a pleaſure to them to give their overplus liberally to Strangers. As for their Mines, it was no manner of trouble at all to have parted with 'em to us, they made no advantage of 'em; they fancy'd Men were not over-wiſe to ſearch with ſo much pains in the Bowels of the Earth, what cou'd not make 'em happy, nor ſatisfie true Neceſſity. Do not dig, ſaid they to us, ſo deep into the Earth, content your ſelves with Ploughing and Tilling it, it will afford you real Goods that will nouriſh you, you will reap Fruits from it that are more valuable than Gold and Silver, ſince Men deſire neither Gold nor Silver but only to purchaſe Neceſſaries to ſupport Life. We wou'd often have taught 'em Navigation, and have carry'd the Young men of their Country into *Phœnicia*; but they wou'd never conſent that their Children ſhou'd learn to Live after our manner. They wou'd

learn, ſaid they to us, to have occaſion for all thoſe Things that are meerly neceſſary to us; they wou'd have 'em, and they wou'd forſake Virtue to gain them; they wou'd grow, like a Man who has good Legs, and who having loſt the cuſtom of Walking, brings himſelf at laſt to the ſad neceſſity of being always carry'd like a ſick man. Indeed they admire Navigation, becauſe it is an induſtrious Art; but they believe it is pernicious: If thoſe People, ſay they, have ſufficient of what is neceſſary to Life in their own Country, What do they ſeek in another? Are not they contented with what is ſufficient to Nature? They deſerve to be Ship-wrack'd, for ſeeking Death in the midſt of Tempeſts to ſatiate their Avarice. *Telemachus* was raviſh'd at *Adoam*'s Diſcourſe, he was highly pleas'd that there was yet a People in the World, who following the true Dictates of Nature, was both ſo wiſe and ſo happy. Oh, how far different are theſe Morals, ſaid he, from thoſe vain and ambitious manners of thoſe People whom we believe

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to be the wiſeſt! We are ſo vitiated that we can hardly think this ſo natural Simplicity can be real. We look upon the Morals of theſe People only as a pleaſant Fable, and we ought to look upon ours as a monſtrous Dream.

Whilſt *Telemachus* and *Adoam* entertain'd one another in this manner, neglecting Sleep, and not perceiving that it was already Midnight; a deceitful Deity, their Enemy, led 'em far wide of *Ithaca*, which their Pilot *Achamas*, attempted to make in vain. *Neptune*, although a Friend to the *Phenicians*, cou'd no longer endure to think that *Telemachus* had eſcap'd the Tempeſt that had thrown him on the Rocks of the Iſle of *Calypſo*. *Venus*, who was yet more enrag'd to ſee this young triumphant Hero, who had overcome Love and all its Charms, in the tranſport of her Grief left *Cythera*, *Paphos*, *Idalia*, and all the Honours which are paid to her in the Iſle of *Cyprus*; and cou'd no longer ſtay in thoſe places where *Telemachus* had deſpis'd her Power; but mounts to bright *Olympus*, where all the Gods

Gods were assembled round the Throne of *Jupiter*. From this place they behold the Stars moving under their Feet: Thence they see the Globe of the Earth, like a little lump of Dirt. The vast Seas seem to them only like drops of Water, with which the lump of Dirt is a little moistned: The greatest Kingdoms are in their Sight but a little Sand which cover the superficies of this Dirt: The innumerable people, and the most powerful Armies, seem but as Ants which contend with one another for a slip of Grass upon this heap of Dirt. The Immortals Laugh at the most serious Affairs that disturb foolish Mortals, and they appear to them like the Sports of Children: What men call Grandeur, Glory and Power, seem to the highest Powers nothing but Misery and Folly. 'Tis in this Habitation so much elevated above the Earth, that *Jupiter* has fix'd his immovable Throne. His Eyes pierce into the very Abyss, and look even into the most secret corners of all Hearts; his soft and serene Aspect disperse Tranquility and Joy over

over all the Univerſe: On the contrary, when he ſhakes his awful Head, he moves both Heaven and Earth: The Gods themſelves dazl'd with the Rays of the Glory that ſurround him, can't approach him without Trembling; all the celeſtial Deities were near him at that moment. *Venus* preſented her ſelf with all the Charms which wanton on her beautiful Boſom: Her looſe Gown had more ſplendor than all the Colours that *Iris* adorns her ſelf with in the Dark Clouds, when ſhe comes to promiſe affrighted Mortals the end of Tempeſts, and to proclaim to 'em the return of fair Weather. Her Robe was ty'd with that famous Girdle on which the Graces are repreſented. The Goddeſs's Hair was negligently ty'd behind by a Locket of Gold. All the Gods were ſurpriz'd at her Beauty, as if they had never ſeen her before; and their Eyes were dazl'd like the Eyes of Mortals, when after a long Night, *Phœbus* returns to enlighten 'em with his Rays, they look'd on one another with Aſtoniſhment; and their Eyes return'd and fix'd

fix'd always on *Venus*; but they perceiv'd the Goddeſs's Eyes were bath'd in Tears, and that a deep Sorrow ſate on her Face: Mean while ſhe advanc'd towards the Throne of *Jupiter* with a ſoft and ſmooth Pace, like the rapid Flight of a Bird that cuts the vaſt ſpace of the yielding Air: He look'd on her with a great deal of complacency, and ſmil'd kindly on her, and, riſing, embrac'd her. My dear Daughter, ſaid he, what grieves you? I can't ſee your Tears without concern; fear not to diſcover your Thoughts to me, you know my Tenderneſs and Indulgence. *Venus* anſwer'd him with a ſoft Voice, but interrupted with deep Sighs; O, Father of Gods and Men! You who ſee all things, can't chooſe but know the cauſe of my Sorrow; *Minerva* is not ſatisfied even with over-throwing the lofty Town of *Troy* which I defended, and to be reveng'd on *Paris* who had preferr'd my Beauty to her's, but ſhe conducts the Son of *Ulyſſes*, that cruel Deſtroyer of *Troy*, over Land and Sea; *Telemachus* is ſtill accompany'd by *Minerva*,

nerva, which occaſions that ſhe does not appear here in Place with the reſt of the Deities: She led this young Bravo into the Iſle of *Cyprus* to affront me, who not only diſdain'd to burn Incenſe on my Altars, but he has expreſt an abhorrence of the Feaſts which are celebrated in honour of me; he has ſhut up his Heart againſt my Pleaſures; in vain has *Neptune* rais'd the Winds and the Waves againſt him at my Requeſt, to puniſh him. *Telemachus* caſt by an horrible Shipwrack on the Iſle of *Calipſo*, triumph'd over Love himſelf, whom I had ſent into this Iſland to ſoften the Heart of this young *Greek*; neither the Youth nor the Charms of *Calipſo*, and of her Nymphs, nor the flaming Shafts of Love cou'd overcome the Artifices of *Minerva*, ſhe has ſnatch'd him away from that Iſland: See how I am confounded, a Stripling triumphs over me!

Jupiter to comfort her, ſaid, 'Tis true, my Daughter, that *Minerva* defends the Heart of this young *Greek* againſt all the Darts of your Son; and ſhe

ſhe deſigns him more Glory than ever young Man attain'd to: I am troubled that he has deſpis'd your Altars. But I can't give him up to your Power; but for your ſake, I conſent that he ſhall ſtill wander both by Sea and Land; that he ſhall live far from's own Country, expos'd to all ſorts of Miſeries and Dangers, but the Fates will neither ſuffer him to periſh, nor his Virtue to yield to thoſe Pleaſures with which you bewitch Mankind. Be comforted then, my Daughter, to keep ſo many Hero's and and ſo many Gods under your Empire. Here, he ſmil'd on *Venus* with all the Grace and Majeſty of the greateſt Deity: A flaſh of Light like the moſt piercing Lightnings darted from his Eyes, and tenderly kiſſing *Venus*, he diſpers'd an Odour of Ambroſia which perfum'd all *Olympus*. The Goddeſs cou'd not but be ſenſible of this Careſs from the greateſt of the Gods; in ſpite of her Tears and Grief, Joy was viſible in all her Face; ſhe let down her Veil to hide her Bluſhes, and the Confuſion in which ſhe found her ſelf: The whole Aſſembly applauded what *Jupiter* had ſaid;

ſaid; and, *Venus*, without loſing one moment, haſted to find out *Neptune*, to conſult with him the means of revenging her ſelf on *Telemachus*. She repeated to *Neptune* what *Jupiter* had ſaid to her: I knew long ſince, return'd *Neptune*, the irreverſible Decree of the Fates; but tho' we can't ſwallow up *Telemachus* in the Waves of the Sea, yet let us not forget any thing that may make him wretched, and retard his return to *Ithaca*; I can't yield that the *Phenician* Veſſel on which he is Aboard ſhould be loſt; for I love the *Phenicians*, they are my People; no other Nation in the Univerſe cultivates my Empire as they do; 'tis by their Induſtry alone that the Sea is become the means of a Commerce between all the People of the Earth; they honour me with continual Sacrifices on my Altars; they are Juſt, Wiſe, and Laborious in their Traffick; they diſperſe Profit and Plenty over all the Earth: No, Goddeſs, I can't allow that one of their Veſſels ſhou'd be wreck'd; but I will make the Pilot loſe his Courſe, and

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ſteer wide of *Ithaca*, whither he is bound. Contented with this Promiſe, *Venus* forc'd a malicious Smile, and alighted from her flying Chariot on the flow'ry Meadows of *Idalia*, where the Graces, with Sports and Laughters, expreſs'd their Joy to ſee her again, dancing about her, on the Flowers that perfume this charming Abode: And *Neptune* immediately diſpatch'd a deceitful Deity, like the God of Dreams, ſave only that Dreams deceive but during the time of ſleep, whereas this Deity enchants Mens Senſes when they are awake. This miſchievous Deity, attended by a vaſt multitude of winged Lies and Falſities, which flutter'd about him, came to pour a ſubtil and enchanting Liquor on the Eyes of the Pilot *Achamas*, who was attentively conſidering the height of the Moon, the Courſe of the Stars, and the Port of *Ithaca*, whoſe ſharp pointed Rocks he had already diſcover'd near enough to him; but in this very moment the Pilot's Eyes cou'd diſcern nothing truly as it was; another Sky preſented it ſelf

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to him, the Stars ſeem'd, as if they had chang'd their Courſe, and were returning back again to their Spheres. All the Firmament ſeem'd to move by new Laws; the very Earth it ſelf was alter'd, and a falſe *Ithaca* always in the Pilot's View, to amuſe him all the time he was ſhearing off from the true one: The more he advanc'd towards this deceitful Repreſentation of the Port of the Iſland, the more this falſe Repreſentation deluded him; nor cou'd he imagin what to make of this Retreat: Sometimes he thought he already heard the noiſe that is uſually made in a Port, and was ſtrait preparing according to the Orders he had receiv'd to go aſhore on a little Iſland near the great one to deſtroy the Lovers of *Penelope*, who had conſpir'd to hinder the return of this young Prince *Telemachus*: Sometimes he fear'd the Shelves which are ſo numerous on the Shoars of that part of the Sea, and he fancy'd he heard the dreadful Roaring of the Waves which break themſelves againſt theſe Shelves: Then all on a ſudden, he obſerv'd that the

the Land appear'd yet more diſtant; the Mountains ſeem'd no otherwiſe to him, ſo far off, than as ſo many little Clouds which ſometimes darken the Horizon, while the Sun is ſet. Thus was *Achamas* amaz'd, and the Impreſſion of this deceitful Deity that had charm'd his Eyes, made him ſenſible that he was poſſeſs'd with ſomething more than ordinary, which till then he had not perceiv'd; at the ſame time too he cou'd not believe that he was awake, but that he was deluded only by a Dream. *Neptune* in the mean time commanded the Eaſt Wind to blow, in order to drive the Ship on the Coaſts of *Heſperia*: The Wind obey'd him with ſuch a ſtrong Gale, that the Ship ſoon arriv'd at the Port that *Neptune* had deſign'd it.

Aurora had already proclaim'd the approaching day; already had the Stars, which fear and are jealous of the Rays of the Sun, hidden their dark Fires in the Ocean, when the Pilot cry'd out, I am out of doubt, for we are juſt upon the Iſland of *Ithaca*: Chear up, *Telemachus*!

machus! Now is the time that you ſhall ſee *Penelope* again, and (perhaps) find *Ulyſſes* reſeated on his Throne. *Telemachus*, who was till then, faſt lock'd in the Arms of a profound Sleep, awaking at theſe words, riſes and comes into the Steerage, embraces the Pilot, and with his Eyes yet hardly open, ſtedfaſtly views the Neighbouring Shoar, and ſigh'd when he cou'd not perceive his own Country's Shoar. Alas, ſaid he, where are we? *Achamas*, you are deceiv'd; you are but ill acquainted with theſe Coaſts ſo far diſtant from your own Country. No, no, reply'd *Achamas*, I can't be deceiv'd in my Knowledge of the Coaſting of this Iſland: How many times have I come into your Port? I know it to the very leaſt Rocks in it; the Port of *Tyre* is not more freſh in my Memory: See that Mountain there that advances, and that Rock that riſes like a Tower! Don't you perceive the Billows that break themſelves againſt thoſe other Rocks that ſeem to threaten the Sea by their fall? But don't you take notice of the

the Temple of *Minerva*, that cuts the Clouds? Look you, there's the House and Castle of your Father *Ulysses*. Oh, *Achamas!* reply'd *Telemachus*, I see on the contrary a remote Coast over against me both clear and even; and I perceive a Town, but not *Ithaca*. Oh, ye Gods! Is it thus you mock poor Mortals! Whilst he was speaking these words, all on a sudden the Eyes of *Achamas* were clear'd; the Charm was ended, and he saw and knew the Shoar perfectly what it was, and acknowledg'd his Error.

I am confident, Oh *Telemachus!* cry'd he, that some envious Deity has bewitch'd my Eyes: I thought I saw *Ithaca*; the true Prospect of it presented it self intirely to my view; but at that same moment it vanish'd like a Dream: *I* now see another City, and, doubtless, it is *Salante*, which *Idomeneus* flying from *Crete* is building in *Hesperia*: *I* perceive rising Walls, which are not yet finish'd; and *I* see a Fort, which is not altogether fortify'd. Whilest *Achamas* was remarking the several Works newly

newly carry'd on in this growing City, and *Telemachus* was deploring his Unhappineſs, the Wind that *Neptune* had rais'd carry'd 'em with full Sail into a ſafe Road, and juſt by the Port.

Mentor, who was neither ignorant of *Neptune*'s Revenge, nor the cruel Artifice of *Venus*, cou'd not chooſe but laugh at the miſtake of *Achamas*. When they were in this Road, ſaid *Mentor* to *Telemachus*, *Jupiter* tries you, but will not deſtroy you; and only tries you to ſhew you the way to Glory. Think on the Labours of *Hercules*. Let your Father's Actions be ever in your Mind. He who can't ſuffer has nothing of Courage. By your Patience and Fortitude, you will tire that cruel Fortune which takes delight to perſecute you. I am leſs afraid, for your ſake, of the rigorous Treatment of *Neptune*, than I fear'd the flatt'ring Careſſes of that Goddeſs which detain'd you in her Iſle. What do we ſtay for? Let us into the Port! Theſe People are our Friends; we are come among the *Greeks*. *Idomeneus*, who has been himſelf

ſelf ill treated by Fortune, will have pity on the Miſerable. They preſently ente'rd the Port of *Salante*, where the *Phenicians* Veſſel was receiv'd without any difficulty; becauſe the *Phenicians* have Peace and Commerce with the whole Univerſe. *Telemachus*, with admiration, beheld this growing City, as it were a young Plant, which having been nouriſh'd by the ſweet Dew of the Night, in the Morning feels the Beams of the Sun which come to imbeliſh it; it grows, it opens its tender Buds, it extends its green Leaves, it blows its odoriferous Flowers with a thouſand new Colours; every moment it preſents it ſelf to the Sight, a new Luſtre is found on it; ſo flouriſh'd *Idomeneus*'s new City on the Sea's ſide: Each day, each hour it grows in magnificence; and ſhew'd to Strangers afar off at Sea, new Ornaments of Architecture which reach'd the very Skies. All the Shoar reſounded with the cries of the Workmen, and the blows of Hammers; the Stones were hung up in the Air by Cranes with Ropes; all the

Nobility

Nobility encourag'd the People in their Work, from the very firſt peep of day; and the King, *Idomeneus* himſelf giving Orders throughout all, made the Works advance with incredible Expedition.

The *Phenician* Veſſel was hardly got into Port, e're the *Cretans* gave *Telemachus* and *Mentor* all the Tokens of a ſincere Friendſhip: They poſted away to give *Idomeneus* notice of the Arrival of the Son of *Ulyſſes*. The Son of *Ulyſſes*! cry'd he, of *Ulyſſes*? The dear Friend of that wiſe and great Hero; by whom, at laſt, we have levell'd the lofty Walls of proud *Troy* even to the Ground! Bring him to me, that I may ſhew him how much *I* lov'd his Father. As ſoon as *Telemachus* was preſented to him, ſaid he to him, with a ſweet and ſmiling Countenance, Tho' no body ſhou'd have told me who you are, *I* am certain *I* ſhou'd have known you; you are *Ulyſſes* himſelf; ſee his very Eyes full of Fire, his ſteady Aſpect! See beſides, his Air ſo cold and reſerv'd, which cover'd ſo much Vivacity and ſo many

Graces. Look! Here's his obliging Smile too; his negligent Demean, his ſoft Speech, plain and inſinuating, which perſuaded without allowing time for Suſpicion! Yes; you are the Son of *Ulyſſes*, but you ſhall be mine too; my dear Son! What Adventures brought you on theſe Coaſts? Is it in ſearch of your Father? Alas! I never heard from him: Croſs Fate perſecuted us both; he had the misfortune of being driven from his Country, and *I* that of finding mine, fill'd with horrors by the Hatred of the immortal Gods againſt me. Whileſt *Idomeneus* ſpoke thoſe words he look'd fixedly upon *Mentor*, as being no Stranger to his Face; tho' at the ſame time he was much perplex'd about his Name. In the mean time *Telemachus* anſwer'd him, with Tears in his Eyes; Oh! King, Pardon my Grief, which I cannot conceal from you, even at a time when I ought to be full of Joy and Gratitude for all your generous Favours to me. Your Sorrow for the loſs of *Ulyſſes*, teaches me how deeply *I* ought to be affected by my misfortune

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in not finding my dear Father; 'tis now a tedious while ſince *I* have been in ſearch of him thro' all the known Seas: The angry God's won't ſuffer me to hope, either to ſee him again, or to return to *Ithaca*, where *Penelope* is daily tortur'd with a fruitleſs Deſire of being freed from her troubleſome Lovers.

I expected to have found you in the Iſle of *Crete*; I there learnt your cruel Fate, but little thought of ever touching the Coaſt of *Heſperia*, where you have founded a new Kingdom: But Fortune, who is pleas'd to ſport with us Mortals, who makes me wander from Place to Place, and keeps me ſtill from *Ithaca*, caſt me at laſt upon your Shore; yet of all the Diſaſters ſhe has expos'd me to, this I could bear with a contented Mind. For, tho' ſhe drives me away from my Native Country, yet ſhe brings me acquainted with the wiſeſt and moſt generous of all Kings. At theſe words *Idomeneus* gave *Telemachus* a kind Embrace; and having led him into his Palace, who is that wiſe

old Man, ſaid he to him, who accompanies you, for methinks I have ſeen him before: 'Tis *Mentor*, reply'd *Telemachus*; *Mentor*, *Ulyſſes*'s intimate Friend, who has taken care of me even from my Infancy, and who beſt can inform you how much I am beholden to him. Thereupon *Idomeneus* made towards *Mentor*, and ſhaking him by the hand told him; You and I have ſeen one another before: You may remember when you went over to *Crete*, and what good Advice you gave me; but at that time *I* was hurried away by the heat of Youth, and tranſported by the Enjoyment of ſenſual Pleaſures; ſo that my Misfortunes only have been able to teach me Wiſdom. Oh! that I had believed your Counſels; Oh! wiſe old Man! But I am full of wonder to find that Age has made no alteration in you ſince ſo many Years; your Face is ſtill freſh and lively, and your Body ſtrait and vigorous, only your Hair is grown ſomewhat Hoary. Great King, anſwer'd *Mentor*, were I a Flatterer, I would tell you likewiſe that you ſtill preſerve

preſerve that youthful Livelineſs which ſmil'd in your Face at the Siege of *Troy*. But I had rather incur your Diſpleaſure, than ſpeak againſt Truth; beſides, I find by your wiſe Diſcourſe that you are averſe to Flattery, and that a Man may be ſincere with you without running any Hazard: Wherefore I muſt freely own that you are ſo much alter'd, that I could ſcarce have known you again. I plainly ſee the cauſe of it, which is your long Misfortunes and Sufferings; but the Wiſdom you have acquir'd makes you ſufficient amends for what you have ſuffer'd; and a Man ought to be eaſie and unconcern'd at the Wrinkles of his Face, whileſt his Soul is inur'd to the Practice of Virtue. Moreover, know, Oh! *Idomeneus*, that Kings always wear out faſter than other Men: For in Adverſity, both the Troubles of the Mind, and bodily Labours make them look Old before their Time: In Proſperity, the ſoft Enjoyments of an effeminate Life waſte their Strength yet more than the Toils of War, and nothing is more hurtful than exceſs in

Pleaſure. This is the Reaſon why Kings, both in Peace and War, enjoy Pleaſures, and are expos'd to ſuch Labours and Hardſhips as anticipate old Age: whereas a ſober, moderate, and plain Life, free from Diſquietudes and Paſſions, regular and laborious keeps all the Limbs of a wiſe Man in a vigorous Youthfulneſs, which without theſe Precautions, flies faſt away upon the Wings of Time.

Idomeneus charm'd with *Mentor*'s Diſcourſe, had been longer attentive to him, had they not come to remind him of a Sacrifice that he was to make to *Jupiter*: *Telemachus* and *Mentor* follow'd him ſurrounded by a great multitude of People, who with great earneſtneſs and Curioſity gaz'd on theſe two Strangers: They ſaid one to another, theſe two Men are very different; the young one has an Air admirable and lovely, beyond Expreſſion; all the Charms of Youth and Beauty are every where diſpers'd over his whole Body; but this Beauty has nothing Languid nor Effeminate; with this tender Flower of Youth, he

appears

appears vigorous, ſtrong and inur'd to Labour: But this other, tho' far older, yet has loſt nothing of his Strength; and tho' his Mien is not ſo majeſtical, and his Countenance leſs pleaſant, yet on a nearer view, in his plainneſs may be ſeen the Marks of Wiſdom and Virtue, with a ſurpriſing Gravity: When the Gods deſcended to converſe with Mortals on the Earth, undoubtedly they took Figures like theſe two ſtrange Travellers.

By this time, they were arriv'd at the Temple of *Jupiter*, whom *Idomeneus*, who was his Offspring, had adorn'd with a great deal of Magnificence: He was inviron'd with a double Row of Pillars of Marble like *Jaſper*; the Chapiters were of Silver; the Temple was all lin'd with Marble, with Baſs-reliefs, which repreſented *Jupiter* transform'd into a Bull, the Rape of *Europa*, and his Paſſage over the Sea into *Crete*; they ſeem'd to reverence *Jupiter*, tho' he was in a ſtrange Form: Then the Wiſdom and Birth of *Minos* was to be ſeen; who there appear'd in

the heighth of old Age, diſpenſing Laws to his whole Iſland, which might make it for ever flouriſhing. There alſo *Telemachus* obſerv'd, the principal Adventures at the Siege of *Troy*, where *Idomeneus* had juſtly acquir'd the Glory of a great General. In the Repreſentations of theſe Combats *Telemachus* ſought his Father, and found him taking away the Horſes of *Rheſus*, whom *Diomedes* had juſt ſlain; and in another place contending with *Ajax* for the Arms of *Achilles*, before all the Commanders of the *Greek* Army; and at laſt their coming out of the fatal Horſe to deſtroy the Lives of ſo many *Trojans*: In all theſe famous Actions *Telemachus* knew him, of which he had ſo often heard, and which *Neſtor* himſelf had recounted to him. Here Tears preſently guſh'd from his Eyes, he chang'd Colour, and Grief appear'd all over his Face: *Idomeneus* perceiv'd it, tho' he turn'd aſide to conceal his Trouble. Don't be aſham'd, ſaid *Idomeneus* to him, to let us ſee how much you are concern'd at the Glory and Misfortunes of your Father.

In

In the mean while the People came in whole Crowds under the vaſt Portico's made thro' the double row of Columns which ſurrounded the Temple. There was two Companies of young Boys and Girls, who ſung Verſes in Praiſe of that God who diſperſes the Thunder. Theſe Children who were all choſen out of the moſt Beautiful, had their long Hair hanging looſe on their Shoulders; their Heads were Crown'd with Roſes and Perfumes, and were all Cloath'd in White. *Idomeneus* offer'd an Hundred Bulls to beg a favourable Succeſs in a War, which he had undertaken againſt his Neighbours: The Blood of the Victims reak'd on every ſide, and was ſeen to ſtream over the Goblets of Gold and Silver. The old Man *Theophanes*, dear to the Gods, and Prieſt of the Temple, during the time of Sacrifice, cover'd his Head with one end of his purple Robe; then he conſulted the Entrails of the Victims, which were yet panting, after which, mounting the ſacred Tripos; O ye Gods! (cry'd he) what are then theſe Stran-

gers, whom you have ſent into theſe Parts? Without theſe, the War lately deſign'd wou'd be dreadful; and *Salante* wou'd be bury'd in Ruin, ere it were rais'd on its Foundations. I ſee a young Hero, whom Wiſdom ſtill conducts--No Mortal dare ſay more.--Here his Looks were wild, and his Eyes ſparkl'd; and he ſeem'd to gaze on other Objects than thoſe that were before him: His Face was all a-fire: He rag'd, and grew Diſtracted, his Hair ſtood an end, he ſoam'd at Mouth, and and his lifted up Arms were immoveable: His Voice was ſtronger than any humane Voice whatever; he was out o' Breath, and cou'd not contain the Deity which tranſported him. O happy *Idomeneus*, cry'd he again, what do I ſee! What Misfortunes avoided! What ſoft Peace at Home! But what Bloody Wars Abroad! What Victories! O *Telemachus!* Thy Labours exceed thy Father's. The haughty and fierce Enemy grovels in the Duſt under thy Sword; the brazen Gates and inacceſſible Ramparts fall at thy Feet

Feet—— O Great Goddeſs! That his Father—— O Brave Youth, in time thou ſhalt ſee—— Here his Speech fail'd him, and that Word clos'd his Mouth, and he continued in Spite of his Endeavours, in an amazing Silence. All the People were congeal'd with Fear: *Idomeneus*, all trembling, durſt not bid him make an end. *Telemachus* himſelf aſtoniſh'd, cou'd hardly underſtand what he had heard; much ado he had to believe that ſo great Predictions were made of him; *Mentor* alone was unaſtoniſh'd at the divine Spirit. You underſtand, ſaid he to *Idomeneus*, the purpoſe of the Gods, that againſt whatſoever Nation you ſhall lead your Forces, the Victory ſhall be yours; and that you ſhall owe the good Succeſs of your Arms to your Friend's Son: Be not Jealous therefore, but only make uſe of what the Gods now give you by his Means. *Idomeneus*, being not yet recover'd out of his Amazement, in vain attempted to Speak; his Tongue remain'd immoveable. Says *Telemachus* to *Mentor*; So much promis'd Glory does

does not move me: But what can be the meaning of those Words, *Thou shalt see again*, Is it my Father or only *Ithaca* that I shall see? Alas! Why did he not make an end of his Prophecy? He left me more perplex'd than *I* was before: Oh *Ulysses!* Oh my Father! Is it then possible I shall see you again! But *I* Flatter my self—— Oh! cruel Oracle, thou takest Delight in Sporting with an unfortunate Man; one Word more, and *I* had reach'd the top of Happiness.

Says *Mentor* to him, Receive with Reverence what the Gods are pleas'd to reveal, and attempt not to discover what they intend to keep secret: A rash Curiosity deserves to be confounded: 'Tis out of a supream Goodness and Wisdom, that the Gods keep weak Mortals in dark Ignorance about their Fates. I own 'tis a great advantage to foresee what depends on us, in order to do it well; but 'tis every whit as advantageous to be Ignorant of what lies not in our Power, but intirely depends on Heaven's irreversible Decrees. *Telemachus*,

machus, touch'd with theſe Words, contain'd himſelf, tho' not without Reluctancy. As for *Idomeneus*, having recover'd his ſurprize, he begun to return great *Jove* Thanks for ſending to him young *Telemachus*, and wiſe *Mentor* to make him victorious over his Enemies. And having made a magnificent Feaſt after the Sacrifice, he ſpoke to the two Strangers in theſe Words.

I confeſs I was but little acquainted with the Art of Governing, when I return'd to *Crete*, after the Siege of *Troy*. You know, dear Friends, what Misfortunes hindred me from reigning over that great Iſland, ſince you aſſure me you were there after I left it. Yet I am too happy if the cruelleſt ſtrokes of Fortune can ſerve to teach me to be Maſter of my Paſſions: I croſt the Seas like a Fugitive, whom the avenging Gods and Men purſue: All my paſt Honours and Glory ſerv'd only to make my Fall the more ignominious and inſupportable: I ſought a ſhelter for my Houſhold-Gods on this deſart Coaſt, where I found nothing but wild, unculti-

cultivated Lands, over-run with Thorns and Briars, cover'd with Trees as old as the Earth it self; and huge steep Rocks inaccessible to all but fierce Beasts, which harbour'd under them. Yet such was the Extremity to which I was reduc'd, that I was glad to enjoy, with a few Soldiers and Friends who had been willing to accompany me in my Misfortunes, that wild, savage Land, and make it my Country, having no hopes ever to see again that fortunate Island, whereof I was born King. Alas! said I to my self, what a Change is here! What a dreadful Example am I to Kings! What wholsome Instructions they can draw from my Miscarriages! They fancy there is nothing they ought to be afraid of because of their Elevation above the rest of Men: But oh! 'tis that very Elevation which ought to make them more afraid than others. I was dreaded by my Enemies, and belov'd by my Subjects; I Commanded over a powerful and warlike Nation; Fame had spread my Renown as far as the remotest Coun-

Countries; I reign'd in a fruitful and delightful Iſland; an hundred Cities paid me a yearly Tribute out of their Riches; my People acknowledg'd me to be the Off-ſpring of great *Jupiter*, and as I was born in their Country, they lov'd me as the Grand-Son of wiſe *Minos*, whoſe Laws make them ſo powerful and happy. What could be wanting to my Felicity, except the knowing how to uſe it with Moderation: But alas! my own Pride, and the Flattery of others, to which I liſtned but too much, have over-turn'd my Throne, and in the like manner will all Kings fall, who will give up themſelves to their own Deſires, and the deceitful Counſels of their Flatterers. In the Day-time I endeavour'd to put on a Countenance both ſmiling and full of Aſſurance, in order to keep up the Courage of thoſe who had follow'd me: Let us build, ſaid I to them, a new City that will make us amends for all our Loſſes; we are ſurrounded by Nations, whoſe Example ought to animate us in this Undertaking; we behold *Tarentum*,

tum, which is rearing up pretty near us, and 'tis *Phalantus*, with his *Lacedemonians*, who poſſeſſes that new Kingdom; *Philoctetes* builds another great City on the ſame Coaſt, to which he gave the Name of *Petilia*. *Metapontus* is likewiſe ſuch another Colony; why then ſhould we do leſs than thoſe Strangers, who wander like us, ſince Fortune is no more croſs to us than to them? Whileſt with theſe and the like Words, I endeavour'd to alleviate the Troubles of my Companions, I conceal'd a mortal Grief in the bottom of my Heart; I felt ſome Comfort at the withdrawing of the day, when in the gloomy Shade of ſilent Night, I was at liberty to lament my wretched Fate; my Eyes became two Streams of continual Tears, and ſweet Sleep had quite deſerted my Bed: The next day I reſum'd my Toils with unwearied eagerneſs, and that's the Reaſon, Oh! *Mentor*, you found me ſo much alter'd by Age. *Idomeneus* having thus given *Telemachus* and *Mentor* the Relation of all his Misfortunes, he deſir'd their Aſſiſtance in the

the War wherein he was engag'd; I will, ſaid he, take care that you are ſafely conducted to *Ithaca*, as ſoon as the War is over; in the mean time I will ſend out Ships to the moſt diſtant Shoars to learn News of *Ulyſſes*; into what Place of the known World he may be caſt, either by the ſtormy Winds or ſome angry Deity; *I* will bring him back from thence; may the Gods but grant that he be ſtill alive! As for you, *I* will ſend you back into your own Country in the beſt Ships that were ever built in the Iſle of *Crete*; they are made of Trees fell'd on Mount *Ida*, where great *Jove* was born; that ſacred Wood can never periſh in the Waves; the Winds and Rocks both fear and reverence it; and even *Neptune*, tho' never ſo angry, dares not to raiſe his fierce Billows againſt it: Therefore be aſſur'd that you will return to *Ithaca* with eaſe and ſafety, and that no croſs Deity ſhall be able to make you wander on ſo many Seas any more: The Paſſage to your own Iſland is ſhort and eaſie; ſend away the *Phenician* Veſſel that brought you hither,

hither, and think now on nothing but on the Honour you ſhall reap in ſettling *Idomeneus* in his new Kingdom, and making him amends for all his Loſſes. 'Tis by theſe Actions, oh! Son of *Ulyſſes*, that you will be thought worthy of your Father; and tho' cruel Fate ſhould have already confin'd him within the gloomy Kingdom of *Pluto*, yet all *Greece* ſhall have the Pleaſure to find him again in you.

At theſe words *Telemachus* interrupting *Idomeneus*, let us, ſaid he, ſend away the *Phenician* Veſſel: Why do we defer any longer to take up Arms, and attack your Enemies, who are now become ours? Since we were Victorious when we fought in *Sicily* for *Aceſtes* a *Trojan*, and an Enemy of *Greece*; can any one doubt but that we will ſhew a greater Ardour and Reſolution, and be more favour'd by the Gods, when we fight for one of thoſe *Grecian* Heroes, who overthrew *Troy*, the City of *Priamus*?

Mentor, looking upon *Telemachus* with a ſerene and compos'd Countenance,

nance, and perceiving that he burnt with a noble and eager Desire of Fighting, spoke thus to him: I am very glad, Oh! Son of *Ulysses*, to find in you so generous and commendable a Passion for Glory; but remember that the great Renown your Father got amongst the *Grecians* at the Siege of *Troy*, was only by approving himself, the wisest and most moderate of them. Altho' the fierce *Achilles* was both invincible and invulnerable, altho' he carried Terrour and Destruction where-ever he fought, yet *Achilles* could not make himself Master of *Troy*; he fell before the Walls of that famous City, which triumph'd over the Murderer of *Hector*; but *Ulysses*, whose Valour was ever guided by Prudence, carried Fire and Sword amongst the *Trojans*, and 'tis to him the fall of those lofty Towers, which during ten Years, defied whole *Greece*, is intirely owing. As much as *Minerva* is above *Mars*, by so much a discreet and provident Valour surpasses a boisterous, rash and wild Courage: Therefore, let us, First, consider the Reasons

and

and Circumſtances of this War, which is to be carried on: I decline no Dangers whatſoever, but methinks, *Idomeneus*, you ought to let us know, Firſt, whether the War you engage in be juſt; Secondly, againſt whom you wage it; and, laſtly, whether your Forces be ſuch, as you may reaſonably hope to overcome your Enemies. *Idomeneus* reply'd: At our firſt landing on this Coaſt, we found in it a ſavage People who liv'd in the Woods, and fed upon what they kill'd in Hunting, and the Maſt of Trees; they were frighted at the ſight of our Ships and Arms, and fled to the Neighbouring Mountains; but the Soldiers being deſirous to ſee the Country, as they were in purſuit of ſome Stags, they met with thoſe fugitive Savages; thereupon the Leaders of thoſe Savages told them: We have abandon'd the pleaſant Sea-ſhore, and yielded it to you; we have nothing left but wild Mountains almoſt inacceſſible, and it is but juſt you ſuffer us to live in them in Peace and Liberty; we have met you wandring and weaker than

than we, ſo that nothing could hinder us from deſtroying you, and concealing even from your Companions the knowledge of your Misfortunes; but we diſdain to imbrue our Hands in the Blood of thoſe who are our Fellow-Creatures. Go your ways; remember you are indebted for your Lives to our Sentiments of Humanity; and never forget that 'tis from a People whom you call rude and ſavage, that you receiv'd this Leſſon of Generoſity and Moderation. Thoſe of our Men, who were thus diſmiſt by the *Barbarians*, return'd to the Camp, and related what had happen'd to them; our Soldiers were mov'd at it, and aſham'd that *Cretans* ſhould owe their Lives to a deſpicable Company of wild Men: Thereupon they went out a Hunting in greater Numbers than at firſt, and provided themſelves with all manner of Arms: 'Twas not long before they met with the Savages, and fell upon them; the Fight was cruel and obſtinate; the Darts flew on both ſides as thick as Hail in a Storm. The Savages

were

were at last forc'd to retire to their steep Mountains, where our Men durst not follow them. A little while after those People sent to me two of their wisest old Men who came to sue for Peace, and brought Presents to me, which consisted in Skins of wild Beasts they had kill'd in Hunting, and several sorts of Fruit which the Country yields; having deliver'd their Presents, they addrest themselves to me in these words: Oh! King, thou seest we hold the Sword in one of our Hands; and an Olive-branch in the other; (for they had both in their Hands) so that you may chuse either Peace or War: We confess we had rather Peace; and 'tis for that Reason we are not asham'd to yield to thee the pleasant Sea-shore, where the Sun chears the Land with its warm Beams, and makes it produce so many sorts of delicious Fruits; yet Peace is sweeter and pleasanter than all those Fruits; and therefore we retir'd to those high Mountains ever cover'd with Ice and Snow, where we never see either the Flowers of the Spring,

or

of the rich Fruits of Autumn. We have an abhorrence for that Brutality, which, under the fair Names of Ambition and Honour, lays waſte whole Provinces, and ſpills the Blood of Men who are all Brothers and Fellow-Creatures. If thou art Ambitious of that falſe Honour, we are ſo far from envying thee, that we rather pity thee, and beg the Gods to keep us from ſuch a wild Fury. If Sciences, which the *Grecians* learn with ſo much ſtudy, and the Politeneſs and Civility which they value themſelves upon, inſpire them with nothing but this deteſtable Injuſtice, we think our ſelves too happy in being depriv'd of thoſe Advantages; we will pride in being *Barbarians*, as long as we are juſt, human, faithful, diſintereſted, contented with little, and deſpiſing that vain Nicety which multiplies our Wants; what we value moſt is Health, Frugality, Liberty, a ſound and vigorous Body and Mind; the love of Virtue, the fear of the Gods, a kind Nature towards our Relations, a conſtant Affection to our Friends, Faithfulneſs

fulneſs and Honeſty with every Body, Moderation in Proſperity, Conſtancy in adverſe Fortune, a couragious Boldneſs in ſpeaking the Truth at all times, and an abhorrence for Flattery: Theſe are the People whom we offer to thee for Neighbours and Allies. If the angry Gods blind your Eyes ſo far as not to let you ſee your own Intereſt, and if thou refuſeſt Peace, thou ſhalt find, but too late, that thoſe People are moſt to be dreaded in War, who love Peace out of a Principle of Moderation.

While thoſe old Men ſpoke thus to me, I could not keep my Eyes from being fixt on them; they had long Beards; ſhort hoary Hair; thick Eyebrows; quick and lively Eyes; a reſolute Look and Countenance; plain and ingenuous Manners: The Furs they wore for Cloaths being ty'd negligently over their Shoulders, one might ſee their Arms more nervous and brawny than thoſe of our Wreſtlers. I made anſwer to thoſe two Envoys, That I was inclin'd to Peace: We ſettled together by mutual Promiſe, ſeveral Conditions, invoking

invoking all the Gods to be Witneſſes of our Treaty, and ſo I ſent them back with Preſents: But the Gods who drove me from the Kingdom of my Anceſtors, were not yet weary of Perſecuting me: Our Hunts-men, who cou'd not be acquainted ſo ſoon with the Peace we had made, met the ſame day a great Company of thoſe *Barbarians*, who attended their Ambaſſadors as they returned from our Camp; they attack'd 'em with great Fury, kill'd many of 'em, and purſued the reſt into the Woods: Thus the War is kindled anew; for thoſe *Barbarians* think they cannot be ſafe in truſting either to our Promiſes or Oaths; they call to their Aſſiſtance the *Locrians*, *Apulians*, *Lucanians*, *Brutians*, thoſe of *Crotona*, *Nevitta*, and *Brunduſium*. The *Lucanians* came with Chariots arm'd with ſharp Sythes. The *Apulians* are every one of them cover'd with the Skin of ſome wild Beaſt which they have kill'd; they carry in their Hands great wooden Clubs full of Knots, and tipp'd with Iron Spikes; they are almoſt as tall as Giants, and their Bodies be-

come ſo ſtrong and brawny by the laborious Exerciſes to which they inure themſelves, that their very Looks are dreadful and terrifying. The *Locrians*, who are come from *Greece*, do ſtill retain ſomething of their Origin, and have more Humanity than the reſt, but they add the exact Diſcipline of the *Grecian* Troops to the fierceneſs and reſolution of thoſe *Barbarians*, and their hard way of living, which renders them invincible: They have long Swords, and a ſort of light Bucklers made of twiſted and woven Oſiers, and cover'd with Skins. The *Brutians* are nimble-footed like Bucks or Stags; and when they run, one can ſcarce perceive that the tendereſt Graſs is Sullied by their Steps; they hardly leave any print of their Feet on the Sand; they ruſh on the ſudden on their Foes, and diſappear with the ſame rapidity. The People of *Crotona* are very skilful Archers; it is not common among the *Grecians*, to ſee ordinary Men know how to draw a Bow, as it is among the *Crotonians*; and if theſe would contend in our Games, they

they would certainly carry the Prizes. Their Arrows are ſteep'd in the Juice of ſome venemous Herbs, which are ſaid to come from the Banks of *Avernus*, and whoſe Poiſon is mortal. As for thoſe of *Nevitta*, *Meſſapia*, and *Brunduſium*, they are endued only with bodily Strength, and a rude and untaught Valour. At the ſight of their Enemies, they rend the Skies with hideous Shrieks; they are pretty good Slingers, and darken the Air with a Shower of Shot-Stones; but they fight without order, or minding Ranks. This, Oh! *Mentor*, is what you deſir'd to know: You are now acquainted with the Origin of this War, and with our Enemies. As ſoon as *Idomeneus* had given them this Account, *Telemachus* being impatient to fight, thought there was no more to do than to take up Arms; but *Mentor* ſtop'd him a ſecond time, and ſpoke thus to *Idomeneus*: What's the reaſon that the *Locrians*, who are a People originally come from *Greece*, unite themſelves with the *Barbarians* againſt the *Grecians*? How comes it

to pass so many *Greek* Colonies are in a flourishing Condition on this Coast of *Tamea*, without being ingaged in the same Wars with you? You say, Oh! *Idomeneus*, the Gods are not yet weary of persecuting you; but, in my Opinion, they have not yet done instructing you; All those Misfortunes you have undergone, have not taught you yet what you ought to do to prevent a War. What you did your self relate concerning the Honesty of those *Barbarians*, is enough to shew that you might have liv'd in Peace with them; but Pride and Haughtiness kindle the most dangerous Wars: You might have given them Hostages, and taken some of theirs; and it would have been an easie matter for you to have sent some of your Captains along with their Ambassadors to conduct them safe home. Nay, since the renewing of this War, you ought to have pacified them, by letting them know that they were attack'd through ignorance of the Treaty that was concluded with them; you should have offer'd them all the Security they could possibly demand, and have ap-

appointed rigorous Puniſhments for thoſe among your Subjects, who ſhould break the Alliance. But, pray, what hap-n'd ſince the begining of this new War?

I thought, anſwer'd *Idomeneus*, it would have been a baſe Submiſſion in us to court thoſe *Barbarians*, who gather'd in haſte all thoſe amongſt them who were able to bear Arms, and implor'd the Aſſiſtance of all the Neighbouring Nations, to whom they made us odious. Thereupon *I* thought it moſt advantageous for our Security, to make our ſelves Maſters of certain narrow Paſſages in the Mountains which the Enemy kept, which having effected without difficulty, we by that means put our ſelves in a Condition of annoying and haraſſing theſe *Barbarians*. *I* have caus'd ſtrong Towers to be built on thoſe Defiles, from whence our Men may over-whelm with their Darts all thoſe among the Enemy who ſhall attempt to come down from the Mountains into our Country; and at the ſame time, by the favour of theſe Towers we may make Incurſions into their

Country, and lay their chief Settlements waſte whenever we pleaſe. Thus, with forces much inferiour, we are able to reſiſt that innumerable Multitude of Foes that ſurround us. Now things have been carried to that extremity, that it would be a difficult matter to treat of Peace with them; for we cannot yield thoſe Towers to them, without laying our ſelves open to their Inroads, and they look upon them as Citadels we have raiſed to bring them into ſlavery. *Mentor* reply'd: Oh! *Idomeneus*, you ſhew your ſelf to be a wiſe King, in that you are willing to hear undiſguis'd Truth; you are not like thoſe weak Men who are afraid of ſeeing it, and through their want of Reſolution, inſtead of mending their Faults, only employ their Authority in maintaining what they have done amiſs. Know, then that this barbarous People gave you an excellent Leſſon, when they came to you for Peace. Was it out of Weakneſs they ſued for it? Did they want Courage or Aſſiſtance to oppoſe you

you? You plainly ſee they did not, ſince they are ſo inur'd to War, and ſupported by ſo many dreadful Neighbours: Why did not you imitate their Moderation? Bnt a miſtaken Shame, and a falſe Honour have caſt you into this Misfortune. You were afraid of making the Enemy too haughty, but you did not fear making of them too powerful by uniting many confederate Nations againſt you, by your proud and unjuſt Carriage. What are thoſe Towers of which you boaſt ſo much good for, unleſs it be to crate Jealouſies among your Neighbours, and reducing them to the Neceſſity either of deſtroying you or themſelves, in order to avoid the ſlavery with which you ſeem to threaten them? You rear'd up thoſe Towers for your Security only, and 'tis by thoſe Towers you have brought your ſelf into an imminent Danger. The ſureſt and firmeſt Bulkwark of a State is Juſtice, moderation, honeſty, plain-dealing, and the Aſſurance your Neigbhours have that you will never incroach upon their Lands. The ſtrongeſt Walls may fall

through a thouſand unexpected Accidents; the Fortune of War is capricious and inconſtant, but the Love and Confidence of your Neighbours, who have experienc'd your Moderation, renders your State invincible, and deters thoſe Neighbours from attacking it. Nay, ſuppoſe an unjuſt Neighbour ſhould attack it, all the reſt who are concern'd in its Safety, take up Arms preſently for its Defence: The Support ſo of many Nations, who might have found their true Intereſt in maintaining yours, would have made you much more powerful than thoſe Towers, which render your Misfortunes almoſt paſt Remedy: Had you taken care at firſt to prevent the Jealouſie and Suſpicion of all your Neighbours, your new-built City would have flouriſh'd in a happy Tranquility, and you would have made your ſelf Umpire of *Heſperia*. But now let us conſider which way for the future you can rectifie your paſt Errors; you told me before that there are on this Coaſt ſeveral *Greek* Colonies; thoſe People

People muſt needs be diſpos'd to ſerve you; for ſure they have not forgot either the great Name of *Minos*, Son of mighty *Jove*, or your Toils before the Walls of *Troy*, where you did ſo often ſignalize your ſelf amongſt the *Grecian* Princes, for the common Cauſe of all *Greece*. Why do you not endeavour to bring thoſe Colonies over to your Party?

They are all reſolv'd to ſtand Neuter, reply'd *Idomeneus*; not but that they were ſomewhat inclin'd to aſſiſt me, but the great Noiſe this City made through all the Regions about us, deter-r'd them from it. Thoſe *Grecians*, as well as the reſt, were afraid we had ſome deſign upon their Liberty; they thought that having ſubdu'd the barbarous Mountaineers, our Ambition would lead us yet farther: In ſhort, they are all againſt us; thoſe very People who declare not for an open War, yet wiſh to ſee us humbled, and the Jealouſie of others keeps us from having any Allie.

Oh! strange Extremity! reply'd *Mentor*: Whilst you endeavour to appear powerful, you destroy your own Power; and whilst abroad you are the Object both of the Fear and Hatred of your Neighbours, you exhaust your self at home by the vast Expences you must needs be at to carry on the War. Oh! unhappy, doubly unhappy, *Idomeneus*, whom even this Misfortune has made but half-wise! Do you still want a second Fall to teach you how to foresee the Dangers which threaten the greatest Kings? However, trust to my Management, and only let me know which are those *Greek* Cities, that refuse to enter into your Alliance.

The Chief of them, answer'd *Idomeneus*, is the City of *Tarentum*, 'tis now three Years since *Phalantus* laid the Foundation of it, having gather'd in *Cremona* a vast Number of young Men, born of Women who had forgot their absent Husbands during the Seige of *Troy*. When the Men came home, their Wives endeavour'd to pacifie them, by disowning the Faults they had

had committed in their abſence. Theſe numerous Youths born out of Wedlock, knowing neither Father nor Mother, abandon'd themſelves to an unbounded Licentiouſneſs; but the ſeverity of the Laws having curb'd their Diſorders, they unanimouſly ſubmitted to *Phalantus*, a bold, dauntleſs and ambitious Leader, who by ſubtle Inſinuations knew how to maſter their Affections. He came to this Shore with thoſe young *Laconians*, who have made of *Tarentum* a ſecond *Lacedemon*. On the other ſide, *Philocletes*, who reap'd ſo much Glory at the Seige of *Troy*, whither he carried *Hercules*'s Arrows, has raiſed on this Neighbourhood the Walls of *Petelia*, a City which tho' leſs powerful than *Tarentum*, is yet more wiſely govern'd. Laſtly, we have near us the City of *Metapontus*, which the wiſe *Neſtor* founded with his *Pilians*.

What! reply'd *Mentor*, is *Neſtor* in *Heſperia*, and cou'd not you engage him in your Intereſt? *Neſtor* who ſaw you ſo often fight againſt the *Trojans*, and who profeſs'd a Friendſhip for you? Ioſt that

Friend,

friend, answer'd *Idomeneus*, by the Artifice of those People, who are barbarous only in Name; for they were so cunning, as to persuade him, that I design'd to make my self master of all *Hesperia*. We will undeceive him, answer'd *Mentor*: *Telemachus* saw him at *Pilos* before he came to settle his Colony in this Country, and before we undertook our long Voyages in quest of *Ulysses*; undoubtedly he will still remember that great Hero, and the Marks of Tenderness and Affection he gave his Son *Telemachus*: But the chief Business is to remove his Distrust. Those Suspicions you created in the Minds of all your Neighbours, have been the occasion of this War, and the only way to put a stop to it, is to dissipate those vain Fears: Once more leave all to my Conduct.

At these words, *Idomeneus* embracing *Mentor*, felt a shivering mixt with Tenderness, and remain'd Speechless for a while. At last, with a broken Voice, he utter'd these words: Oh! wise old Man, whom the Gods have sent hither to

to redreſs all my Errors; *I* confeſs, *I* would have been angry with any other Mortal that durſt be ſo free with me as you have been: *I* own you are the only Man that could prevail with me to make me ſue for Peace; *I* was reſolv'd either to die, or overcome all my Enemies, but it is reaſonable to believe your wiſe Counſels, rather than my Paſſion. Oh! *Telemachus*, how happy you are in having a Guide, that will never ſuffer you to go aſtray! *Mentor*, you may do whatever you think fit; all the VViſdom of the Gods is in you; *Minerva* her ſelf could not give more wholſome Advice: Go, promiſe, and give any thing that is in my Power; conclude a Treaty upon what Terms you pleaſe; *Idomeneus* will ratifie all you do.

VVhileſt they were thus diſcourſing together, there was heard on the ſudden a confus'd Noiſe of Chariots, neighing of Horſes, hideous Shrieks and Howlings of Men, and loud Trumpets which fill'd the Air with martial Clangors: The general Cry is, The Enemy

are

are come; they have gone a great way about to avoid the narrow Passages guarded by Towers; here they are ready to besiege *Salentum*. The old Men and the Women are under a deep Consternation: Alas! said they, why did we forsake our dear Country, the fruitful Isle of *Crete*, and follow an unhappy Prince through so many Seas, to found a City which is now going to be destroy'd and devour'd by Flames like *Troy*? They saw from the Top of their new rais'd Walls, the Head-Pieces and Shields of the Enemy shine with so much brightness, that their Eyes were dazl'd with it; they saw likewise the bristling Pikes which cover'd the Ground as thick as a plentiful Harvest which *Ceres* ripens in *Sicily* during the scorching heat of Summer, to recompence the Labour of the Husband-man. And now they perceiv'd the Chariots arm'd with sharp Sythes, and easily discern'd the several Nations that made up their Army. *Mentor*, the better to discover them, went up to the Top of a high Tower, whither *Idomeneus* and *Telemachus*

chus soon follow'd him. He was hardly come there, when he espy'd *Philoctetes* on one side, and *Nestor* with his Son *Pisistrates* on the other; for *Nestor* was easily distinguish'd by his venerable old Age. What! cry'd *Mentor*, you thought, Oh! *Idomeneus*, that *Philoctetes* and *Nestor* would be contented to remain Neuter, but now you see they have taken up Arms against you; and If *I* am not mistaken, the other Troops which march in such good order, and with so fierce a Look, are a Body of *Lacedemonians* commanded by *Phalantus*, all are against you; you have made all your Neighbours your Enemies, tho' against your Will.

Having thus said, *Mentor* goes down in haste from the Top of that Tower, runs to one of the City Gates towards which the Enemy were advancing, and commands it to be opened, whilst *Idomeneus*, surpriz'd with the noble Majesty which accompanies all he does, dares not so much as to ask him what he means to do. *Mentor* beckens with his hand, that no body should

ſhould follow him; then makes toward the Enemy, who wondered to ſee a ſingle Man coming to them; ſhews them afar off an Olive Branch, as a ſign of Peace; and being come ſo near them, that he might conveniently be heard, he requir'd them to aſſemble all the Captains; who being met in an inſtant, he thus ſpoke to 'em.

Oh! generous Men, aſſembled out of ſo many Nations which flouriſh in rich *Heſperia*: *I* know 'tis the common Intereſt of your Liberty that ſummon'd you together to this Place; *I* do highly commend your Zeal, but ſuffer me to tell you an eaſie way to preſerve the Liberty and Honour of all your ſeveral Nations without ſpilling human Blood. Oh! *Neſtor*, Oh! wiſe *Neſtor*, whom *I* perceive in this Aſſembly! You are not ignorant how fatal War is even to thoſe who undertake it with Juſtice, and under the Protection of the Gods; War is the greateſt Evil with which the Gods afflict Mankind; you can never forget how much the *Greeks* have ſuffer'd during ten Years before un-

unhappy *Troy*. How many Diviſions have they ſeen among their Chiefs? What Caprices of Fortune have they been expos'd to? How many of them have fallen by *Hector*'s Sword? What a deſolation has been occaſion'd in the moſt powerful and flouriſhing Cities upon account of the War, by the long abſence of their Kings? At their return home, ſome were caſt away, and others met a fatal Death in the very Embrace of their Conſorts. Oh! Inhabitants of *Heſperia*, *I* wiſh the Gods may never grant you ſo fatal a Victory: *I* own *Troy* is reduc'd to Aſhes; but it were better for the *Grecians*, if ſhe was ſtill in her full Glory, and if baſe *Paris* ſhould ſtill gratifie his infamous Love with *Helena*. Oh! *Philoctetes*, you, who have been ſo long unhappy, and abandon'd in the Iſle of *Lemnos*, are not you afraid of meeting with the like Diſaſters in another War? I know the People of *Laconia* have felt likewiſe the Miſeries occaſion'd by the tedious abſence of the Princes, Captains and Soldiers who went againſt the *Trojans*.

Oh!

Oh! *Grecians*, you, who came to *Hesperia*, your coming hither was only a sequel of the Misfortunes which attended the *Trojan* War.

The End of the Second Volume.

THE ADVENTURES OF *TELEMACHUS* The SON of ULYSSES.

PART. III.

WHen *Mentor* had thus ſpoken, he made up towards the *Pilians*, and *Neſtor* (who by that time begun to know who he was) advanc'd to meet and ſalute him. Oh! *Mentor*,

Mentor, ſaid he to him, 'tis now a long time ſince *I* firſt ſaw you in *Phocis*; but tho' you were at that time but fifteen Years of Age, yet even then *I* foreſaw you would be as wiſe as you have prov'd to be in your riper Years. Pray, acquaint me what ſtrange Adventure brought you hither? And what Expedient you deſign to propoſe in order to prevent this VVar which *Idomeneus* has brought upon himſelf? VVe are all for Peace; 'twas our common Intereſt to deſire it, but we could no longer live ſecure with him; he has broke his moſt ſolemn Promiſes with his next Neighbours; he has ſhewn to all the reſt his ambitious deſign of bringing them under Slavery, and has left us no other Means to defend our Liberty, than the uſing our utmoſt Endeavours to over-throw his new Kingdom. However, if you can find a way to remove our juſt Fears, and ſettle a firm and laſting Peace, all thoſe Nations whom you ſee here aſſembled, will gladly lay down their Arms; and confeſs that you ſurpaſs us in VViſdom.

Men-

Mentor answer'd: VVise *Nestor*, you know *Ulysses*, committed his Son *Telemachus* to my Charge; this young Man, impatient to know what was become of his Father, went first to *Pylos*, where you gave him all the kind Entertainment he could expect from one of his Father's constant Friends, and then order'd your Son to conduct him in his Travels through your Country; He afterwards undertook great Voyages; he saw *Sicily*, *Egypt*, and the Isles of *Cyprus* and *Crete*; at last the VVinds, or rather the Gods, cast him on this Shore, as he endeavour'd to return to *Ithaca*, and we came here in time to prevent the horrors of a cruel VVar; 'tis not *Idomeneus*, but the Son of *Ulysses* and my Self, who will answer for the Performance of all Promises that shall be made to you.

VVhile *Mentor* was thus discoursing with *Nestor*, in the middle of the confederate Troops, *Idomeneus* and *Telemachus*, with all the *Cretans* in Arms, kept their Eyes fixt on them from the top of the VValls of *Salentum*; they observ'd

ſerv'd with great Attention how *Mentor*'s Propoſals would be receiv'd, and wiſh'd they might have heard the wiſe Speeches of thoſe two venerable old Men. *Neſtor* ever had the Reputation of the moſt prudent and moſt Eloquent of all the *Grecian* Princes: 'Twas he, who during the Seige of *Troy*, allay'd and check'd the Paſſion of fierce *Achilles*; the haughty Ambition of *Agamemnon*; the Pride of *Ajax*, and the boiſterous Courage of *Diomedes*; ſoft Perſuaſion flow'd from his Lips like a ſtream of Milk and Hony; all thoſe Heroes were attentive to his Voice, and were ſilent aſſoon as he begun to ſpeak: He alone knew how to appeaſe fierce Diſcord in the Camp, and tho' he began to feel the Infirmities of feeble old Age, yet his words were ſtill full of Strength and Sweetneſs. He related Things paſt in order to inſtruct Youth by his conſummate Experience, and tho' he was ſlow of Speech, yet he had a moſt graceful way of telling a Story. This old Man, admir'd by all *Greece*, ſeem'd to loſe all his Majeſty and Eloquence aſſoon as

Men-

Mentor appear'd with him; he look'd decay'd and over-born by Years, whereas Age ſeem'd to bear Reſpect to *Mentor*'s ſtrong and vigorous Conſtitution. The Speech of *Mentor*, tho' plain and grave, carried with it an Air of Authority which *Neſtor*'s VVords begun to want; whatever he ſpoke was Conciſe, Pithy, Nervous and to the Purpoſe; he never us'd vain Repetitions, nor related any thing foreign to the Point in Queſtion. If he was oblig'd to ſpeak often of the ſame thing, in order to inculcate it, or to perſuade others, he did it with a new Turn, and enforcing Similies, and accompanied the whole with kind and complaiſant Expreſſions, adapted to the want of others, and fit to inſinuate the Truth of what he ſaid. Thoſe two venerable Men yielded a very moving Sight to ſo many aſſembled Nations; and while the Confederate Army that beſieged *Salentum*, crowded to ſee them at cloſe view, and endeavour'd to hear their wiſe Speeches, *Idomeneus* and thoſe about him, with greedy and attentive Looks

ſtrove

ſtrove to diſcover what their Geſtures and Countenance meant. In the mean time *Telemachus*, full of Impatience, ſteals away from that Multitude of People that ſurrounded him, and running to the Gate through which *Mentor* was gone out, commands it to be open'd with an Air of Authority. Soon after *Idomeneus*, who thought he was ſtill by his Side, wondered to ſee him running croſs the Fields, and making towards *Neſtor*. *Neſtor* knew him again, and haſtned, tho' with ſlow Steps, to receive him. *Telemachus* preſently flew to embrace him, and hugg'd him a long time without ſpeaking a Word; at laſt he cry'd out Oh! Father, for *I* ſcruple not to call you ſo, ſince my Misfortune of not finding my true Father, my dear Father, how bleſt am *I* to ſee you! And oh! That *I* might ſee *Ulyſſes* alſo! Yet if any thing could alleviate my Sorrow in being depriv'd of him, 'tis certainly the finding in you another Self. At theſe Words *Neſtor* was not able to forbear Weeping, and he felt a ſecret Joy when he

he perceiv'd those Tears, which, with a wonderful Grace, trickled down *Telemachus*'s Cheeks. The Beauty, Gentleness, and noble Assurance of this unknown Youth, who without any Precaution, went through so many Enemies, struck all the Allies with Astonishment. Is not this, said they, the Son of that old Man who came to speak with *Nestor*? Yes, without doubt; for they have both the same VViſdom, tho' with the different Characters of Age; in the one she does but begin to Blossom, whereas in the other she bears a plentiful Harvest of ripe Fruits. *Mentor* who saw with Pleasure, with what a tender Affection *Nestor* had receiv'd *Telemachus*, made use of that happy Disposition. This is, said he to him, the Son of *Ulysses*, so dear to all *Greece*, and to your self. Oh; Wise *Nestor*, *I* deliver him up to you as the best and surest Hostage for *Idomeneus*'s Promises. You may easily imagine that *I* should be sorry if the loss of the Son should follow that of the Father, and that the wretched and

diſconſolate *Penelope* ſhould reproach *Mentor* with having ſacrific'd her Son to the Ambition of the new King of *Salenta*. With this Surety, who offers himſelf of his own accord, and whom the Gods, who are lovers of Peace, have ſent to you, I begin to offer to all theſe aſſembled Nations, ſuch Propoſals as will eſtabliſh for ever a ſolid and laſting Peace.

At this Word of Peace, a confuſed Noiſe began to ſpread from Rank to Rank; all thoſe different Nations murmur'd with Anger and Indignation, thinking ſo much time loſt, while they delay'd Fighting, and that all thoſe Speeches tended only to allay their Fury, and rob them of their Prey. Among the reſt, the *Manducians* bore with great impatience, that *Idomeneus* ſhould ever be in a condition to deceive them again. Therefore they often attempted to interrupt *Mentor*, for they fear'd leſt his wiſe Diſcourſe ſhould ſlacken their Allies; nay, they began to grow Jealous of all the *Grecians* who were in the Aſſembly. *Mentor* perceiving

ing this, made it his Buſineſs to fortify their Jealouſy, the better to divide the Minds of thoſe different Nations.

I confeſs, ſaid he, that the *Manduci-ans* have juſt reaſon to complain, and to demand reparation for the Wrongs they have ſuffer'd; but at the ſame time; it is not reaſonable that the *Gre-cians*, who make up the beſt govern'd Colonies, ſhould be ſuſpected and odi-ous to the Natives. On the contrary, the *Grecians* ought to be united toge-ther, and make themſelves reſpected by others; the only Thing they muſt obſerve, is to be contented with what they enjoy, and never to encroach upon their Neighbour's Territories. I know *Idomeneus* has been ſo unhappy as to create Jealouſies among you, but 'twill be an eaſie matter to remove all your Suſpicions. *Telemachus* and my Self will become your Hoſtages? We'll an-ſwer for *Idomeneus*'s Fidelity, and will re-main in your power till he has faithful-ly perform'd all his Promiſes to you. You are provok'd, Oh! *Manducians*, be-cauſe the *Cretan* Troops have made

themſelves Maſters of your Mountains by ſurprize, and that by that means they are able to make Incurſions whenever they pleaſe into the Country, whither you did retire, to leave them the open Country near the Sea ſhore. Upon the whole Matter, thoſe narrow Paſſages which the *Cretans* have Fortified with high Towers full of armed Men, are the true occaſion of this War. Pray, anſwer me, can you alledge any other? Thereupon the chief of the *Manducians* advanc'd and thus ſpoke.

What Means have we not us'd to avoid this War? The Gods themſelves can Witneſs that we renounc'd Peace, only becauſe it was no longer in our Power to live in Peace, through the ſtirring Ambition of the *Cretans*, and the impoſſibility of truſting to their Oaths again. A ſenſeleſs Nation, who drove us to the hard neceſſity of runing all Hazards, and ſeeking our ſafety in their Ruin! As long as they keep thoſe narrow Paſſages, we ſhall ever be afraid of their Deſigns of incroaching upon our Lands, and bringing us under ſubjection. Had they no othe

Thoughts

Thoughts than to live in Peace with their Neighbours, they would be contented with what we yielded up to them of our own accord, and would not desire to keep an Entrance into a Country upon which they have no ambitious Design. You are little acquainted with them, oh! wise old Man, but it has been our Misfortune to know them too, too well. Cease, cease for the future, oh! thou beloved by the Gods, cease to put a stop to a just and necessary War, without which a constant Peace can never be settled in *Hesperia*. Oh! Ungrateful, treacherous, and cruel Nation, whom the angry Gods have sent among us to trouble our Repose, and punish us for our Faults. Yet after you have punish'd us, Oh great Gods! You will revenge us too, neither will you be less just to our Enemies than to our selves.

At these Words all the Assembly was in an Uproar: It seem'd as if *Mars* and *Bellona* went from Rank to Rank to kindle in every one's Breast the raging fury of War, which *Mentor* endeavour'd

to quench. Whereupon *Mentor* thus resum'd his Discourse: Had I nothing but Promises to make to you, you might chuse whether you would accept or reject them; but what I offer is real and certain. If you are not contented to have *Telemachus* and my self for Hostages, *I* will cause Twelve of the most noble and valiant *Cretans* to be delivered up to you. But at the same time it is but just that you should give us Hostages also: For tho' *Idomeneus* hath a sincere desire for Peace, yet he desires it without Fear or Weakness; he seeks Peace just as you seem to desire it, out of Wisdom and Moderation, and not out of a fond Love for a soft and effeminate Life, nor out of fear at the impending Dangers of War. He is ready either to Conquer or to Die, but he prefers Peace to the most glorious Victory; he would be asham'd of being overcome, but he fears the being unjust, and is not ashamed to make amends for what he has done amiss. Tho' he offers Peace with Sword in Hand, he would not be thought to impose

poſe its Conditions with Imperiouſneſs; for he ſets no value upon a forc'd Friendſhip. He would have a Peace, wherein all Parties concern'd may find their mutual Satisfaction; a Peace that may remove all Jealouſies, ſtifle all Feuds and Reſentments, and reconcile all Diſtruſts. In a Word, *Idomeneus* has all the Sentiments which, I am ſure, you deſire, he ſhould have; my chief Buſineſs now is to perſwade you of his real Intentions, which I may do with eaſe, if you will but hear me with an impartial and unprejudiced Mind. Hear me, Oh! Warlike People; and you, Oh! Wiſe and united Captains, hear what I offer to you from *Idomeneus*: As it is not juſt that he ſhould have a free Entrance into his Neighbour's Territories, ſo it were unreaſonable that he ſhould be expos'd to the Inroads of his Neighbours; therefore he conſents that thoſe Streights which he has fortified with Towers, may be guarded by Troops that ſhall ſtand neuter. You *Neſtor*, and you *Philoctetes*, are born *Grecians*, yet

upon this occaſion you declar'd againſt *Idomeneus*, and ſo cannot be ſuſpected of being too favourable to his ſide. You are mov'd and animated by the common Intereſt of the repoſe and liberty of *Heſperia*, and therefore 'tis fit you ſhould be the Truſtees and Keepers of thoſe narrow Paſſages which have occaſion'd this War. You are as much concern'd in hindering the old Inhabitants of *Heſperia* from deſtroying *Salenta*, which is a new *Greek* Colony, like one of thoſe you have founded, as in hindering *Idomeneus* from encroaching upon his Neighbours. You ought to keep an equal Ballance betwixt both Parties; and inſtead of deſtroying with Fire and Sword, a People whom you ought to Love, reſerve to your ſelves the Honour of being Judges and Mediators. I know you would like theſe Propoſals, if you could be ſure of the Performance on *Idomeneus*'s part; as to this, I will give you full ſatisfaction: For the ſecurity of both Parties, there will be thoſe Hoſtages I mention'd before, till all the narrow Paſſages be de-

depoſited into your Hands. Now when the ſafety of all *Heſperia*, and even that of *Salenta* and *Idomeneus* ſhall lie at your Mercy, will you not then be contented? Of whom can you be afraid, unleſs it be of your own ſelves? You dare not truſt *Idomeneus*; and yet *Idomeneus* is ſo free from any deſign of deceiving you, that he is willing to truſt you. Yes, he will commit to your Charge both the Repoſe, Lives and Liberty of all his People and himſelf. If it be true that you only deſire an honourable and laſting Peace, how can you now reject her, when ſhe courts you to embrace her? Once more do not think that 'tis Fear that forces *Idomeneus* to offer you theſe Propoſals; no, 'tis VViſdom and Juſtice engage him to take theſe Meaſures, without regarding whether or no you impute that to his Weakneſs which is the effect of his Virtue. In his firſt attempts he was to blame, and he glories in acknowledging his Faults by obviateing your Demands. 'Tis Weakneſs, 'tis ridiculous Vanity, 'tis abſolute Ignorance of a Man's own Intereſt, to

hope to conceal his Faults by endeavouring to maintain 'em by a fierce Haughtineſs. He who owns his Faults to his Enemy, and who offers to repair 'em, ſhews by that that he is become uncapable of committing 'em; and an Enemy cannot be too fearful of ſo wiſe and ſo firm a Conduct, at leaſt if he does not make Peace; Be ſure you take good heed, that in his turn, he does do you no Injury. If you ſlight Peace and Juſtice, which now offer themſelves to you, Peace and Juſtice will take their Revenge. *Idomeneus*, who ought to have fear'd that he ſhou'd have found the Gods provoked againſt him, will now find 'em on his ſide againſt you. *Telemachus* and my ſelf will Fight for the true Cauſe; and I call all the Gods both Celeſtial and Infernal to witneſs the Juſtice of thoſe Propoſals that I have now made you.

At theſe words *Mentor* rais'd his Arm on high to ſhew to that great multitude of People the Olive-Branch, the Signal of Peace, which he had in his Hand. The Commanders, who nearly beheld

beheld him, were dazl'd with the divine Light that ſparkl'd in his Eyes; he appear'd with ſuch an Authority, and ſo awful a Majeſty, as is never ſeen in the greateſt and moſt Illuſtrious among Mortals. The Charm of his ſoft, yet powerful Words, ſtole away their Hearts: They were like thoſe enchanted Words, which in the deep ſilence of the Night, do in a Moment ſtop the Motion of the Moon and Stars, calm the raging Seas, huſh the Winds and the Waves, and ſtay the Courſe of the moſt rapid Streams. *Mentor* ſeem'd in the middle of theſe furious People, like *Bacchus* when he was ſurrounded by Tygers, which forgetting their fierceneſs, by the power of his ſweet Words, came and lick'd his Feet, and own'd their ſubjection by their fawning. All this while there remain'd a profound ſilence thro' all the Army: The Commanders ſtood gazing on one another, and durſt not oppoſe this ſingle Man, nor imagin who he was. All the Troops ſtood motionleſs with their Eyes fix'd on him, and durſt not make the leaſt noiſe, leſt he ſhould

ſhould have ſomething more to ſay, which that might hinder, tho' they could not imagin that any thing could be added to what he ſaid: His Diſcourſe ſeem'd ſhort, and they wiſh'd he had ſpoken longer. All he had ſaid, remain'd as it were Engraven in their Hearts; his Speech made him be lov'd; his Speech made him believ'd; every one was greedily attentive both with their Ears and Eyes, to catch the leaſt Syllable that came out of his Mouth.

After a pretty long ſilence, a kind of a ſoft noiſe began to ſpread it ſelf by little and little on every ſide, not like the confus'd noiſe of People that begin their Anger with harſh Whiſpers; but on the contrary, it was a kind and gentle Murmur. Every one's Face appear'd with a pleaſant Serenity and a delightful Softneſs. The *Manducians*, ſo highly enrag'd, let their Weapons fall out of their Hands. The rugged *Phalantus*, and the *Lacedemonians*, were amaz'd to find their Hearts ſo ſoftned; and the reſt began to look for that happy Peace which

which lately was in view. *Philoctetes*, whom his own Misfortunes had made more ſenſible than the reſt, could not reſtrain his Tears. *Neſtor* not being able to ſpeak for the tranſport into which this Diſcourſe had thrown him, tenderly embrac'd *Mentor*, being wholly incapable of uttering one Syllable; and all the People at once, as if it had been a Signal, cry'd out, Oh, wonderous wiſe old Man! You alone have diſarm'd us; Peace, Peace, 'tis Peace we wiſh for. Preſently after this, *Neſtor* would have harrang'd 'em; but the Troops were impatient, and fear'd that he would only ſtart ſome difficulty: Once again, they cry'd out, Peace! Peace! And they were not to be Silenc'd, but by obliging all the Officers of the Army to cry out with them for Peace. *Neſtor* perceiving that he had not then the liberty to make a regular Diſcourſe, was contented only to ſay; You ſee, *Mentor*, what the word of a good Man can do: When Wiſdom and Virtue ſpeak, they ſtill all the Paſſions; our juſt Reſentments turn into

into Friendſhip, and deſires of a laſting Peace. We accept the Peace you offer us; at which all the Commanders held up their Hands in Sign of Agreement. *Mentor* haſted to the City-Gate to cauſe it to be open'd, and to ſpeak to *Idomeneus* to come out of the City without any Precaution. Mean while *Neſtor* embrac'd *Telemachus* with theſe words; Thou amiable Son of the wiſeſt of all the *Greeks*, may you be wiſer and happier than He! Have you learn'd nothing of his Fate? The Memory of your Father, whom you ſo much reſemble, had help'd to extinguiſh our Rage. *Phalantus*, tho' of a Rough and fierce Nature, tho' he had never ſeen *Ulyſſes*, cou'dn't but be concern'd for his and his Son's Misfortunes. Here *Telemachus* was preſs'd to recount his Adventures, till *Mentor* return'd with *Idomeneus* and all the *Cretan* Youths which attended him. At the ſight of *Idomeneus*, the Allies felt their Animoſity rekindled, but *Mentor*'s words ſtifl'd this Fire, juſt ready to break out. Why do we delay, ſaid he, the Confirma-

firmation of this ſacred Alliance, of which the Gods will be both Witneſſes and Guarantees? May they avenge it, if any impious Wretch dare to violate it? and may all the horrible plagues of War (not involving the Faithful and Innocent) fall on the perjur'd and execrable Head of that ambitious Man who ſhall break the holy Sanctions of this Alliance! May he be hated of Gods and Men! May he never reap the Fruit of his Perfidiouſneſs! May the infernal Furies, in the moſt hideous Forms, appear and encreaſe his Rage and Deſpair! May he be ſtruck dead without any hope of Burial! May his Body be a Prey to Dogs and Vulturs! May he be in the deep Abyſs of Hell for ever, more ſeverely tormented than *Tantalus*, *Ixion*, or the *Danaids*! But no; rather may this Peace be as firm as the Mountain of *Atlas*, that ſupports the Heavens! May all theſe People preſerve and enjoy the Fruits of it from Generation to Generation! May the Names of thoſe who ſhall ſwear to it be ever mention'd with Love and Reverence, by the laſt of our Race! May this

Peace,

Peace, founded upon Juſtice and Integrity, be the Pattern of every Peace hereafter to be made among all the Nations of the Univerſe! And may all the People who would make themſelves happy by re-uniting, take Example by thoſe of *Heſperia*!

At theſe words, *Idomeneus* and the other Kings ſwore to maintain the Peace on the fore-mention'd Articles. Hoſtages were given on each ſide, and *Telemachus* would needs be one of the Hoſtages for *Idomeneus*; but *Mentor* cou'd not be one of that Number, becauſe the Allies deſired he ſhould continue with *Idomeneus*, to give an account of his Conduct, and of that of his Counſellors, till the entire execution of the Articles ſworn to. An hundred Heifers as white as Snow were ſacrific'd between the Enemies Camp and the Town, together with as many white Bulls whoſe Horns were gilt and adorn'd with Garlands. The frightful Belowings of the Sacrifices that fell under the ſacred Knife, reſounded over all the neighbouring Moun-

Mountains; the reaking Gore ſtream'd on all Sides; a great abundance of the richeſt Wine was pour'd out for the Libations; the Aruſpices conſulted the Entrails yet panting. In theſe Sacrifices burn'd on the Altar an Incenſe that aſcended like a large Cloud, whoſe Odour perfum'd the whole Country. While the Soldiers on both Sides throwing off the unkind Aſpects of Enemies, began to entertain one another with their Adventures and already began to eaſe themſelves of their fatigues and to have ſome foretaſte of the ſweetneſs of Peace: Many of thoſe who had follow'd *Idomeneus* to the Seige of *Troy*, knew thoſe who belong'd to *Neſtor* which had been engag'd with them in the ſame War, and very kindly embracing each other, mutually related what had befall'n e'm, after they had ruin'd that lofty City, the Ornament and Glory of all *Aſia*: And now they lay down on the Graſs, crown'd with Flowers, drinking Wine together that was ſent

'em

'em out of the Town in large Veſſels, to celebrate ſo happy a day.

Then ſaid *Mentor* to the Kings; O ye Captains, aſſembled under ſeveral Names and ſeveral Leaders, you ſhall now be but one People: For thus the juſt Gods, Lovers of Mankind, have decreed the eternal Tie of their Concord. The entire human Race is but one large Family diſpers'd over the Face of the whole Earth: All Men are Brothers to each other, and ought to love as ſuch. Curs'd are thoſe wicked Men who ſeek a cruel Glory in the Blood of their Brethren, which is, indeed, their own. 'Tis true, War is ſometimes neceſſary; but it is a ſhame to Humanity, that it is inevitable on ſome occaſions. Oh Princes! think not that it ought to be deſir'd for the acquiſition of Glory! True Glory is not to be found void of Humanity; whoever prefers his own particular Glory to the Sentiments of Humanity is a Monſter of Pride and no Man, and can never obtain any other than a falſe Glory for true Glory, conſiſts only in Moderation and Goodneſs.

He

He may be flatter'd, indeed, to satisfie his foolish Vanity; but Men will always say in private, when they are disposed to speak their real opinion, That he has so much the less deserv'd Glory, as he has sought it with an unjust Passion: Men ought not to esteem him, because he has so little valu'd Men, and has been so prodigal of their Blood thro' a brutish Vanity. Happy's that King who loves his People, and is belov'd by them; who dare trust his Neighbours, and who is trusted by them; who, has so far from making War against them, that he prevents any War between them, and gives occasion to all Foreign Nations to wish themselves as happy as his Subjects in having him for their King! Resolve then to meet from time to time, O ye Princes of the powerful Cities of *Hesperia*, and hold a general Assembly once every three Years, where all the Kings here present shall concur to continue this Alliance by a new Oath, to confirm this promis'd Friendship, and to concert all your common Interests. As long as you are united,

you

you will enjoy at home in this fine Country both Peace, Honour and Plenty; abroad you will ever be invincible. 'Tis only Diſcord, the Daughter of Hell, that torments poor diſtracted Mortals, that has Power to interrupt the Happineſs the Gods do deſign you. *Neſtor* reply'd, You ſee by the readineſs with which we making Peace, how far we are from making War thro' any Vain-glory, or by the unjuſt greedineſs of advancing our ſelves by the depreſſion of our Neighbours; but what can we do when we find our ſelves near a violent Prince, who knows no Law but his Intereſt, and who takes all occaſions to invade the Territories of other States? Think not that I ſpak of *Idomeneus*: No; I have no longer ſuch a Thought of him: 'Tis *Adraſtus* King of the *Daunians* from whom we ought to fear all Miſchiefs: He contemns the Gods, and thinks that all Men upon the Face of the Earth were born only to promote his Glory by their Slavery: He will have no Subjects of whom he may be both King and Father: He

muſt

muſt have Slaves and Adorers, and will be worſhip'd as a God. Hitherto the blind Goddeſs, *Fortune*, has favour'd his unjuſt Enterprizes: We haſted to attack *Salanta* to defeat the weakeſt of our Enemies, who only began to eſtabliſh himſelf on this ſide, at laſt to turn our Forces againſt that other more powerful Enemy: He has already taken ſeveral Towns from our Allies: He has defeated the *Crotonians* in two Battels, uſing all means whatever to ſatisfie his Ambition; Force and Cunning are alike to him, ſo he can but weaken his Enemies: He has heap'd up a great maſs of Treaſure, and his Troops are diſciplin'd and inur'd to War; His Commanders are Experienc'd; he is well obey'd, watching himſelf continually over all thoſe who act by his Order; he puniſhes the leaſt Faults with Severity, and largely rewards the good Services done him; his Valour ſuſtains and animates the Courage of all his Troops, and he wou'd be an accompliſh'd King if Juſtice and Honeſty guided his Actions: But he neither fears the Gods nor the

the Checks of his Conſcience; nor does he value Fame it ſelf, but looks on it as a vain Phantom, which can affect none but poor ſpirited Men; he eſteems nothing as a real and ſolid Good, but the advantage of poſſeſſing great Riches, to be fear'd and to proſtrate all Mankind at his Feet. Shortly you'll find his Army upon our Confines, and if the union of ſo many People do not enable us to reſiſt him, we have certainly loſt all hopes of Liberty. 'Tis therefore the Intereſt of *Idomeneus* as well as ours to oppoſe this haughty Man, who can ſuffer nothing free in his Neighbourhood. If we had been overcome, *Salenta* wou'd have been threaten'd with the ſame Misfortune. Let us make haſte then all together to prevent it.

Whilſt *Neſtor* ſpoke thus, they advanc'd toward the Town: For *Idomeneus* had invited all the Kings and principal Commanders to enter and paſs the Night there: 'Mean while all the Army of the Allies ſet up their Tents, and all the Field was already cover'd with

with rich Pavillions of all ſorts of Colours, wherein the weary'd *Heſperians* expected refreſhing Sleep. When the Kings and their Retinue were enter'd the City, they were amaz'd to ſee, how in ſo little a time ſo many magnificent Structures cou'd be rais'd; and that the hurry of ſo great a War had not hinder'd this growing City from encreaſing, and from being beautified all at once.

They admir'd the Wiſdom and Vigilance of *Idomeneus*, who had founded ſo brave a Kingdom, and every one concluded that having made Peace with him, the Allies wou'd be very powerful, if he enter'd into a League with them againſt the *Dauneans*. It was therefore propos'd to *Idomeneus* to join with them in it, who cou'd not reject ſo juſt a Propoſal, promiſing 'em aſſiſtance: But as *Mentor* was not ignorant of any thing that is neceſſary to make a State flouriſh, he was aſſur'd that the Forces of *Idomenens* cou'd not be ſo great as they ſeem'd, wherefore, taking him a part, he thus ſpoke to him.

You

You ſee our care has not been altogether unprofitable to you: *Salenta* is guarded from this Misfortune that threatn'd it: 'Tis now only in your power to raiſe its Glory high as the Heavens, and to equal the Wiſdom of your Grandſire *Minos* in the Government of your People. I proceed to ſpeak freely to you, believing you would have me do ſo, and that you hate all manner of Flattery. Whilſt theſe Kings were praiſing your Magnificence, I was thinking to my ſelf on the Raſhneſs of your Conduct: —— At this word Raſhneſs, *Idomeneus* chang'd Countenance, his Eyes look'd wildly, he colour'd and was going to interrupt *Mentor*, who ſaid to him in a modeſt and reſpectful Tone, but free and bold; I ſee plainly this word *Raſhneſs* ſhocks you, and confeſs, any one but my ſelf wou'd hardly have us'd it; for we ought to reſpect Kings and humour their nicety, eſpecially when we reprove e'm: Truth alone is enough to offend 'em, without adding rough Expreſſions; but I was in hopes that you cou'd have per-

permitted me to have ſpoken to you without Lenitives, to let you ſee your Errour: My Deſign has been to accuſtom you to underſtand how to call Things by their Names, and to perceive, that when others give you their Advice upon your Conduct, they never dare tell you all that they Think; and, if you wou'd not be deceiv'd in it, you ſhou'd always apprehend more than they will ſay to you, of what relates to your diſadvantage. For my part, I ſhall willingly ſoften my Words according to your Circumſtances. At theſe Words *Idomeneus*, who by this time had recover'd of his paſſionate Diſorder, ſeem'd aſham'd of his Nicety: You ſee, ſaid he to *Mentor*, what the Cuſtom of being Flatter'd does. I deſire the welfare of my Kingdom, and there is no Truth, how ungrateful ſoever, but what I ſhall think my ſelf happy to hear from your Mouth; But pity a Monarch, whom Flattery had poyſon'd, and who even in his Misfortunes cou'd not find a Man brave enough to tell him the Truth. No, I

have never found any Body who has lov'd me ſo well as to diſpleaſe me in telling me the whole Truth. Here the Tears ſtood in his Eyes, and he tenderly embrac'd *Mentor*. Then ſaid the old wiſe Man, 'tis with Grief that I ſee my ſelf conſtrain'd to tell you ſome hard Things; but can I betray you in telling you the Truth? Suppoſe your ſelf in my Place; if you have hitherto been deceiv'd, 'twas becauſe you were very willing to be ſo; 'twas this made you fear to be adviſ'd. Have you ſought for the moſt diſintereſs'd People, and who were moſt likely to contradict you? Have you made it your Buſineſs to chuſe Men the leaſt fond to pleaſe you? The moſt unbiaſs'd in their Conduct, and the moſt capable to condemn your unjuſt Sentiments and Paſſions? When you have found Flatterers, have you diſcarded 'em? Have you diſtruſted your ſelf? No, no; you have not done as thoſe do who love Truth, and who deſerve to know it. Let us ſee if you will henceforward have the Courage to act better, and to ſuffer your

ſelf

ſelf to be humbl'd by the Truth that condemns you. I ſaid, that what acquires you ſo great praiſe, deſerves to be blam'd. While you had ſo many Enemies abroad, who threaten'd your Kingdom, yet but ill eſtabliſh'd, you thought on nothing within your new City, but to raiſe ſtately Buildings in it: 'Tis this has caus'd you ſo many reſtleſs Nights, as you your ſelf have own'd to me. You have conſum'd your Wealth; you never thought of encreaſing your People, nor of Cultivating the fertil Lands on this Coaſt. Shou'd you not have look'd upon theſe two Things as the two eſſential Foundations of your Power? To have a great number of able Men, and Lands well Cultivated to feed 'em? There ought to have been a long Peace in theſe beginnings to favour the encreaſe of your People. You ſhou'd have thought of nothing but Husbandry, and the eſtabliſhment of the moſt wiſe Laws. A vain Ambition has puſh'd you on to the very brink of a Precipice; and by labouring to appear Great, you had like

to have ruin'd your true Greatneſs. Make haſte now to repair theſe Faults; Leave off all your great Works; throw off all Pride which wou'd ruin your new City: Let your People take their Eaſe, and apply your ſelf to ſettle 'em in Plenty, to facilitate their Marriages. For, know that you are no longer a King than you have a People to govern; and that you ſhou'd not meaſure your Power by the extent of the Lands you poſſeſs, but by the number of Men, who inhabit 'em, and who are bound to obey you: Make choice of good Ground, tho' but indifferent in extent, and fill it with a numerous People, Laborious and Diſciplin'd; endeavour to be lov'd by theſe People, and then you will be more Powerful, more Happy, and more Glorious than all the Conquerors who lay waſte ſo many Kingdoms.

How ſhall I deport my ſelf then, ſaid *Idomeneus*, to theſe Kings? Shall I own my weakneſs to them? 'Tis true, I have neglected Husbandry and Commerce too, which is ſo convenient for me in

theſe

theſe Parts, having thought on nothing but to build me a ſtately City. Muſt I, my dear *Mentor*, diſhonour my ſelf before ſo many Kings, and diſcover my want of Power? If I muſt, I will without any ſcruple, whatever it coſts me: For you have taught me that a true King, who is made for his People, and who owes himſelf wholly to them, ought to prefer the welfare of his Kingdom to his own Reputation. This Sentiment, reply'd *Mentor*, becomes a Father of the People; 'tis by this Goodneſs, and not by the magnificence of your City, that I perceive the Soul of a true King in you: But your Honour muſt be maintain'd as well as the Intereſt of your Kingdom: That ſhall be my Province, *I* will therefore go tell theſe Kings, that you have engag'd your ſelf to re-eſtabliſh *Ulyſſes*, if he be yet Living, or at leaſt his Son, at *Ithaca*; and that you will drive thence by force all the Lovers of *Penelope*. They muſt needs conſider that this War will require a great number of Troops, and ſo they will agree that you can

afford 'em but ſmall ſupplies againſt the *Daunians*.

At theſe Words *Idomeneus* appear'd like a Man eas'd of a Burthen not to be born. My dear Friend, ſaid he to *Mentor*, you will thus ſave my Honour, and the Reputation of this growing City, whoſe Weakneſs you will hide from all my Neighbours: But what probability is there that *I* will ſend Forces to *Ithaca*, to re-eſtabliſh *Ulyſſes* there, or at leaſt his Son *Telemachus*, ſince *Telemachus* himſelf is engag'd to go to the War againſt the *Daunians*? Don't trouble your ſelf, Sir, replied *Mentor*, I'll tell them nothing but Truth: The Veſſels that you ſend to eſtabliſh your Trade, ſhall go to the Coaſt of *Epirus*, which will do two Things at one time; one in recalling the Foreign Merchants, whom too great Impoſts do eſtrange from *Salenta* to your Coaſt; and t'other in inquiring News of *Ulyſſes*; who, if he be yet alive, can't be far from thoſe Seas that part *Greece* and *Italy*; and it is certainly reported that he was ſeen among the *Pheacians*: But,

But, if there be no hope of ſeeing him again, your Fleet will however do a ſignal Piece of Service to his Son; for they will ſpread thro' *Ithaca*, and all the neighbouring Countries, a terrour of the Name of young *Telemachus*, who was thought to be dead as well as his Father: The Lovers of *Penelope* will be aſtoniſh'd to hear that he is ready to return with the Succours of a powerful Allie; The *Ithacans* will not dare to ſhake off the Yoke; *Penelope* will be comforted, and will ever refuſe to make choice of a Husband. Thus you will ſerve *Telemachus* whil'ſt he is in your place, with the Allies on this Coaſt of *Italy* againſt the *Daunians*. At theſe words, *Idomeneus* cry'd out, Happy's the King who is ſupported by wiſe Counſels! A wiſe and faithful Friend, is more worth to a King than victorious Armies. But doubly bleſs'd is the King who is ſenſible of his Happineſs, and knows how to profit himſelf by the uſe of wiſe Counſels: For often it happens, that wiſe and honeſt Men, whoſe Virtue is fear'd, are far remov'd

from his truſt, that he may give an ear to Flatterers, whoſe Treaſon is never fear'd. I am my ſelf fall'n into this Error, and I will relate to you all the Misfortunes that have befall'n me by a falſe Friend, who flatter'd my Paſſions, in hopes, that in return, I would gratifie his.

Mentor eaſily made the Confederate Kings underſtand that *Idomeneus* ought to take care of the Affairs of *Telemachus*, whileſt that young Prince went with them. They were very well ſatisfy'd that they had in their Army the young Son of *Ulyſſes*, and an hundred of the *Cretan* Youth, whom *Idomeneus* gave him to accompany him; they were the Flower of the young Nobility which the King brought along with him from *Crete*. 'Twas *Mentor* who advis'd him to ſend 'em to this War. You muſt take care, ſaid he, to increaſe the People during this Peace; but leſt all the Nation ſhould grow ſoft and effeminate, and be ignorant of the Art of War, you muſt ſend the young Nobility to the Wars abroad, who will

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be ſufficient to ſet the whole Kingdom on an Emulation of Glory, on the Love of Arms, on the Contempt of Fatigues, and of Death it ſelf; in ſhort, on the Experience of the Military Art.

The Confederate Kings left *Salenta*, very well ſatisfy'd with King *Idomeneus*, and charm'd with the Wiſdom of *Mentor*. They were very glad that they had got *Telemachus* along with 'em; who could not maſter his Grief when he was to part with his Friend. Whilſt the Confederate Kings took their leaves, and ſwore to *Idomeneus* that they would keep an eternal Alliance with him, *Mentor* holding *Telemachus* lock'd in his Arms, felt himſelf bedew'd with that young Prince's Tears. I am inſenſible, ſaid *Telemachus*, of the Joy that *I* am going in queſt of Glory; nothing now fills my Soul but the Grief that *I* muſt part from you. Methinks *I* ſee again that unfortunate time when the *Egyptians* ſnatch'd me from between your Arms, and carry'd me away from you without giving me the leaſt hope of ſeeing you any more. *Mentor* re-

turn'd an anſwer to theſe words, ſweet and obliging, the better to comfort him: This, ſaid he, is a Separation far different, this is voluntary and will be ſhort; you go to ſeek Victory. My Son, you ſhould love me leſs tenderly and with a more manly Love. Accuſtom your ſelf to my abſence; you will not always have me with you: Wiſdom and Virtue rather than the Preſence of *Mentor*, ſhould inſpire you with what you ought to do. Saying this, the Goddeſs, conceal'd under the Perſon of *Mentor*, cover'd *Telemachus* with her Breaſt-Plate, and breath'd into him the Spirit of Wiſdom and Foreſight, undaunted Valour and a ſweet Moderation, which are ſo rarely found together. Go, ſaid *Mentor*, into the midſt of the greateſt Dangers as often as it is convenient you ſhould go. A Prince diſhonours himſelf much more in ſhunning the Dangers of War, than in never going to 'em at all. The Courage of him who commands others, ought never to be doubtful. If it be neceſſary that a People ſhould preſerve

ſerve their General and King, it is the more neceſſary to 'em not to ſee him in an uncertain Reputation of Valour. Remember, that he who Commands, ought to be a Pattern to all the reſt; and his Example ought to encourage the whole Army. Expoſe your ſelf then, O *Telemachus*, and periſh in the Combate rather than expoſe your ſelf to the Malice of thoſe who could doubt your Courage! But, on the other hand, ſeek not for Dangers without advantage; for Valour can no longer be a Virtue than it is guided by Prudence; otherwiſe it is a mad contempt of Life and a brutiſh Heat. Deſperate Valour is ever uncertain. He who does not Command himſelf in Dangers, is rather Wild than Brave; 'tis neceſſary that he ſhould be beſide himſelf to put himſelf above Fear; becauſe he can't ſurmount it by the natural Situation of his Heart: In this Caſe, if he does not fly, at leaſt he is perplex'd: he loſes the freedom of his Mind, which would be neceſſary to him in uſing opportunities to rout the Enemy, or to ſerve his

his Country; if he has all the Fire of a Souldier, he has not the Diſcretion of a Captain; and yet more, he has not the true Courage of a private Soldier; for a Soldier ought to preſerve a Preſence of Mind in the Fight, and a Moderation neceſſary to Obedience. He who raſhly expoſes himſelf, diſturbs the Order and Diſcipline of Troops; gives an Example of Raſhneſs, and often expoſes the whole Army to great Misfortunes: Thoſe who prefer their vain Ambition to the ſafety of the common Cauſe, deſerve Puniſhments, not Rewards. Take good heed then, my dear Son! not to ſeek Glory with too much impatience! The true Means to find it, is quietly to wait a favourable Opportunity: Virtue cauſes her ſelf the more to be fear'd, by how much ſhe appears more plain, more modeſt, and more an Enemy to all Pride. As the neceſſity of being expos'd to Danger encreaſes, new Succours of Foreſight and Courage are proportionately requiſite, which may always be upon the Advance. For other Matters, remember

member that you ought never to draw on you the Envy of any Body. On t'other ſide, be not jealous of the ſucceſs of others; be ſure firſt to praiſe whatſoever merits any thing of Praiſe; but praiſe with diſcretion, repeating the Good with Pleaſure, hide the Bad, and think no more of it but with Sorrow. Ben't poſitive before the old Commanders, who have gain'd by Experience that which 'tis impoſſible you ſhould have; hearken to 'em with Deference; conſult 'em; deſire the moſt able to inſtruct you, and be not aſham'd to own how far you have improv'd by their Inſtructions: In ſhort, never give ear to Diſcourſes by which your Diſtruſt or Jealouſie may be rais'd againſt the other chief Officers; but ſpeak to 'em with frankneſs and ingenuity: If you think they have not carried it well to you, open your Heart to 'em, and explain all your Reaſons to 'em: If they are capable of underſtanding the Generoſity of this Conduct, you will charm 'em, and you will draw from 'em all that you have occaſion to expect;

pect: On the contrary, if they have not ſenſe enough to apprehend your meaning, you will be inform'd by your ſelf how unjuſt they are, and how to ſuffer it; and will thence take your Meaſures to truſt 'em no more as long as the War laſts, and thus will have nothing to accuſe your ſelf of: But, above all things, never tell any Flatterers, who ſow Diviſion, the occaſions of the Complaints which you believe you have againſt the Commanders of the Army to which you belong.

I will ſtay here, continu'd *Mentor*, to help *Idomeneus* in his Buſineſs, to labour for the Happineſs of his People. I will ſtay for you, O my dear *Telemachus!* Remember, that thoſe who fear the Gods have nothing to fear from Men! You will be expoſed to the greateſt Dangers; but know! that *Minerva* will never forſake you.

At theſe words *Telemachus* thought that he ſaw the Goddeſs her ſelf; and he had certainly known that 'twas ſhe who ſpoke to him, to inſpire him with Bravery, if the Goddeſs had not re-call'd

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the Idea of *Mentor*; saying, Forget not, my Son, the unwearied Care I have taken of you in your Infancy, that you might be as wise and valorous as your Father; do nothing therefore unworthy his great Example, and of the Principles of Virtue with which I have endeavour'd to inspire you!

The Sun was already risen, and gilded the Tops of the Mountains, when the King came out of *Salenta* to rejoin the Troops. These Troops encamp'd round the City, began to march under their Commanders; on every side was seen the bright Steel of bristling Pikes; the glittering shields dazl'd their Eyes. A Cloud of Dust mounted up to the Skies. *Idomeneus* and *Mentor* conducted the Confederate Kings into the Camp, which was at a good distance from the Walls of the City. At last they parted, after having given the Marks of a true Friendship on each side. The Allies no longer doubted that the Peace would last, now they knew the sincerity of the Mind of *Idomeneus*, which was represented to them very different from what

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it was; for he was judg'd of, not by his own natural Inclinations, but by the Flatteries and unjuſt Counſels to which he had given himſelf over.

After the Army was gone, *Idomeneus* led *Mentor* into every part of the City, and the neighbouring Country; but *Mentor* would firſt ſee his Naval Forces. Let us (ſaid he) number your Veſſels; let us take an exact account of their Burthen, and how many Sailors you have to Man 'em, either to maintain a War, or to carry on the Trade of your Subjects, by which your Power is to be meaſured. Then he went to ſee the Port, and aboard every Veſſel, informing himſelf of the Country, where each of 'em went to Traffick; what Merchandize it carried, what Goods they took in return; what was the Charge of the Ship during the time ſhe was at Sea; the Loans that the Merchants made one to another; the Companies they ſet up among themſelves, to ſee if they were equitably and faithfully obſerved. Finally, the hazards of Shipwreck, and other Miſchances

chances of Trade, in order to prevent the Ruin of Merchants, who, out of a greedy deſire of Gain, do often undertake more than they know how to manage. He ordain'd ſevere Puniſhments for all Bankrupts, becauſe their Breaking is always owing to their Raſhneſs, if not to their Diſhoneſty: At the ſame time he made ſeveral Regulations in order to prevent Bankrupts; and to that end he created Magiſtrates, to whom the Merchants were to give an Account of their Effects, Profits, Expences, and Ventures. They were never ſuffered to venture another Man's Eſtate, nor above half of their own. Moreover they carried on by Joint-ſtock, thoſe Undertakings which they could not have manag'd ſingly; and the By-laws of their reſpective Companies became inviolable, through the ſevere Puniſhments inflicted on the Infringers of the ſame. Beſides, every one had full liberty of Trading, and inſtead of over-charging them with Taxes and Duties, there was an Encouragement propoſed to all Merchants that

that could engage any other Nation to Trade to *Salenta*. By this means there was a general resort of People from all Parts; the Commerce of that City was like the flux and reflux of the Sea; Riches continually entred into it like rolling Waves, which are push'd forwards by those succeeding: All manner of Wares were freely Imported and Exported; whatever they brought in was good for something or other; and nothing was Exported that did not introduce other Riches in its Room. Justice alone reign'd in the Port among so many different Nations; upright Dealing, Honesty and Candour, from the tops of those high Towers, seem'd to invite all Merchants from the remotest Parts of the Universe. Every one of those Merchants, whether he came from the Eastern Shore, where the Sun rises each Day out of the Bosom of the watry Deep; or whether he came from that great Sea, where that radiant Planet, weary of its Course, extinguishes its Fires and goes to rest; every one, I say, lived in Peace and Safety in *Salenta*,

Salenta, as if it had been his own Country. As for the inside of the City, *Mentor* view'd all Store-houses, Tradesmens Shops, and publick Places; prohibited all Foreign Goods that might introduce Luxury and Effeminacy; and regulated the Apparel, Food, Houshold-stuff, State, and Ornament of Houses, according to the different Conditions and Degrees: He forbad the making and wearing of all Ornaments of Gold and Silver; and told *Idomeneus*, I know but one way to make your People moderate in their Expences, which is your own Example of Moderation; 'tis requisite you should be distinguish'd by an outward shew of Majesty; but your Guards, and the chief Officers which are about you, will be a sufficient Mark of your Authority. Be contented to wear a Garment of superfine Wooll died in Purple; let the chief Men of your State be clad with the same Wooll, and let all the difference be in the Colour; and a thin Embroidery of Gold on the Skirts of your

your Robe. Thoſe different Colours will ſerve to diſtinguiſh the different Degrees, without the expenſive help either of Gold, Silver, or Precious Stones. Regulate thoſe Degrees by Birth and Extraction, and let thoſe be plac'd in the firſt Rank, whoſe Deſcent is moſt Noble, Ancient, and Conſpicuous. Thoſe, who by their Merit ſhall be advanced to Places of Truſt and Authority, will be contented to come after thoſe Ancient and Illuſtrious Families, which for a long time have been in poſſeſſion of Honour: And ſuch, whoſe Extraction is not ſo Noble as theirs, will eaſily give place to them, if ſo be you do not ſuffer them to forget themſelves in a high and ſudden Preferment, and beſtow new Honours and Commendations on thoſe who know how to be moderate in Proſperity. That diſtinction which proceeds from a long continuation of Noble Anceſtors, is the leaſt expoſed to Envy; next to that, Virtue muſt be excited and encourag'd, and Men will be ready to ſerve the State, provided you beſtow

ſtow Crowns and Statues upon great Actions, which will be a Spring of Nobility for the Sons of thoſe that have atchieved them. Perſons of the firſt Rank, next to you, ſhall be clad in White, with a Gold and Silver Fringe on the lower Border of their Garment, and ſhall wear a Gold Ring on their Fingers. Thoſe of the ſecond Rank, ſhall be clad in Blue, with a Silver Fringe and a Ring, but no Medal. The Third in Green without Fringe, but with a Medal. The Fourth in deep Yellow. The Fifth in a pale Red. The Sixth in Grisdelin. The Seventh who ſhall be the meaneſt of the People, in Yellow mixt with White. Theſe are the Colours for the ſeven different Degrees of Free-men. The Slaves ſhall be clad in Dark-brown. Thus without any expence, every one's Condition ſhall be diſtinguiſh'd, and all thoſe Arts ſhall be baniſh'd from *Salenta*, which ſerve only to keep up a vain Pomp, and foment Luxury. All the Artificers who are now employ'd about thoſe pernicious Arts, ſhall either betake themſelves to

to neceſſary Arts, which are but few, to Merchandize, or to Agriculture. It ſhall never be lawful to change either the Manufactory of Stuffs, or the Faſhion of Cloaths; for 'tis a ſhameful Thing for Men deſtin'd to a ſerious and noble Life, to ſpend their time in inventing affected Ornaments; or to ſuffer their Wives, in whom thoſe trifling Amuſements are leſs diſgraceful, to be guilty of thoſe Extravagancies.

Mentor, like a skilful Gardiner, who lops the uſeleſs Branches off the Trees, endeavoured to retrench vain Pomp and Luxury, which deprav'd good Manners, and to introduce a noble and frugal Plainneſs in every thing. He likewiſe regulated the ordinary Food both of Citizens and Slaves. What a ſhame, ſaid he, is it for the moſt eminent Men to make their Grandeur to conſiſt in Ragoos and Kickſhaws, by which they effeminate their Minds, and continually impair the health of their Bodies? Whereas they ought to place their Happineſs in Moderation;

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in their Authority, which gives them an occaſion of doing good to other men; and in the Fame and Reputation they acquire by their good Actions. Sobriety and Temperance make the moſt ordinary Food the moſt palatable; and with a vigorous Conſtitution of Body, procure the moſt conſtant Pleaſures. Therefore let your Tables be furniſh'd with the beſt ſort of Meats dreſs'd without any Ragoos; for the provoking Mens Appetites beyond the regular craving of their Stomachs, is but a more refined Art of Poiſoning: By that *Idomeneus* eaſily underſtood how ill he had done, in ſuffering the Inhabitants of his New City, to ſoften and corrupt their Manners, through the Violation of the Laws of *Minos* about Sobriety: But wiſe *Mentor* put him in mind, That the reviving of thoſe very Laws would ſignifie nothing, unleſs his own Example gave them that Vigour and Authority, which nothing elſe could procure them. Thereupon *Idomeneus* regulated his Table, and order'd that nothing ſhould be ſerved to him beſides

beſides excellent Bread, delicious Wine of the growth of that Country, but in ſmall quantities, with Meat plainly dreſt, and ſuch as he us'd to eat with the other *Grecians* at the Siege of *Troy*. No Perſon durſt to complain of a Law which the King impoſed upon himſelf, and by that means every body retrench'd the profuſeneſs of Dainties and Delicacies, which they began to introduce in their Meals.

Next to that, *Mentor* ſilenc'd ſoft and effeminate Muſick, as tending to corrupt Youth; and likewiſe condemned Tavern-Muſick, which inebriates the Mind no leſs than Wine it ſelf, and is often the cauſe of Riot and Impudence in Men's Manners. Thus he confin'd Muſick to Feſtivals within the Temples, to celebrate the Praiſes of the Gods, and of thoſe Hero's, who have left us Patterns of the moſt excellent Virtues. Nor did he permit any of the great Ornaments of Architectures, ſuch as Pillars, Pedeſtals, and Portico's, to be us'd any where but in Temples. He made himſelf new Draughts of a plain and graceful

graceful Architecture, whereby on a ſmall piece of Ground one might build a pleaſant and convenient Houſe for a numerous Family, in ſuch a manner, that it was expos'd to a wholſome Air; that its ſeveral Lodgings were independent upon one another; and that it might eaſily be kept in Order and Repair at a ſmall charge. Theſe different Draughts of Houſes, according to the number of Perſons in each Family, ſerv'd to embelliſh part of the City with little Expence, and to make it regular; whereas the other Part, which was already built up according to the Caprice or Vanity of private Perſons, tho' more magnificent, was yet leſs pleaſant and convenient.

Painting and Carving were Arts which *Mentor* did not think fit to be laid aſide; however he allow'd but few Men in *Salenta* to profeſs 'em. He ſetled a publick School to teach thoſe Arts, and appointed moſt skilful Maſters to examine the young Apprentices. Thoſe Arts, ſaid he, which

are not abſolutely neceſſary, ought not to admit of any thing that's mean or indifferent; and therefore no young Men ſhould be ſuffer'd to learn them, but thoſe whoſe promiſing Genius ſeems to tend to Perfection: As for others who are born for leſs noble Arts, they will be uſefully employ'd about the ordinary Occaſions of the Common-wealth. The only thing, added he, wherein Carvers and Painters ought to be employ'd, is in preſerving the Memory of great Men, and their noble Actions; and for that purpoſe, Repreſentations and Memorials of what has been Atchieved with an extraordinary Induſtry, ought to be us'd in publick Buildings and Tombs. Moreover *Mentor*'s Moderation and Frugality did not go ſo far, but that he allow'd theſe great Buildings deſign'd for Horſe, or Chariot-Races, Wreſtlings, Fights with *Ceſtus*, and all other Exerciſes, which render the Body both more ſupple, active, and vigorous. He ſuppreſs'd a vaſt number

ber of Merchants and Shop-keepers, who ſold figured Stuffs of remote Countries; Embroider'd Works of an exceſſive Price; Gold and Silver Veſſels with emboſſed Figures of the Gods, Men, and Animals; and laſtly, refined Liquors and Perfumes. He order'd likewiſe that the Furniture of every Houſe ſhould be plain, ſtrong, and laſting. Thus the *Salentines* who loudly complain'd of their Poverty, began to be ſenſible how many ſuperfluous Riches they enjoy'd; but thoſe were deceitful Riches, which made them really poor; and they only became truly Rich, as ſoon as they had the Reſolution to diſpoſſeſs themſelves of them. 'Tis the beſt way, ſaid they, to grow Rich, by deſpiſing ſuch Riches as exhauſt the Nation, and the reducing all our Wants to the true and neceſſary occaſions of Nature.

Mentor was diligent in viewing the Arſenals and publick Magazines, to ſee that Arms and all other Things neceſſary in War were in Order. For, ſaid he,

we always muſt be in readineſs to make War, the better to prevent the Misfortune of being firſt Attack'd. Now having found a great many Things wanting every where, he preſently aſſembled Artificers to work Iron, Steel and Braſs: You might have ſeen burning Furnaces, and Clouds of Fire and Smoak mounting on high like thoſe ſubterranean Fires which are vomited up by Mount *Ætna*. The ſturdy Hammer reſounded on the Anvil which groan'd under the repeated Strokes; the neighbouring Mountains and Seaſhore ecchoed to 'em; one would have thought himſelf to be in that famous Iſland where *Vulcan* cheers up his *Cyclopes*, and forges Thunderbolts for the Father of the Gods: And by a wiſe forecaſt all the Preparations for a War were making in a profound Peace. Afterwards *Mentor* went out of the City with *Idomeneus*, and found a great Tract of fertile Lands lying waſte and uncultivated; others were manur'd but by halves through the Negligence and Poverty

verty of the Husbandmen, who wanted more Hands, and bodily Strength to bring Agriculture to Perfection. *Mentor* beholding thoſe deſolate Fields, ſaid to the King: This Land is willing to enrich the Inhabitants, but the Inhabitants are wanting to the Land, and to themſelves. Let us therefore take all the uſeleſs Artificers who are in the City, and whoſe Trade tends only to debauch Manners, in order to make them till and manure theſe Plains and high Grounds. I own it's a Misfortune that all thoſe Men who have practis'd Arts which require a ſedentary Life, are not inur'd to hard Labour; but here is a Remedy for it: We muſt divide among them all the Lands void of Inhabitants, and call to their aſſiſtance ſome of the Neighbouring People who will undertake the hardeſt Work under 'em, provided they allow them a reaſonable ſhare in the Profits of the Lands they ſhall begin to Plow. Nay, in time they may enjoy a proportion of thoſe Lands, and being thus incorporated with your People, provided

they be laborious and ſubmiſſive to the Laws, they will encreaſe your Power, and prove the beſt Subjects, your City-Tradeſmen, now tranſplanted into the Country, will train up their Children to Labour, and enure them to the Yoke of a rural Life, and in proceſs of Time, all the Country round about ſhall be ſtock'd with ſtrong, vigorous Men, addicted to Husbandry. Now you need not be ſollicitous about the increaſe of your People; for they will ſoon multiply to a Prodigy, if you encourage Matrimony, which you may do with great eaſe. Moſt Men have an Inclination to Marry, and 'tis generally Want that keeps them from it. If you do not over-charge 'em with Taxes, they will live at eaſe with their Wives and Families; for the Earth is never ungrateful. She always yields Fruits to ſuſtain thoſe who cultivate her with Care and Diligence, and only denies her Benefits to thoſe who refuſe to beſtow their Labour upon her. The more Children Husbandmen have, the richer they are, provided the Prince

ſtudy

ſtudy not to make them Poor: for their Children, even from their tendereſt Youth, begin to be a help to 'em; the youngeſt tend the Flocks while they are Feeding; thoſe of riper Years begin to drive the great Droves of Cattle; and the eldeſt guide the Plough-handle with their Father: In the mean time the Mother and all her Family dreſs a courſe Meal for her Husband, and her dear Children, againſt they come home ſpent with the Toil of the Day. She takes care to Milk her Cows, and Streams of ſweet Liquor fill her cleanly Pails; ſhe lights a great Fire, round which the innocent and peaceful Family divert themſelves with ſinging merry Lays before they go to reſt; ſhe gets ready Cheeſe, Cheſnuts, and Fruits that look as freſh as if new gather'd. In the mean time the Shepherd comes home with his Flute, and ſings to the Family ſuch new Songs as he learnt in the Neighbouring Villages. The Husbandman comes in with his Plough, and goads along his wearied Oxen, which walk with ſlow Steps,

and bending Necks. All the Hardſhips of Labour end with the Day: The kind Poppies which *Morpheus*, by the Command of the immortal Gods, ſcatters all over the Earth, quiet all black Thoughts, charm and lull Nature into a ſoft Enchantment, and every one falls aſleep without forecaſting the Labours of the next Day. Happy are thoſe Men who live without Ambition, Diſtruſt, or Diſguiſe, provided the Gods vouchſafe to give 'em a good King, who never diſturbs their innocent Joys. But what a horrid piece of Cruelty is, the wreſting from their Hands the ſweet Fruits of the Earth, which they owe to the Bounty of Nature, and the ſweat of their Brows, only to gratifie the Pride and Ambition of one ſingle Man! Nature alone, out of her fruitful Boſom is able to maintain an infinite number of thrifty and laborious Men; but 'tis the Pride and luxurious Effeminacy of ſome Men who reduce ſo many others to the dreadful preſſures of Poverty.

But

But what ſhall I do, ſaid *Idomeneus*, if thoſe Men whom I diſperſe about a fruitful Country, neglect to Cultivate it? Follow, anſwer'd *Mentor*, a Method entirely oppoſite to that which is generally us'd by others. Greedy Princes, who have no forecaſt, make it their Buſineſs to lay heavy Taxes on ſuch among their Subjects, who are moſt Diligent and Induſtrious in the improving of their Eſtates, becauſe they think they can raiſe thoſe Duties with more eaſe; and at the ſame time they favour and excuſe thoſe whom Sloth and Idleneſs have Impoveriſh'd. Invert that bad Method, which over-burdens the Good, encourages Vice, and introduces a ſupine Negligence no leſs fatal to the King, than to the whole State. Impoſe Taxes, Fines, nay, if need be, more rigorous Penalties on thoſe who neglect the Culture of their Lands; juſt as you would inflict Puniſhments on thoſe Soldiers who quit their Poſt in War: Grant Favours and Exemptions to ſuch Families as multiply; and augment in proportion the extent of

their Poſſeſſions. By this means their Families will ſoon encreaſe, and every Body will be encourag'd to Labour; nay, Husbandry being no longer attended by ſo many Hardſhips, will be ſo far from being deſpis'd, that it will become Honourable; the Plough, now in eſteem, ſhall be guided by thoſe very Hands that gain'd Victories over the Enemies of the Country; and the Cultivating ones own Lands will be no leſs creditable, during a happy Peace, than the ſecuring of the ſame during the Troubles of War. All the Country will flouriſh and ſmile again; *Ceres* will be crown'd with golden Ears of Corn; *Bacchus* ſtamping the Grapes with his Feet, ſhall cauſe ſtreams of Wine more delicious than Nectar, to glide down the ſhelving Hills; the hollow Valleys ſhall eccho to the rural Conſorts of Shepherds, who along the graſſy Banks of purling Brooks ſhall ſing to their Pipes, both their amorous Pains and Pleaſures, whilſt their Flocks dancing to the Harmony, ſhall crop the Graſs enamell'd with Flowers, ſecure from the

the ravenous Wolves. Will it not be a great happineſs for you, Oh! *Idomeneus*, to be the Spring of ſo many Bleſſings, and to make ſo many People live in ſoft repoſe under the ſhadow of your auſpicious Name? Is not this Glory more affecting and more to be coveted, than that of laying the World waſte, and ſpreading every where (nay even at home, in the midſt of one's Victories, as well as among the Vanquiſh'd abroad) Slaughter, Deſtruction, Horror, Conſternation, cruel Famine, and Deſpair? Oh! Happy the King, who is ſo belov'd of the Gods, and has ſo large a Soul as to undertake to make himſelf the Delight of his People, and ſhew to all Ages the charming and wonderous Spectacle of his Reign! The whole Earth, inſtead of ſhunning his Power by Fights and Battles, would proſtrate her ſelf at his Feet, to beg him to Rule over her.

But, reply'd *Idomeneus*, when my People live thus in Peace and Plenty, Pleaſures will ſoon corrupt them, and they will bend againſt me that very Power

Power I have put into their Hands. Fear not, ſaid *Mentor*, any ſuch Inconvenience: That's but a vain Pretence to flatter the Prodigality of thoſe Princes, who over-charge their People with Taxes. Beſides, there's a Remedy at hand: Thoſe Laws we have made for Husbandry, will inure them to a laborious Life; and even in Plenty, they ſhall have only Neceſſaries, becauſe we retrench all Arts which introduce Superfluities. Nay, that Plenty ſhall be leſſen'd by the frequent Marriages, and the great encreaſe of Families: For every Family being grown Numerous, and poſſeſſing but a competent Portion of Land, ſhall be forc'd to beſtow continual labour upon the Culture of it. 'Tis Effeminacy and Sloth which make the People inſolent and rebellious. They ſhall have Bread, I confeſs; and Bread in abundance: But then they ſhall have nothing but Bread, and the Fruits of their own Land, gotten by the Sweat of their Brows. To keep your People within that juſt Moderation, you muſt at this very time regulate

late the extent of Ground which every Family ſhall be allow'd to poſſeſs. You know we diſtributed all your People into ſeven Ranks, according to their different Conditions: Now you muſt not ſuffer any Family, of any Degree, to enjoy more Land than is abſolutely neceſſary for the Maintenance of thoſe Perſons who depend upon it. This being a ſtanding inviolable Rule, the Nobles ſhall not be able to purchaſe from the Poor: All ſhall have Lands; but every one ſhall have but a ſmall ſhare, and by that means ſhall be excited to Cultivate it well. If in long proceſs of time Lands ſhould grow ſhort here, you might ſend Colonies abroad, which would encreaſe the Power of this State. Moreover, I think you never ought to ſuffer Wine to be too plentiful in your Dominions; if they have planted too many Vines, command them to be deſtroy'd; for Wine is a main ſource of the greateſt Miſchiefs among the People; it cauſes Quarrels, Seditions, Idleneſs and Sloth, and Diſorders in Families. Therefore

let

let Wine be preſerv'd as a kind of Remedy, or as a choice Liquor, to be employ'd only in Sacrifices, or extraordinary Feſtivals; yet think not that you can bring ſo important a Rule into Practice, unleſs you recommend it by your own Example. Furthermore, you muſt cauſe the Laws of *Minos*, concerning the Education of Children, to be inviolably obſerv'd: To which purpoſe, publick Schools ought to be erected, where they may be taught to fear the Gods, to love their Country, to reverence the Laws, and to prefer Honour before Pleaſures, and Life it ſelf. You muſt appoint Magiſtrates to over-ſee the Families and Manners of private Perſons: Nay, over-ſee them your ſelf, ſince you are King; that is, the Shepherd of the People, only to watch Night and Day over your Flock. By that means you will prevent a thouſand Crimes and Diſorders; and what you cannot prevent, you ought to puniſh at firſt with great Severity; for 'tis a piece of Clemency, by early and exemplary Puniſhments, to ſtem the Tide of

of Wickedneſs. A little Blood ſpill'd in time, ſaves the Lives of Thouſands, and makes a Prince fear'd without uſing Rigour too often. But what a deteſtable Maxim is it, to make one's Safety conſiſt in the oppreſſing of the People? How barbarous is it, not to inſtruct them; not to lead them into the Path of Virtue; not to do any thing to get their Love; to drive them by Terror to Deſpair; and finally, to impoſe this dreadful Neceſſity upon 'em, either never to breath in ſweet Liberty, or to ſhake off a Tyrant's Yoke? What Name can one give to ſuch a Government? Is this the Way that leads to Honour? Remember, that where-ever the Command of the Prince is moſt abſolute, there the Prince is leaſt powerful. He takes all, conſumes all, and enjoys alone the whole State; but then the whole State is in a languiſhing Condition; the Country is uncultivated and deſolate; the Cities decreaſe, and Trade decays every day. The King, who cannot be a King by himſelf, and who is only ſo by his Subjects, annihilates him-

himſelf by degrees, while he annihilates his People from whom both his Riches and Power are deriv'd; his Kingdom is exhauſted of Money and Men, and the loſs of theſe is the greateſt and the moſt irreparable. His deſpotick Power makes as many Slaves as he has Subjects; they all ſeem to adore him, whereas they only tremble at his dreadful Looks. But ſee what will happen at the leaſt Revolution; this monſtrous Power, skrewed up to a violent Exceſs, can hold out no longer, ſhe finds no Supplies in the Affections of the People, ſhe has wearied and provok'd all the different Ranks of Men in his State, and by that means forces every Member of that Body to ſigh with equal earneſtneſs after a Change. At the very firſt blow which is made at her, the Idol is thrown down, and trampled under Foot: Contempt, Hatred, Fear, Reſentment, Diſtruſt; in a word, all the Paſſions unite themſelves againſt ſo odious an Authority. The King, who during his vain Proſperity, could find no Man

that

that durſt ſpeak the Truth to him, ſhall not find in his Misfortune any one Man that will either excuſe his Follies, or defend him againſt his Enemies.

Theſe and the like Diſcourſes of *Mentor*, having prevail'd upon *Idomeneus*, he preſently diſtributed the waſt Lands among the uſeleſs Artificers, and put in execution what had been reſolv'd before. And now the Fields which had long been o'er ſpread with Briars and Thorns, begin to promiſe plentiful Harveſts, and Fruits till then unknown. The Earth opens her Boſom to receive the cutting Plow-ſhare, and prepares her Riches to recompence the Labour of the Husband-man. Hope revives and ſmiles on every ſide: You might ſee both in the Valleys, and on the Hills, numerous Flocks of Sheep, skipping and bleating on the Graſs, and great Herds of larger Cattle, which make the high Mountains reſound with their Bellowings. Thoſe Flocks and Herds fatten in the Fields and Meadows; 'tis *Mentor* who has found the way

way to procure them, by adviſing *Idomeneus* to exchange with the neighbouring Nations all the ſuperfluous Things, which are now prohibited in *Salenta*, for thoſe Sheep, Cows, and Oxen, which the *Salentines* wanted.

At the ſame time both the Cities and Villages round about were full of fine ſprightly Youths, who for a long time had languiſh'd in Miſery, and were afraid to marry leſt they ſhould aggravate their Woes: But when they ſaw that *Idomeneus* began to embrace Sentiments of Humanity, and was willing to become their Father, they were no more afraid of Hunger, nor of the other Plagues with which Heaven afflicts Mankind. There were heard every where great ſhoutings for Joy; the Shepherds and Plow-men celebrated the Hymeneal Pleaſures in their Rural Songs; ſo that one would have thought, that the God *Pan* with a Chorus of *Satyrs*, *Fauns*, and Nymphs danc'd to the ſoft ſound of the Flute in the ſhady Woods. All was peaceful and ſmiling; but 'twas a moderate Joy;

Joy; and as thoſe Pleaſures ſerv'd only to allay the Hardſhips of daily Labour, ſo they were more quick, and more ſenſible. The Old Men ſurpriz'd to ſee what they did not ſo much as hope for, during the long ſeries of their Years, wept through an exceſs of Joy mix'd with Tenderneſs; and lifting up their trembling Hands towards Heaven: Bleſs, ſaid they, Bleſs, Oh! great *Jupiter!* the King who reſembles thee, and is the greateſt King thou ever madeſt. As he is born for the good of Mankind, return him all the good we receive from him. Our Great-grandſons ſprung from thoſe happy Marriages, which he encourages, ſhall be indebted to him, even for their very Birth; and he will truly be the Father of all his Subjects. The young Men and Maidens who married together, expreſs'd their mutual Joys, in ſinging the Praiſes of him who was the Fountain of thoſe Joys; every Mouth, every Heart were continually fill'd with his Praiſes. The ſight of him was accounted a great Happineſs; his abſence

a Misfortune; and the losing of him, had been the Desolation of all Families.

Thereupon *Idomeneus* confest to *Mentor*, that he never felt so true and sensible a Pleasure, as that of being belov'd, and making so many People happy. I could not, said he, have believ'd what I now see: I thought all the Greatness of Princes consisted only in making themselves to be fear'd; that the rest of Mankind were all made for them: And I look'd upon it as a meer Fable, whatever I had heard of those Kings, who were the Delight and Darlings of their People: I now find the Truth of it, but I must relate to you how, from my tendereſt Infancy, my Mind was intoxicated with the Authority of Kings, which was the cause of all the Misfortunes of my Life.

Protesilaus, who is something older than my self, was, of all others, the young Man whom I lov'd most; his lively and bold Temper suited with my Inclinations; he insinuated himself

ſelf into my Pleaſures and Diverſions; flatter'd all my Paſſions, and gave me a diſtruſt of another Young Man, whom I loved alſo, and whoſe Name was *Philocles*. This *Philocles* fear'd the Gods, and had a great Soul, but full of Moderation: He placed Greatneſs not in raiſing, but in conquering himſelf, and doing nothing that's Baſe and Ungenerous. He told me of my Faults with freedom; and even when he durſt not ſpeak to me, his very Looks, and ſad Countenance, gave me ſufficiently to underſtand what he had a mind to reproach me with: I was well enough pleas'd at firſt with his Sincerity; and I often aſſur'd him, that I would ever hear him in Confidence as long as I liv'd. To ſecure me againſt Flatteries, he told me all I ought to do, to tread in the Footſteps of *Minos*, and to make my Subjects happy; his Wiſdom was not ſo deep as yours, Oh *Mentor!* but I now find by degrees, that his Maxims were good. The cunning Inſinuations of *Proteſilaus*, who was Jealous and full of Ambition, gave me a diſguſt

diſguſt for *Philocles* : *Philocles* being indifferent, and free from tow'ring Thoughts, ſuffer'd the other to get the Aſcendant, and contented himſelf with telling me the Truth, when I was willing to hear it; for 'twas my Good, and not my Fortune that he ſought. *Proteſilaus* made me inſenſibly believe, that *Philocles* was a moroſe and proud Cenſurer of all my Actions; who ask'd no Favours of me, becauſe his Pride would not ſuffer him to be beholden to me; and that he courted the Reputation of one that is above all Honours that I was able to beſtow. He added, that he ſpoke as freely about my Faults with other People, as he did with my ſelf; that he gave ſufficiently to underſtand, what a ſmall Eſteem he had for me; and that his leſſening my Reputation, was a Deſign to open himſelf a Way to the Throne, by the ſhew of a rigid Virtue. At firſt I was unwilling to think, that *Philocles* deſign'd to uſurp my Crown; for there is a certain Candour and Ingenuity in true Virtue, which can-

cannot be counterfeited, and which cannot be miſtaken, if conſider'd with attention: Yet I begun to grow weary of *Philocles*'s Obſtinacy in condemning my Weakneſs. The ſoft complaiſance of *Proteſilaus*, and his unexhauſted Induſtry in inventing new Pleaſures to entertain me, made me feel more impatiently the Auſterity of his Rival. In the mean time *Proteſilaus* being vexed that I did not believe all he told me againſt *Philocles*, reſolv'd to ſpeak no more to me about him, and to uſe ſomething ſtronger than all his Words to perſwade me. Take notice how he compleated his Treachery. He adviſed me to give *Philocles* the Command of the Ships which I ſent out to attack thoſe of *Carpathia*; and to induce me to it, he told me: You know my Commendations cannot be ſuſpected of Partiality: I own he has Courage, and underſtands the War; he will ſerve you beſt of any Man, and I eaſily forego my Reſentments againſt him, when your Service lies at ſtake. I was glad to find ſo much Honeſty and Juſtice

in

in *Proteſilaus*, whom I had entruſted with the Adminiſtration of my Affairs of the greateſt importance: I embrac'd him tranſported with Joy, and thought my ſelf too happy, in having repoſed all my Confidence in a Man, who ſeem'd to be ſo much above Paſſion and Intereſt. But alas! How much Princes are to be pitied! This Man knew me better than I do my ſelf. He knew that Kings are generally diſtruſtful, and unattentive: Diſtruſtful by their continual experience of the Artifice of thoſe corrupt Men that are about them; Unattentive, becauſe they are hurried away by the Torrent of Pleaſures, and us'd to have Men, whoſe Buſineſs it is to make Reflections and Obſervations for them, without being at the trouble of it themſelves. Therefore *Proteſilaus* eaſily underſtood that it would be no hard matter for him to make me jealous of a Man who would undoubtedly perform great Actions, eſpecially while his Abſence gave him ſo fair an opportunity of undermining him.

Before

Before *Philocles* put to Sea, he foreſaw what was likely to befal him. Remember, ſaid he to me, that it will be no longer in my Power to juſtifie my ſelf; that my Enemy alone will have your Ear, and that while I expoſe my Life for your Service, I run the hazard of being recompenſed with your Indignation. You are miſtaken, ſaid I to him; *Proteſilaus* ſpeaks not of you, as you do of him; nay rather, he commends you, he has a value for you, and thinks you worthy of the moſt important Employments; if ever he offers to ſpeak againſt you, he ſhall loſe that Truſt I repoſe in him; therefore fear him not, and only take care to ſerve me well. He went away, and I muſt now confeſs, he left me in a ſtrange diſorder: I plainly ſaw how neceſſary it was for me to have ſeveral Perſons to conſult with; and that nothing was more prejudicial, either to my Reputation, or the ſucceſs of my Undertakings, than the truſting one ſingle Man. I found that the wiſe Counſels of *Philocles* had kept me from com-

mitting many dangerous Faults, into which the Haughtineſs of *Proteſilaus* would have hurried me. I was ſenſible that *Philocles*'s Mind was adorn'd with Honeſty and equitable Principles, which I did not find in *Proteſilaus*, whom by this time I had ſuffer'd to aſſume ſo peremptory a Tone with me, that I was no more able to contradict him almoſt in any thing. I was weary of being continually betwixt two Men, whom I could not bring to agree together; and this Laſſitude and my Weakneſs made me chuſe to hazard ſomething at the Expence of my Affairs, that I might enjoy my ſelf at liberty. I would have conceal'd from my very ſelf, the ſhameful Reaſon of that Courſe I had embrac'd; but that ſame ſhameful Reaſon, which I was afraid to diſcover, workt ſecretly in the bottom of my Heart, and was the Motive of all I did. *Philocles* defeated the Enemy, gain'd a full Victory, and haſten'd his Return, in order to prevent the ill Offices he fear'd from his Rival; but *Proteſilaus*, who had

had not yet had opportunity to deceive me, wrote to him, that my Desire was, he should follow his Victory, and make a Descent into the Island of *Carpathia*; for he perswaded me, I might easily make my self Master of that Island. But he order'd it so, that *Philocles* wanted many necessary things for his Undertaking; and tied him up with such Orders, as occasion'd many Disappointments in the execution of it. In the mean time he made use of a corrupt treacherous Servant of mine, who observ'd every thing I did, and acquainted him with it, altho' they seem'd to speak seldom to one another, and ever to be at odds. This Servant (*Timocrates* by Name) came to me one day, and told me as a great secret, That he had discover'd a very dangerous Business. *Philocles*, said he, designs to make use of your Sea-Forces, to make himself King of the Isle of *Carpathia*; the Captains of those Troops are his Creatures, and all the Soldiers are corrupted by his Donatives, and much more by the pernicious Licentiousness

which he allows in them. He is elevated with his Victory; here is a Letter he writ to one of his Friends, about his Project of making himself King; so evident a Proof puts the Thing out of all doubt. I perused the Letter, which seem'd to be writ by *Philocles*; for *Proteſilaus* and *Timocrates*, who made this Forgery, had perfectly imitated his Hand. That Letter cast me into a strange surprize; I read it over and over, and could not be perswaded it was writ by *Philocles*, whilst I review'd in my distracted Mind, all the sensible Demonstrations he had given me of his Disintereſtedness and Honesty. However, what could I do? How could I contradict a Letter, which I acknowledg'd to be *Philocles*'s Hand? When *Timocrates* perceiv'd I could no longer resist his Artifice, he still carried it on further: Shall I dare, said he to me, with a faultering Voice, to put you in mind of a Word in this Letter? *Philocles* tells his Friends, that he may speak in confidence to *Proteſilaus*, about a thing which he only marks by a Cypher:

pher: Certainly *Proteſilaus* muſt be privy to the Deſign of *Philocles*; 'tis *Proteſilaus* who preſt you to ſend *Philocles* againſt the *Carpathians*; from a certain time he ſpeaks no more to you againſt him as he us'd to do; nay, on the contrary, he cries him up, he encourages him upon all occaſions, and they often pay one another civil Viſits. Without doubt *Proteſilaus* has taken his Meaſures with *Philocles*, in order to ſhare with him the Conqueſt of *Carpathia*: You may ſee your ſelf how he put you upon this Enterprize againſt all Reaſon, and Values not the Expoſing all your Naval Forces, to gratifie his Ambition. Do you think he would thus be ſubſervient to *Philocles* towring Thoughts, if they were ſtill at odds? No, no; there's no queſtion, but thoſe two Men are reconcil'd, and have join'd Intereſts to aſcend the Throne together; nay, perhaps to diſpoſſeſs you of your own. I know, by ſpeaking thus freely to you, I expoſe my ſelf to their Reſentment, if, notwithſtanding my ſincere Information, you ſtill leave your

Authority in their Hands; But what care I, as long as I tell you nothing but Truth?

These last words of *Timocrates* left a deep Impression in me: I call'd no more *Philocles*'s Treachery into question, and begun to distrust *Protesilaus*, as one that was his Friend. In the mean time *Timocrates* told me continually, if you stay till *Philocles* has made himself Master of the Isle of *Carpathia*, it will then be too late to put a stop to his Designs; therefore make haste to secure him whilst he is yet in your Power. I shook with horror at the deep Dissimulation of Men, and knew no more whom to trust; for having discover'd *Philocles*'s Treachery, I did not see one Man upon the face of the whole Earth, whose Virtue was able to dispel my Fears. I was resolv'd to punish that perfidious Man without delay; but I was afraid of *Protesilaus*, and knew not what Measures to keep with him: I fear'd to find him guilty, and likewise I fear'd to trust him. At last, being in this disorder, I could not forbear telling

ling him that I was grown Jealous of *Philocles*. He ſeem'd ſurpriz'd at it, and repreſented to me how honeſt, upright, and moderate his Conduct had been; he exaggerated his Services; in ſhort, he manag'd the Matter ſo well, that I was perſuaded of their Intelligence. On the other ſide, *Timocrates* improved every Circumſtance to make me ſenſible of their good Underſtanding, and induce me to ruin *Philocles*, while it was yet in my Power to ſecure him. Mark, dear *Mentor!* mark the Unhappineſs of Princes, and how they are expoſed to be made the Property of other Men, even when they lie trembling at their Feet. I thought it was a piece of deep Policy, to break *Proteſtlaus*'s Meaſures, by ſending privately *Timocrates* to the Fleet, with Orders to diſpatch *Philocles* out of the way. *Proteſtlaus* carried on his Diſſembling to the laſt, and deceiv'd me ſo much the better, as he look'd like one who ſuffers himſelf to be deceiv'd. *Timocrates* put to Sea, and found *Philocles* hard put to it at the intended Deſcent:

He wanted every thing; for *Proteſilaus* not knowing whether the ſuppos'd Letter was ſufficient to ruin his Enemy, contriv'd at the ſame time another Plot, to wit, the ill ſucceſs of an Enterprize which he had ſo much cry'd up, and which would not fail to provoke me againſt *Philocles*. This innocent Man maintain'd ſo difficult a War by his Courage, his Policy, and the Affection the Soldiers had for him. Although all the Army was ſenſible that this Deſcent was raſhly undertaken, and would prove fatal to the *Cretans*; yet all endeavour'd to carry it on, as if their Lives and Happineſs had depended upon the ſucceſs of it; and every one was contented to venture his Life upon all Occaſions under ſo wiſe a General, and one who always ſtudy'd to make himſelf belov'd. *Timocrates* expos'd himſelf to an eminent Danger, by attempting to make away with that Chief, in the middle of an Army who lov'd him ſo paſſionately; but being blinded by Ambition, he found nothing difficult whilſt he endeavour'd to pleaſe *Proteſilaus*,

teſilaus, with whom he expected to ſhare the abſolute Management of Affairs after the Death of *Philocles*. *Proteſilaus* could not endure a good Man, whoſe very ſight ſecretly reproach'd him with his Crimes; and who, by opening my Eyes, might fruſtrate all his ambitious Deſigns. *Timocrates* engag'd two Captains who were continually near *Philocles*'s Perſon, and promis'd them great Rewards from me: Afterwards he told *Philocles*, That he came to deliver to him a ſecret Meſſage from me, which he was order'd not to diſcloſe but in the Preſence of thoſe two Captains. *Philocles* having lock'd himſelf in with them, *Timocrates* pull'd out a Dagger and ſtabb'd him; but, as Fortune order'd it, the Blow was ſlanting, and did not go deep. *Philocles*, with undaunted Courage, wreſted the Dagger out of his Hand, and us'd it againſt him, and the other two: At the ſame time he cry'd out for help; thoſe without ran to the Door, and having broke it open, diſengag'd *Philocles* from the Hands of

thoſe three Men, who being preſently diſorder'd, had attack'd him but faintly. They were diſarm'd and ſeiz'd; and ſuch was the Fury and Indignation of the Army, that they would have torn them in pieces in an inſtant, had not *Philocles* ſtopt the Multitude. Afterwards he took *Timocrates* aſide, and ask'd him calmly, Who had engag'd him to commit ſo black a Deed? *Timocrates*, who fear'd Death, ſhew'd him inſtantly the Order I gave him in writing to diſpatch *Philocles*; and as all Traitors are Cowards, he bethought himſelf of ſaving his Life by revealing to *Philocles Proteſilaus*'s Treachery. *Philocles* amaz'd and frighted to find ſo much Malice in Men, follow'd a wiſe Reſolution; he declar'd to the Army, That *Timocrates* was innocent; and having ſecur'd him from their Violence, ſent him back to *Crete*. Afterwards he reſign'd the Command of the Army to *Polimenes*, whom I appointed in my written Order, to Command after *Philocles* was kill'd. Laſt of all he exhorted the Troops to remain

main faithful to their Duty to me, and in the Night-time went over to the Isle of *Samos* in a small Bark. There he lives retir'd in peaceful Poverty, making Statues to get his Sustenance, and abhorring to hear any Body speak of unjust and treacherous Men, especially Princes, who of all Mortals are the most unhappy and most blind. At these words, *Mentor* stopping *Idomeneus*, Well, said he, Was it long before you discover'd the Truth? No, answer'd *Idomeneus*; I found out by degrees the Artifices of *Protesilaus* and *Timocrates*: They fell out a little while after; for wicked Men are seldom long united. By their Division, I perceiv'd the Abyss into which they had precipitated me. Well, said *Mentor*, did you not then resolve to rid your self of either of them? Alas! Dear *Mentor*, are you ignorant how weak and perplex'd Princes are? When they have once given up themselves to Men who have the Art of making themselves necessary, they can no longer hope for Liberty. Those whom they despise most,

moſt, are thoſe whom they uſe beſt, and on whom they beſtow their Favours; I abhorr'd *Proteſilaus*, and yet I left all my Authority in his Hands. Oh! unaccountable Illuſion! I was pleas'd with my ſelf, becauſe I knew him, but my Weakneſs would not ſuffer me to re-take my Power from him. Beſides, I found him eaſie, complaiſant, induſtrious in gratifying my Paſſions, zealous for my Service; in ſhort, I found Reaſons to excuſe my Weakneſs to my ſelf. My being unacquainted with true Virtue, (for want of chuſing good Miniſters to manage my Affairs) made me believe there was no ſuch thing on Earth, and that Honeſty was but a meer *Chimera*. Why, ſaid I to my ſelf, ſhould I be at the Pains of getting out of the Hands of one corrupt Man, to fall into thoſe of another, who ſhall be neither more free from Self-Intereſt, nor more ſincere than he?

In the mean time the Fleet commanded by *Polimenes*, return'd: I laid aſide the Thoughts of conquering the Iſland

Iſland of *Carpathia*; and *Proteſilaus* could not diſſemble ſo well, but that I did diſcover how much he was vex'd to hear that *Philocles* was ſafe in the Iſle of *Samos*. *Mentor* interrupted *Idomeneus* once more, and ask'd him, Whether after ſo black a Treachery, he had continu'd *Proteſilaus* in the Adminiſtration of his Affairs? I was, anſwer'd *Idomeneus*, too great an Enemy to Buſineſs, and too much diſtracted by Pleaſures to be able to get out of his Hands. I muſt have broke the Method I had eſtabliſh'd for my own Eaſe, and given Inſtructions to a new Miniſter; this I had not the Reſolution to undertake, and ſo I choſe to wink at the Artifices of *Proteſilaus*; only I comforted my ſelf, with letting ſome of my intimate Friends underſtand, that I was not unacquainted with his Diſhoneſty. Thus I thought I was cheated but by halves, as long as I knew I was cheated. Nay, I now and then made *Proteſilaus* ſenſible of my being uneaſie under his Yoke; I was often pleas'd in contradicting him, in blaming pub-

publickly some of his Actions, and in deciding Matters against his Opinion; but being acquainted with my Supineness and Sloth, he was little troubled at my Disgusts, and pursued his Point with Obstinacy. Sometimes he us'd pressing, imperious Ways, and sometimes supple and fawning Insinuations. But chiefly when he perceiv'd I was angry with him, he redoubled his Endeavours to furnish me with new Amusements which he thought might soften me, or engage me in some Affair, wherein he might be necessary, and make his Zeal for my Reputation appear: And, tho' I stood upon my Guard against him, yet this way of flattering my Passions, did daily insnare me. He knew all my Secrets, he comforted me in my Troubles: He made the whole Nation tremble by the Power he usurp'd from me: In fine, I could not think of ruining him, but rather of maintaining him in his Post; I put all honest Men out of capacity of shewing me my true Interest; and after that very moment no Man durst freely give

give me his Advice. All Truth was fled far from me; but Error, which is the fore-runner of the fall of Princes, ſtar'd me in the Face, and I plainly ſaw how much I was to blame to ſacrifice *Philocles* to the cruel Ambition of *Proteſilaus*: Thoſe very Men who were moſt zealous for the Government, and my Perſon, did not think themſelves oblig'd to undeceive me. After ſo dreadful an Example, I my ſelf, dear *Mentor*, was afraid leſt Truth ſhould pierce through the Cloud, and reach my ſight in ſpite of all my Flatterers; for wanting Reſolution to follow it, its Light became troubleſome to me; and I was ſenſible that it would have raiſed cruel Remorſes within me, without freeing me from ſo fatal an Engagement. My Eaſineſs, and the Aſcendent which *Proteſilaus* had gain'd over me, made me almoſt deſpair of ever recovering my Liberty. I was unwilling either to behold my wretched State, or to diſcover it to others; for you know, dear *Mentor*, that the vain Pride and falſe Glory, wherein Princes

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are brought up, will not ſuffer 'em ever to be in the wrong. To palliate a Fault, they make a hundred; rather than own they have been deceiv'd, and give themſelves the trouble of forſaking their Error, they'l ſuffer themſelves to be deceiv'd all their Lives long. This is the State of weak and inadvertent Princes; and it was exactly my own. When it was abſolutely neceſſary that I ſhould go to the Siege of *Troy*, at my departure I left *Proteſilaus* my chief Miniſter of State, who in my abſence rul'd with Haughtineſs and Inhumanity: The whole Kingdom of *Crete* groan'd under his Tyranny; but no body durſt tell me how the People were oppreſs'd: They knew that I was afraid to know the Truth, and that I left all thoſe to the Cruelty of *Proteſilaus*, who durſt attempt to ſpeak againſt him. But the more it was conceal'd, the more violent was the Evil. He conſtrain'd me to throw off the valiant *Merione*, who had follow'd me with ſo much Honour to the Siege of *Troy*. At my return he grew jealous of

of him and of all those whom I lov'd, and in whom appear'd any sign of Virtue. You must know, my dear *Mentor*, that thence all my Misfortunes had their Rise. 'Twas not so much the death of my Son that caus'd the *Cretans* to revolt, as the Vengeance of the Gods irritated against my Weakness, and the Hatred of the People which *Protesilaus* had drawn upon me: When I spilt the Blood of my Son, the *Cretans*, now weary of a rigorous Government, had lost all Patience, and the horror of this Action did only openly shew what had long lain hid in the bottom of their Hearts. *Timocrates* follow'd me to the Siege of *Troy*, and by private Letters gave *Protesilaus* an account of all that he could pry into. I plainly perceiv'd that I was in slavery, but I endeavour'd not to think of it, despairing to remedy it. When the *Cretans* revolted at my Arrival, *Protesilaus* and *Timocrates* were the first who fled; and had doubtless left me, had I not been oblig'd to fly almost as soon as they. Know, my dear *Mentor*, that insolent Men in the time

time of Proſperity are ever weak, and in diſgrace; they grow giddy and faint-hearted as ſoon as ever abſolute Power forſakes 'em; they are then as abject as they are haughty, and, in one moment they paſs from one extreme to another.

Said *Mentor* to *Idomeneus*, But how comes it then, that knowing theſe two wicked Men to the very bottom, you ſhould ſtill entertain 'em near you, as I ſee you do? I don't wonder that they follow'd you, ſince they cou'd do no otherwiſe for their own ſafety; and I believe that you have been ſo generous as to give 'em a Refuge in your new Settlement; but why will you again betray your ſelf to 'em after ſuch dear experience of 'em? You don't know, ſaid *Idomeneus*, how uſeleſs all Experiences are to eaſy and inadvertent Princes, who live without Reflection; they are diſcontented with every Thing, and yet have not the Courage to redreſs any Thing. The Habit of ſo many Years continuance, is as ſo many Iron-Fetters that chain'd me to theſe two Men; they beſet

beset me every Hour; and since I have been here, they have put me upon all these excessive Expences that you see: They have ruin'd this growing State; they drew this War upon me, which had inevitably ruin'd me had it not been for you; I should soon have found the same Misfortunes at *Salenta* that I felt in *Crete*; but you have at last open'd my Eyes, and you have inspir'd me with the Courage which I wanted to throw off this Slavery: I don't know what you have wrought within me, but since you have been here, I find my self quite another Man.

Mentor then ask'd *Idomeneus* how *Protesilaus* had behav'd himself in this change of Affairs. No Man with more artifice, reply'd *Idomeneus*, since your arrival here: He has not omitted the least occasion to fill my Soul with unjust Suspicions. 'Tis true he said nothing against you, but several others buzz'd in my Ears that these two Strangers ought to be narrowly inspected: One of 'em, said he, is the Son of the grand Deceiver *Ulysses*, and t'other is a de-

a decrepid Man, and of deep Thought; they are us'd to wander about from Kingdom to Kingdom, and who knows but they have hatch'd ſome Deſign againſt this? Theſe great Adventurers relate themſelves that they have caus'd great Troubles in all the Countries they have paſt thro'; and ours is but a growing State, and ſcarce yet ſettled, ſo that the laſt Commotion may overturn it. *Proteſilaus* ſaid nothing, but he endeavour'd to make me perceive the Danger and Extravagance of all theſe Reformations that you make me attempt. He attack'd me with my own proper Intereſt; If, ſaid he, you let the People live in plenty, they'l work no more, but will grow Fierce, Indocile, and ever ready to Revolt; 'tis only Weakneſs and Miſery that makes 'em humble, and that hinders 'em from diſturbing the Government: He has often endeavour'd to reſume his former Authority, to hurry me away, covering it with the pretence of his Zeal to ſerve me. The People ſaid he, in deſiring to eaſe you, derogate from the Regal Power,

Power, and by that you will do the People themſelves an irreparable Injury. For there is a neceſſity that they ſhould always be kept low for their own quiet and ſafety. To all which I anſwer'd, That I knew how to keep the People in their Duty to me, by making my ſelf belov'd by 'em, and not remit any thing of my Prerogative, tho' I did eaſe 'em: In ſhort, by giving the Children good Education, and an exact Diſcipline to all the People, to keep 'em in a plain courſe of life, ſober and laborious. How! ſaid I, are not the People to be kept in ſubjection without ſtarving them to death? What Inhumanity is this! What brutiſh Policy! How many People do we ſee govern'd with a gentle hand, and yet Loyal to their Princes? That which cauſes Revolts is the Ambition and Reſtleſsneſs of the Grandees of a State, when once they have got too great a Liberty, ſuffering their Paſſions to paſs all due Bounds. 'Tis the multitude both of great and ſmall who live at Eaſe, in Luxury, and in Lazineſs: 'Tis the too great abundance

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of Military Men, who have neglected all uſeful Employments, which they ſhould take upon 'em in the time of Peace: In ſhort 'tis the Deſpair of a People ill-treated; 'tis the Severity, the Haughtineſs of Princes, and their Indulgence of themſelves, that makes 'em uncapable of watching over every Member of the State to prevent any Trouble. See here now what cauſes Revolts? 'Tis not the Bread which the Labourer is ſuffer'd to eat in Peace, after he has got it by the Sweat of his Brow. When *Proteſilaus* ſaw that I was unſhaken in theſe Maxims, he took a quite contrary courſe to his former practices, and began to obſerve thoſe Maxims he could not deſtroy: He ſeem'd to Reliſh 'em, to be convinc'd by 'em, and to own himſelf oblig'd to me for making 'em ſo obvious to him; and obviates all my Wiſhes to eaſe the Poor: He is the firſt that repreſents their Grievances to me, and that cries out againſt extravagant Expences; you know your ſelf he praiſes you, that he ſeems to have great confidence in you, and

and that he omits nothing that may pleaſe you. *Timocrates* indeed, begins not to ſtand ſo well with *Proteſilaus*, and thinks to be independent on any body but himſelf: *Proteſilaus* is jealous of him, and it is partly thro' their difference that I have diſcover'd their perfidy.

Mentor ſmiling, replied thus to *Idomeneus*: What then, you have been ſo weak as even to ſuffer your ſelf to be tyrannized over for ſo many Years, by two Traytors, whoſe Treaſons you were acquainted with. Alas! (cry'd *Idomeneus*) you do not know what Men of Artifice can work on a weak Prince, who has deliver'd himſelf up to them, in the management of all his Affairs. I told you beſides, that nevertheleſs *Proteſilaus* approves all the Projects for the Publick good. *Mentor* reſum'd the Diſcourſe with a great deal of gravity, and ſaid, I ſee but too well how much the Wicked prevail againſt the Good, eſpecially among Princes, of which you are a ſad Example: But you tell me, I have open'd your Eyes as

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to *Proteſilaus*, and yet they are ſo far ſhut, as to leave the management of the Government to this Man who is unworthy to live. Know, that wicked Men are not uncapable of doing good; 'tis equally the ſame thing to them as to do ill, when they can ſerve their Ambition. It coſts 'em nothing to do ill; becauſe no thought of goodneſs, nor any Principle of Virtue does reſtrain 'em; but juſt ſo they do well, becauſe the Corruption of their Nature leads 'em to it, that they may ſeem good, ſo to deceive the reſt of Mankind. To ſpeak properly, they are not capable of Virtue, tho' they ſeem to act by its Principles; but they are capable of adding to all other Vices the moſt horrible of all Vices, which is *Hypocriſie*. As long as you ſtedfaſtly reſolve to do good, *Proteſilaus* will be ready to do good with you, to preſerve his Authority; but if he perceives the leaſt lapſe from it in you, he will forget nothing that may make you fall again into your Errors, and freely to reſume his natural Deceit

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and Ferocity. Can you live in Honour and Quiet as long as such a Man haunts you Day and Night, and as long as you know the faithful *Philocles*, poor and disgrac'd in the Isle of *Samos*? O *Idomeneus!* you know well enough that the Bold and Deceitful Men, when present, insnare weak Princes: And you ought to add, That Princes have yet another Unhappiness no whit inferior, which is, easily to forget Virtue, and the Services of a Man at a distance. The Multitude of Men who crowd on Princes, is the reason that there is not one among 'em who can make any deep impression on them; they are not touch'd but by what is present, and by that which flatters 'em; all the rest is soon defac'd. Upon the whole, virtue touches 'em but little; because, virtue, far from flattering 'em, contradicts 'em, and condemns their weakness in them. Can we wonder that they are not beloved, when they do not deserve it, and love nothing but their Greatness and Pleasures?

After having thus spoken, *Mentor* perswaded *Idomeneus*, that he shou'd

turn out *Proteſilaus* and *Timocrates*, and recall *Philocles*. That which moſt ſtuck with the King as to this was, That he fear'd the Severity of *Philocles*. I muſt confeſs, ſaid he, I cannot chuſe but be a little fearful of his return, tho' I love and eſteem him; but I have ever ſince my Infancy, been accuſtom'd to be prais'd, to Courtſhip, and to Complaiſance, which I cannot hope to find from this Man. Whenever I did any thing that he diſlik'd, his ſorrowful Countenance ſufficiently aſſur'd me that he condemn'd me. When he was in private with me, his Maxims were full of reſpect and moderation, but harſh.

Don't you ſee, ſaid *Mentor*, that Princes who are ſpoil'd by Flattery, think every thing harſh and auſtere that is free and ingenuous; they are grown ſo nice that every thing that is not Flattery offends and provokes 'em. But let us go yet a little further: I grant that *Philocles* is really harſh and auſtere; but is not his auſterity better than the pernicious flattery of your Counſellors? Where will you find a Man without faults? and

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ought not you to fear leaſt of all the fault of one who tells you the truth a little too freely? What do I ſay? Is not this a fault neceſſary to the correction of yours, and to cure the loathing of truth which Flattery has begot in you? You want a Man who loves nothing but Truth, and who loves you better than you know how to love your ſelf; who dares, and will tell you unpleaſing Truths; who will preſs upon all your Retirements; and this neceſſary Man is *Philocles*. Remember that a Prince is too happy, when but only one Man of ſuch greatneſs of Mind is Born in his Reign, who is the moſt valuable Treaſure of his Kingdom: And that the greateſt Puniſhment he ought to fear from the Gods, is to be depriv'd of him, if he renders himſelf unworthy, for want of knowing how to make uſe of him. As to the Faults of great Men, he ought to be acquainted with 'em, and never to make uſe of their Service. Redreſs thoſe Faults, deliver not your ſelf blindly up to their indiſcreet Zeal, but favourably hear 'em; honour their Virtue; ſhew the

Publick that you know how to diſtinguiſh it; and above all, take great care that you be not like thoſe Princes, who only deſpiſing corrupt Men, do not however fail to employ and intruſt 'em, and to heap kindneſſes on 'em; and who pretending to know virtuous Men, give 'em nothing but empty Praiſes, not deſiring to truſt 'em in any Employments, nor to admit 'em into their familiar converſation, nor to beſtow any Favours on 'em. *Idomeneus* then own'd, that he was aſham'd he had ſo long delay'd the deliverance of oppreſs'd Innocence, and the Puniſhment of thoſe who had abus'd him: Immediately therefore he gave private Orders to *Hegeſippus*, who was one of the Principal Officers of the Houſhold, to ſeize *Proteſilaus* and *Timocrates*, and to carry 'em guarded to the Iſle of *Samos*, and to leave 'em there, & to bring back *Philocles* from that place of Exile. *Hegeſippus*, ſurpris'd at theſe Orders, cou'd not forbear weeping for Joy. 'Tis now this moment, ſaid to the King, that you are going to be charm your Subjects: For theſe two Men

Men have caus'd all your Misfortunes, as well as those of your People: These Twenty Years have all good Men groan'd under 'em; and 'twas dangerous too to be heard to groan; so cruel is their Tyranny, they oppress all those who endeavour to go to you by any other way but by them. Afterwards *Hegesippus* discover'd a great many Treacheries, and Acts of Inhumanity, committed by these two Men, of which the King never had Information before, because no body durst accuse 'em: He gave him besides, an Account of what he had discover'd, of a Conspiracy against *Mentor*. The King heard all with Horror; in the mean while *Hegesippus* hasten'd to go take *Protesilaus* in his House: It was not so large, nor so commodious, nor so pleasant as the King's, but the Architecture was of a better Model; and *Protesilaus* had adorn'd it with a great deal of Cost, drawn from the Blood of those whom he had made miserable. *Protesilaus* was at that time in a Parlour of Marble near his Baths, lying carelessly on a Bed of Purple, em-

broidered with Gold: He ſeem'd weary and ſpent with his Labours: His Eyes and Eye-brows diſcover'd an unuſual kind of diſorder, and ſullen wildneſs: The chief of the Kingdom ſat rang'd about him on Carpets, and compos'd their looks to thoſe of *Proteſilaus*, which they obſerv'd, even to the twinkling of an Eye: Scarce cou'd he open his Mouth, ere all of them were ready to extol with admiration what he was going to ſay. One of the principal of the Company repeated to him with ridiculous Exaggerations, what he had done for the King. Another told him that *Jupiter* having deceiv'd his Mother, gave Life to him, and that he was Son to the Father of the Gods. Among the reſt a Poet ſung Verſes to him, wherein he recited that *Proteſilaus* being inſtructed by the Muſes, equal'd *Apollo* in every performance of Wit; another Poet more Fawning and Impudent, call'd him in his Verſes the Inventor of the Liberal Sciences, and the Father of the People, whom he made happy; and deſcrib'd him holding the Horn of plenty

plenty in his Hand. *Proteſilaus* hearken'd to theſe Praiſes with a ſurly look, diſtorted and diſdainful, like one who knows well enough that he deſerves them, and yet far greater, and who condeſcends too much, in ſuffering himſelf to be prais'd. There was another Flatterer, who took the liberty to tell him in his Ear ſome pleaſant thing againſt the regulations *Mentor* endeavour'd to eſtabliſh, at which *Proteſilaus* ſmil'd; and then the whole Aſſembly fell a laughing, tho' the greateſt part could not yet know what was ſaid; but *Proteſilaus* reſuming his ſevere and haughty Air, every one of 'em put on their former dread, and becáme Silent. Theſe Noblemen often watch'd the happy opportunity when *Proteſilaus* wou'd caſt his Eye towards 'em, and hear them, appearing mute and diſorder'd, becauſe they had ſome Favours to beg of him: Their dejected Poſtures ſpoke for 'em, and they ſeem'd as ſubmiſſive as a Mother at the foot of an Altar, when ſhe begs of the Gods that her only Son may be reſtor'd to his

Health. Every one appear'd contented, full of tenderneſs and admiration of *Proteſilaus*, tho' they all had entertain'd an implacable hatred of him in their Hearts. In this very moment enters *Hegeſippus*, ſeizes his Sword, and tells him that he is come to carry him to the Iſle of *Samos*. At theſe words, all the loftineſs of *Proteſilaus* fell down like a Rock that breaks off from the top of a ſharp-pointed Mountain: Now he throws himſelf trembling at the Feet of *Hegeſippus*; he cries, he faulters, he ſtammers, he quakes, he embraces the Knees of this Man, whom not an Hour ſince he wou'd not vouchſafe to honour ſo much as with a look. All thoſe who had but juſt now Worſhip'd him, ſeeing him irrecoverably loſt, turn'd their Flatteries into bitter and pitileſs Mockeries; and *Hegeſippus* wou'd not allow him ſo much time as either to take his laſt farwel of his Wife and Family, or to fetch ſome private Writings; but all were ſeiz'd and carry'd to the King. At the ſame time too *Timocrates* was Arreſted, to his great amazement; for having fall'n

fall'n out with *Proteſilaus*, he thought he cou'd not be involv'd in his Ruin. They ſet out then in a Veſſel prepar'd for that purpoſe, and arriv'd at *Samos*, where *Hegeſippus* left theſe two miſerable Wretches, and to compleat their Miſery he left 'em together. There, with the greateſt Rage, they reproach'd one another with the Crimes they had committed, which now were the cauſe of their Fall. They were now paſt hope of ever ſeeing *Salenta* more, condemn'd to live far from their Wives and Children, I can't ſay far from their Friends; for they had none. They were then in an unknown Land, where they had no means of Living but by their Labour: They who had paſs'd ſo many Years in Delicacies and Pride, were now, like wild Beaſts, always ready to tear one another a Pieces.

In the mean time, *Hegeſippus* inquir'd in what part of the Iſle *Philocles* dwelt: He was told that he liv'd a great way from the Town upon a Mountain, where a Cave ſerv'd him for an Houſe. All the Inhabitants ſpoke to him with

Admiration of this Stranger: Never ſince he has been in this Iſle, ſaid they to him, has he offended any Body. Every Man wonders at his Patience, his Labour and Peace of Mind; ſince, having nothing, he ſeems always Contented; and tho' he be here far from Buſineſs, without Wealth and without Authority, he ceaſes not however to oblige thoſe who deſerve it, and finds a Thouſand ways to do all his Neighbours ſome Service.

Hegeſippus went up towards this Grotto, which he found empty and open; for the Poverty and plain Manners of *Philocles*, oblig'd him to no neceſſity of ſhutting his Door when he went out. A Matt of Ruſhes ſerv'd him inſtead of a Bed: He ſeldom kindled a Fire, becauſe he never eat any Thing dreſs'd: All the Summer he liv'd upon Fruits newly gather'd; and in the Winter upon Dates and dry Figs. A clear Spring of Water diſtilling from a Rock, ſerv'd to quench his Thirſt. He had nothing in his Grotto but Inſtruments neceſſary for Carving, and

ſome

ſome few Books which he read at certain Hours; not to adorn his Mind, nor to ſatisfie his Curioſity, but to inſtruct him at his ſpare Hours, and to learn to be Good. He apply'd himſelf to this Art, only to exerciſe his Body, and to get a Livelyhood, that he might not be beholding to any Perſon. *Hegeſippus* entring the Grotto, cou'd not but admire the Works that he had begun; he obſerv'd a *Jupiter*, whoſe ſerene Countenance was ſo full of Majeſty, that he might eaſily be known for the Father of the Gods and Men; on another ſide appear'd *Mars* with a dreadful and menacing Fierceneſs: But what was moſt livelily repreſented, was a *Minerva*, who gave Life to theſe Arts; her Countenance was noble and ſweet, her Port lofty and free; ſhe was in a Poſture ſo nearly imitating Life, that one would have thought that ſhe wou'd immediately Walk. *Hegeſippus* having delighted himſelf with the ſight of theſe Statues, came out of the Grotto, and at ſome diſtance off, under a large Tree, he ſaw *Philocles* Reading on the Graſs.

Grass. He went directly towards him; and *Phitocles* who perceiv'd him, knew not what to think. Is not that *Hegesippus* there, said he to himself, with whom I liv'd so long in *Crete*? But what shou'd cause him to come to an Island so far distant? Perhaps 'tis his Ghost that after his Death comes from the *Stygian* Banks. Whilst he was thus doubting, *Hegesippus* came so near him, that he cou'd not choose but know him again and embrace him. Is it then indeed you, my dear and old Friend? What Danger, what Tempest has thrown you, on this Shoar? Why did you leave the Island of *Crete*? Is it a Disgrace like mine, which has forc'd you from your Country to our side? *Hegesippus* answer'd him, 'tis no Disgrace; but, on the contrary, the Kindness of Heaven that has brought me hither. Then presently he recounted to him the long Tyranny of *Protesilaus* and *Timocrates*, the Misfortunes into which they had precipitated *Idomeneus*, the Fall of that Prince, his Flight to the Coasts of *Hesperia*, the Founding of *Salenta*,

Salenta, the arrival of *Mentor* and *Telemachus*, the wiſe Maxims with which *Mentor* had inſpir'd the King, and the Diſgrace of thoſe two Traitors; adding, that he had brought 'em to *Samos*, to ſuffer the ſame Baniſhment there, which they had caus'd *Philocles* to undergo, and ſo finiſh'd his Diſcourſe in telling him that he was commanded to bring him to *Salenta*; where the King, who knew his Innocence, wou'd truſt the management of his Affairs to him, and heap Riches on him.

Do you ſee this Cave, ſaid *Philocles* to him, fitter to hide wild Beaſts, than to be inhabited by Men? Here I have taſted for theſe many Years paſt, more Sweetneſs and Repoſe than ever I did in the gilded Palaces of the Iſland of *Crete*. Man deceives me no more, for I Converſe with no Man; I hear no more their flattering and poiſoning Diſcourſes; I have no more need of 'em. My Hands inur'd to Labour, give me a wholſome Nouriſhment, ſufficient and neceſſary; I need no more than this ſlight Stuff that you ſee,

ſee, to cover me; I have no other Want; I enjoy an undiſturb'd Reſt and a ſweet Freedom, of which the Wiſdom in my Books teach me to make a good uſe. What ſhou'd I go to ſeek again among ſuſpicious, deceitful and inconſtant Men? No, no, my dear *Hegeſippus*, envy not my good Fortune. *Proteſilaus* has betray'd himſelf, deſigning to betray the King, and to ruin me; but, believe me, he has done me no hurt at all: On the contrary he has done me the greateſt Kindneſs; he has deliver'd me from the noiſe and ſlavery of Buſineſs; to him I owe my dear Solitude, and all the innocent Pleaſures that I have enjoy'd here. Return, *Hegeſippus!* Return to the King, help him to ſupport the Miſeries of Greatneſs, and do for him what you wou'd have me do. Since his Eyes, ſo long ſhut againſt Virtue, have at laſt been open'd by this wiſe Man whom you call *Mentor*; let the King keep him near him. It is dangerous for me after my Shipwrack to quit the Port into which the Tempeſt

Tempeſt has ſo happily driven me, and to truſt my ſelf again to the Mercy of the Winds. Ah! How much are Kings to be pity'd. Ah! How ought they to be pity'd who ſerve 'em! If they are Wicked, how many Men ſuffer by 'em; and what Torments are prepar'd for 'em in the darkeſt Hell? If they are Good, how many Difficulties have they to overcome! How many Snares to avoid! What Ills to ſuffer! —Once more my dear *Hegeſippus*, leave me in my happy Poverty!—

While *Philocles* was thus ſpeaking with a great deal of earneſtneſs, *Hegeſippus* beheld him with aſtoniſhment; he had ſeen him formerly in *Crete*; during the time he adminiſtr'd the greateſt Affairs of State, lean, languid, and almoſt ſpent, his natural Ardour and Auſterity waſted him through the Care and Pains which he took: He cou'd not ſee Vice unpuniſhed without the greateſt Concern: He would have Affairs manag'd with ſuch an Exactneſs as is never known; and thus his great Employments deſtroy'd his

his weak Conſtitution: But at *Samos*, *Hegeſippus* found him plump and vigorous, for all his Age; his flouriſhing Youth ſeem'd renew'd in his Face; a temperate, quiet, and laborious Life had, as it were, given him a new Conſtitution. You are ſurpriz'd to ſee me ſo alter'd, ſaid *Philocles*, then ſmiling; but know, 'tis my Retreat has thus renew'd and reſtor'd me to perfect Health. My Enemies have given me what I could never find in the greateſt of my Fortunes: Would you have me then loſe the *true Good*, to purſue the falſe, and plunge my ſelf again into my former Miſeries? Ah! I beſeech you, be not more Cruel than *Proteſilaus*! At leaſt, envy me not the Happineſs that I owe to him!

Hegeſippus then urg'd to him, but in vain, all that he thought might move him. Are you then inſenſible, ſaid he to him, of the Pleaſure of ſeeing your Friends and Relations, who wiſh and ſigh for your Return, and whom the hope alone of embracing you overwhelms with Joy? *You*, who revere the

the Gods, and who *love* your Duty, do you think it none to ſerve the King; and to aſſiſt him in all the good he deſigns, in making ſo many People happy? Is it permitted that a Man ſhould abandon himſelf to a wild and ſavage Philoſophy, to prefer himſelf to all the reſt of Mankind, and to value his own Quiet more than that of his Fellow-Citizens? If theſe be not the Reaſons, 'twill certainly be thought you do it out of ſpite, that you will ſee the King no more; who, if he did deſign any ill to you, 'twas becauſe he did not then know you. It was not the honeſt, the juſt *Philocles* whom he would have deſtroy'd; no, 'twas a Man quite different from him whom he would have puniſh'd: But now he knows you, and does not miſtake you for another; he feels all his former Friendſhip revive in his Heart: He waits for you; at this very moment he opens his Arms to embrace you: He is ſo impatient, he thinks every Hour a Day: And can you be inexorable to your *King*, and to all your deareſt *Friends*?

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Philocles, who at firſt, grew tender at the ſight of *Hegeſippus*, reaſſum'd his grave and ſevere Look, whileſt he hearkned to this Diſcourſe, firm as a Rock againſt which the Winds fruitleſsly contend, and roaring Billows break themſelves; he was ſtill immoveable, nor his Prayers nor his Arguments could penetrate his Heart; but in the moment when *Hegeſippus* began to deſpair to prevail on him, *Philocles*, having conſulted the Gods, found by the Flight of Birds, the Entrails of Victims, and by ſeveral Divinations, that he muſt follow *Hegeſippus*; wherefore he no longer reſiſted, but prepar'd to go; but not without regret, that he muſt leave the Deſert where he had paſs'd ſo many Years. Alaſs, ſaid he, O my lovely Grotto, muſt I quit thee! where peaceful Sleep came every Night to releaſe me from the Labours of the Day! Here the Deſtinies, in the middle of my Poverty, ſpun golden Days. Here, weeping, he proſtrated himſelf to adore the *Nayade* who had ſo long quench'd his Thirſt with her clear Flood, and all

all the Nymphs that inhabited the neighbouring Mountains. Eccho heard his mournful Farewells, and repeated 'em to all the Deities of the Fields. At laſt *Philocles* came to the Town with *Hegeſippus* to embark themſelves; not imagining that the miſerable *Proteſilaus*, for very ſhame and anger, would have ſeen him; but he was miſtaken, for ill Men have no ſhame, and can always ſubmit themſelves to the meaneſt things; *Philocles*'s Modeſty conceal'd him for fear of being ſeen by this miſerable Wretch; fearing, indeed, to heighten his Misfortune by ſhewing him the Proſperity of an Enemy who was going to be rais'd on his Ruins; but *Proteſilaus* eagerly ſought *Philocles*; he deſir'd he would pity him, and beg of the King that he might return to *Salenta*: But *Philocles* was too ſincere to promiſe him to labour for his being re-call'd; for he knew better than any Man how pernicious his Return would have been: But he ſpoke very courteouſly to him, and expreſſing a great deal of Compaſſion

paſſion, endeavour'd to comfort him, and exhorted him to appeaſe the angry Gods by a pious Life, and by a magnanimous Patience in his Affliction: And having underſtood that the King had taken from *Proteſilaus* all his ill-gotten Riches, he promis'd him two things, which at laſt he faithfully perform'd: One was to take care of his Wife and Children, who were at *Salenta*, expos'd to the fury of the Multitude; and t'other was to ſend to *Proteſilaus*, in this Iſle ſo far diſtant, ſome little Supply of Money to alleviate his Misfortunes.

In the mean time, a fair Wind fill'd their ſpreading Sails: *Hegeſippus*, full of impatience, haſtens *Philocles*; and *Proteſilaus* ſees 'em embark'd; his Eyes are fix'd and immoveable on the Shore; he purſues the Veſſel that cuts the Waves, and which the Wind carries farther and farther each Minute; and when at laſt he could ſee 'em no more, re-prints the *Idea* of them in his Mind: In ſhort, raging and vex'd, and given over to his own Deſpair, he tears his Hair,

Hair, throws himſelf on the Sand, taxes the Gods with their Severity, and in vain calls on cruel Death to help him; who deaf to his Prayers, will not vouchſafe to deliver him out of ſo great Miſeries; nor has he the Courage to give it himſelf.

In the mean while, this Veſſel favour'd by *Neptune* and the Winds, ſoon arriv'd at *Salenta*; and as ſoon as it was told the King, and they were landed at the Port, he ran with *Mentor* towards *Philoctes*, and kindly embracing him, ſhew'd a ſenſible Concern for having perſecuted him with ſo much Injuſtice.

This Reception, far from appearing a Weakneſs in a Prince, was look'd upon by the *Salentines*, as the Effort of a great Soul, which raiſes it ſelf above paſt Faults, in freely owning 'em in order to repair 'em. Every one wept for joy to ſee this honeſt Man again, who lov'd the People, and to hear the King ſpeak with ſo much Diſcretion and Humanity. *Philoctes* receiv'd the King's Careſſes with great Reſpect

Reſpect and Modeſty, and was very impatient to be out of the Noiſe and Acclamations of the People: He follow'd the King to the Palace, where preſently *Mentor* and He were as well acquainted, as if they had liv'd together all their Lives long, tho' they had never ſeen one another before: For the Gods, who have deny'd Eyes to the Wicked to perceive the Good, have given Eyes to good Men whereby they know one another. Thoſe who have any Reliſh of Virtue, can't be together without being united, becauſe they are ſoon in love with one another. *Philocles* beg'd of the King that he might retire to ſome Solitude near *Salenta*, where he continu'd to ſpend his days in Poverty, as he had liv'd in *Samos*. The King and *Mentor* went daily to ſee him in his ſolitary Retreat; where they conſulted the Means to ſtrengthen the Laws, and to lay a ſolid Foundation of Government for the Publick Good. The two firſt and principal things they conſider'd, were the Education of Children, who belong leſs to their own Parents

rents than to the Common-wealth, ſaid *Mentor*: They are the Children of the People, whoſe Hope and Strength they are; and 'tis too late to Correct 'em when they are corrupted; 'tis too little to exclude 'em from Employments, when they have made themſelves unworthy of 'em; 'tis therefore much better to prevent the Miſchief, than to be forc'd to puniſh it. The King, added he, who is the Father of all his People, is yet more particularly the Father of all the *Youth*, who are the Flower of the Nation. 'Tis the Bloſſom that prepares the Fruit; let not the King diſdain to watch over 'em, and ſet Officers to mind the Education of theſe Children: Let him ſee that the Laws of *Minos* be put in Force, which command, That Children be brought up in a contempt of Pain and Death; That Honour be plac'd in a neglect of Pleaſure and Riches; That Injuſtice, Lying and Effeminacy be accounted Infamous; That from their tender Infancy they be taught to ſing the Praiſes of the Hero's belov'd of the Gods, who have bravely

bravely merited of their Country, and who have ſignaliz'd their Courage in Battels: Let the Charms of Muſick affect their Souls, to ſoften and purifie their Manners: Let 'em learn to be Affectionate to their Friends, faithful to their Allies, reſpectful to the Nobility, and juſt even to their Enemies: Let 'em be taught to fear Death and Torments leſs than the leaſt reproach of their Conſcience! If Children are betimes inſpir'd with theſe great Principles, and if they are ſweetly inſinuated into 'em, they will, doubtleſs, be inflam'd with the Love of Honour and Virtue.

Mentor added, That it was abſolutely neceſſary to inſtitute Schools to accuſtom the Youth to hard Exerciſes of the Body, that they may not learn to grow tender and lazy, which debauches the beſt Conſtitution: He farther adviſ'd, That there ſhould be Plays and Shews frequently to animate the People; but above all, that they ſhould exerciſe their Bodies, to make 'em active, ſupple, and vigorous, adding a Reward to excite Emula-

Emulation. But what he moſt deſir'd and tended chiefly to the encouraging of good Manners, was that the People ſhould marry betimes; and their Parents, without any Proſpect of Intereſt, ſhould leave 'em to chuſe their Wives, ſuitable to 'em both in Body and Mind, with whom they might live continually happy.

The End of the Third Volume.